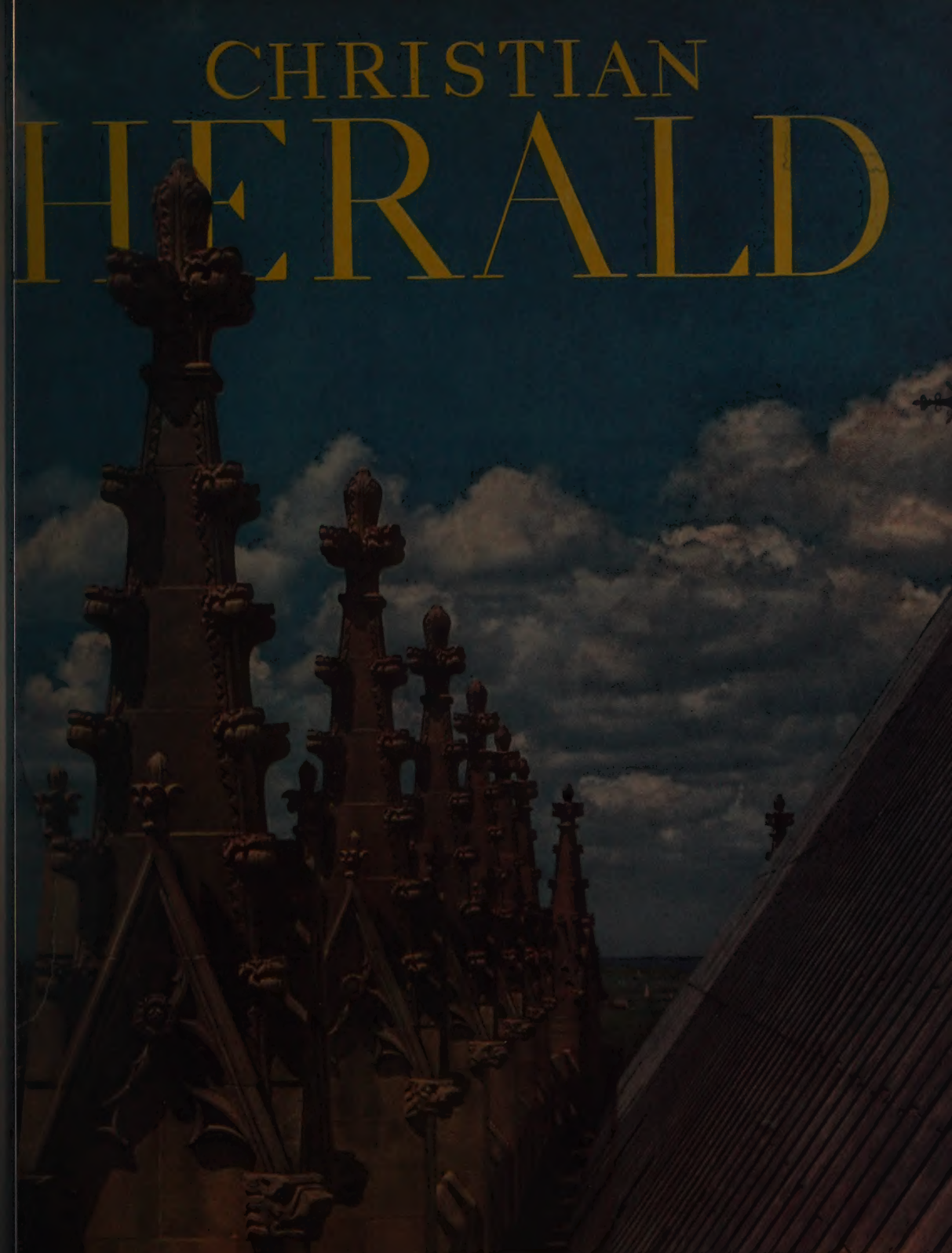
CHRISTIAN HERALD



APRIL 1940 ★ TWENTY FIVE CENTS

HURCHES MUST BE BEAU

By E. M. Conover

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As a member of the Christian Herald Family you are part of the

Christian Herald Association

Christian Herald's editorial platform is *vigorously evangelical.* We believe in the transforming, re-creating power of Christ and His gospel. It is the new birth. We know that power can save men. We believe that it can save society. It is our constant aim to use Christian Herald in such a way that Christ's plan for man and for society may be more speedily fulfilled. We have no other, we *can* have no higher purpose.

Sixty years ago Christian Herald was launched by Dr. Louis Klopsch—Under the leadership of Dr. Klopsch and with the coöperation of its loyal readers, Christian Herald became an outstanding institution in raising and distributing money for charitable, philanthropic and religious purposes. It has been said that, outside of the Red Cross, no organization has raised more money for relief enterprises than Christian Herald.

Christian Herald now embraces a still wider realm of usefulness—It has become the official organ of the Christian Herald Association, incorporated under the laws of the State of New York as an organization *not for profit.* The Association is formed to diffuse the principles and teachings of the Christian religion, to receive and invest voluntary contributions in support of religious, benevolent and educational enterprises, and to publish Christian Herald. It is further provided that no officer, member or employee of the Association shall receive pecuniary profits except reasonable compensation for services rendered.

As a subscriber to Christian Herald you are part of the Christian Herald Association. Besides publishing Christian Herald, the Association through the generosity of Christian Herald readers maintains

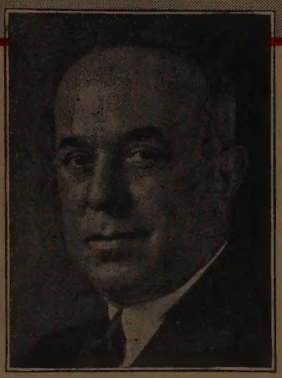
—the famous BOWERY MISSION in New York City. In addition to the evangelistic services conducted three hundred and sixty-five nights of the year, now that unemployment is wide-spread, the Mission feeds as many as twelve hundred men daily.

—the CHRISTIAN HERALD CHILDREN'S HOME—famous "Mont Lawn"—at Nyack-on-the-Hudson. Since 1894, tens of thousands of weak, puny children from the crowded streets of the city have been restored to health and happiness at Mont Lawn.

—the CHRISTIAN HERALD INDUSTRIAL MISSION IN CHINA, where orphaned boys and girls are educated and cared for until they are self-supporting.

As a member of the Christian Herald Family you are participating in one of the oldest and finest religious and philanthropic enterprises in the world. With sound conservatism, but in the faith warranted by a great past and a challenging future, the Christian Herald Association continues its career of great purpose and wide usefulness.

THIS MAN'S IDEA IS A GOD-SEND TO FOLKS WHO NEED MONEY



E. J. MILLS

By H. L. Witte

This is a true story. I know this man personally. I know of the folks he has helped with his money-making Plan. I know of widows with children to support who thank him for their cash incomes. I know of men who lost their jobs, but were able to make more money than ever before. I can tell you of men and women who live better because of the opportunity this man gives them to add to their earnings. Yes, I know of literally hundreds of folks to whom this man's idea of doing business has been a God-send.

Do You Need Money?

Perhaps you, too, are in urgent need of money to meet pressing bills. You may have some spare time you want to turn into cash. Then you will want to write this man at once. There will be no obligation on your part and it costs you nothing. He will write and tell you about a wonderful opportunity he has for you and how others who were hard pressed have found relief with his common-sense Plan.

He is president of a large old-established company which does business in every section of the country—in your very own locality. This company started more than 30 years ago with an IDEA. That IDEA was this: "We'll help worthy people who are in need of money. Our proven Plan shall be given to the deserving so they, too, can have money." The business prospered. It became most successful. And today it is providing hundreds of men and women with the opportunity to make good cash incomes for themselves in a respectable manner.

Would This Opportunity To Make Good Money Every Week Help You?

Right now Mr. Mills needs more men and women in all parts of the country. He has an opening for someone right in your own or nearby locality. To everyone who accepts his offer he guarantees a fair, square deal and an amazing opportunity to make money in a pleasant, dignified, easily handled business of your own. Everything you need is sent to you. You don't need experience. The few things you need to do are written down in simple, plain language. This is your real chance to make excellent money even in your spare time, either daytime or evenings. You can devote full time or part time the year 'round and enjoy fine cash earnings.

Earnings Start At Once

I sincerely ask you to fill out and mail the coupon. You don't obligate yourself. You will receive complete details by mail. Then you can decide. Here's your chance to make the money you need—at once. Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard to: E. J. Mills, 1751 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

E. J. MILLS, President
1751 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Yes, I want to make money. Without cost or obligation, send me full details of the wonderful opportunity now open in my locality.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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Selected Programs on April Airwaves

[All Time is Eastern Standard Time]

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFH, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

8:00 A.M. Today in Europe. International news broadcasts, through Sat.—CBS.
9:45 A.M. The Gospel Singer. Edward MacHugh in songs of every faith—RED.
11:15 A.M. Young Doctor Malone. A young man's devotion to a life of medical service—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers—BLUE.
1:15 P.M. Between the Bookends. Ted Malone reads poetry and discusses books—BLUE.
3:45 P.M. Richard Maxwell. Songs of comfort and cheer—CBS.
5:15 P.M. Irene Wicker, musical stories (Mon. through Thurs.)—BLUE.
5:30 P.M. Jack Armstrong. All-American boy serial—RED.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, news commentator—BLUE.

SUNDAYS

9:00 A.M. Today in Europe. Summary of European affairs from London, Paris, Berlin and New York—CBS.
10:00 A.M. The Radio Pulpit. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—RED.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Services conducted by representatives of the major faiths—CBS.
11:30 A.M. Southernaires. Spirituals and devotional service—BLUE.
11:30 A.M. Music and American Youth. Progress in music education among high school students—RED.
12:00 noon Vernon Crane's Story Book. Whimsical tales for young and old—RED.
12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air. Symphony orchestra, soloists—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle. World-famous choir singing religious music—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Pilgrimage of Poetry. Honoring American poets—BLUE.
2:00 P.M. Democracy in Action. Description of the workings of American government—CBS.
2:00 P.M. NBC String Symphony. Frank Black, conducting—RED.
2:00 P.M. Great Plays. Tracing history of theater from ancient Greece to modern Broadway—BLUE.
2:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions. Noted educators discuss current problems—RED.
3:00 P.M. New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. John Barbirolli, director, Deems Taylor, commentator—CBS.
4:00 P.M. National Vespers. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—BLUE.
4:30 P.M. Pursuit of Happiness. Dedicated to brighter side of American scene—CBS.
7:00 P.M. International news broadcast from London, Paris, Berlin and Washington—CBS.
8:30 P.M. One Man's Family. Dramatic serial of family life—RED.
9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour. Detroit Symphony Orchestra with guest soloist each week—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talk with music—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. So You Think You Know Music. A music quiz—CBS.

MONDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. Frontiers of Democracy—CBS.
12:30 P.M. The Riddle of Life. Dr. Ralph S Meadowcroft.—RED
2:00 P.M. Adventures in Reading. Discussion of works of outstanding authors—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Directed by Joe Emerson—RED.
4:00 P.M. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and Curtis Institute of Music—CBS.
7:15 P.M. Youth In the Toils. Dramatizations of juvenile crime problems—BLUE.
8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks—RED.
10:00 P.M. Columbia Concert Hall—CBS.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented Program. Orchestra directed by Josef Pasternack, soloists—RED.
10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.

TUESDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. Folk music of America with Alan Lomax—CBS.
12:30 P.M. The Church Builds For Tomorrow. Dr. Earl Adams—RED.
2:00 P.M. Gallant American Women. Contributions which women have made to United States culture—BLUE.
2:30 P.M. United States Army Band—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—RED.
4:15 P.M. Of Men and Books. Reviews of current books—CBS.
8:30 P.M. Information Please. Designed to stump the experts—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of America. Dramatizations bringing to life the history of our country—BLUE.
10:15 P.M. Americans at Work. Authentic and colorful accounts of American industrial life—CBS.

WEDNESDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. New horizons, with Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, director of American Museum, presiding—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Homespun. Dr. William Hiram Foulkes—RED.
2:00 P.M. Music For Young Listeners. Music appreciation series for the very young—BLUE.
4:15 P.M. Highways to Health. Dr. Iago Galdston in charge—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra—CBS.
11:15 P.M. The Next Step Forward. Dramatization of pressing economic problems—RED.

THURSDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. Dramatizations of books of high literary quality—CBS.
12:15 P.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Art of Living. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale—RED.
12:30 P.M. Science and Forestry. Addresses on forest conservation—BLUE.
2:00 P.M. How Do You Know? General science program—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—RED.
4:30 P.M. Medicine in the News—Dramatizations of latest discoveries—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Musical Americana. Cross-section of best music available in the country—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra—BLUE.
9:30 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air—BLUE.
10:15 P.M. Columbia Workshop. Unusual radio dramas—CBS.

FRIDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. Current events—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Church in the World Today. Dr. Leslie Bates Moss—RED.
2:00 P.M. Music Appreciation Hour. Dr. Walter Damrosch—BLUE.
4:15 P.M. Men Behind the Stars. Lessons in Astronomy—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Yesterday's Children. Favorite stories of childhood—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucille Manners, soprano—RED.
8:00 P.M. This Amazing America. Quiz program on the country—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. Story Behind the Headlines. Cesar Saerchinger—RED.

SATURDAYS

10:45 A.M. Bright Idea Club. Instructive ideas for youngsters—RED.
10:45 A.M. Child Grows Up. Talks by Katherine Lenroot—BLUE.
12:00 noon Milestones in the History of Music—RED.
12:00 noon American Educational Forum. Discussing educational techniques—BLUE.
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors—RED.
4:00 P.M. Bull Session. College students discuss current problems—CBS.
5:00 P.M. Human Adventure. Dramatizations of the important work being done in world-wide research—CBS.
6:30 P.M. Which Way to Lasting Peace. Participated in by leading authorities—CBS.
6:30 P.M. Religion In the News. Dr. Walter Van Kirk—RED.
6:45 P.M. International News Broadcasts—CBS.
7:00 P.M. People's Platform. Lyman Bryson—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Art For Your Sake. Discussions of the best in art—RED.
8:00 P.M. Arch Oboler's Plays. Unusual dramatizations—RED.
10:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra—BLUE.

ON THE AIR

By Aileen Soares

HOW to safeguard young people from lives of crime and how to reclaim youthful law-breakers for useful living are the problems being dramatized in a fine new series, "Youth In the Toils." The programs, based on case histories with brief talks by distinguished jurists, sociologists and criminologists are broadcast in cooperation with the American Law Institute. Highlighting the experiences of boys and girls in courts, in reform school and on parole, the broadcasts show how sympathetic and intelligent handling can save many first offenders from lives of crime. (Mondays, 7:15 p.m., EST, NBC-BLUE)

DR. LESLIE BATES MOSS, who last year conducted the program "The Church in the World Today" will return to the networks this month and will be heard each Friday as one of NBC's noonday ministers. Dr. Earl Adams, of the New York Baptist Board, will inaugurate a new devotional series "The Church Builds For Tomorrow" which will be heard on Tuesdays. Dr. Adams hopes to show through his addresses the role the modern church should play for increased strength in the future.

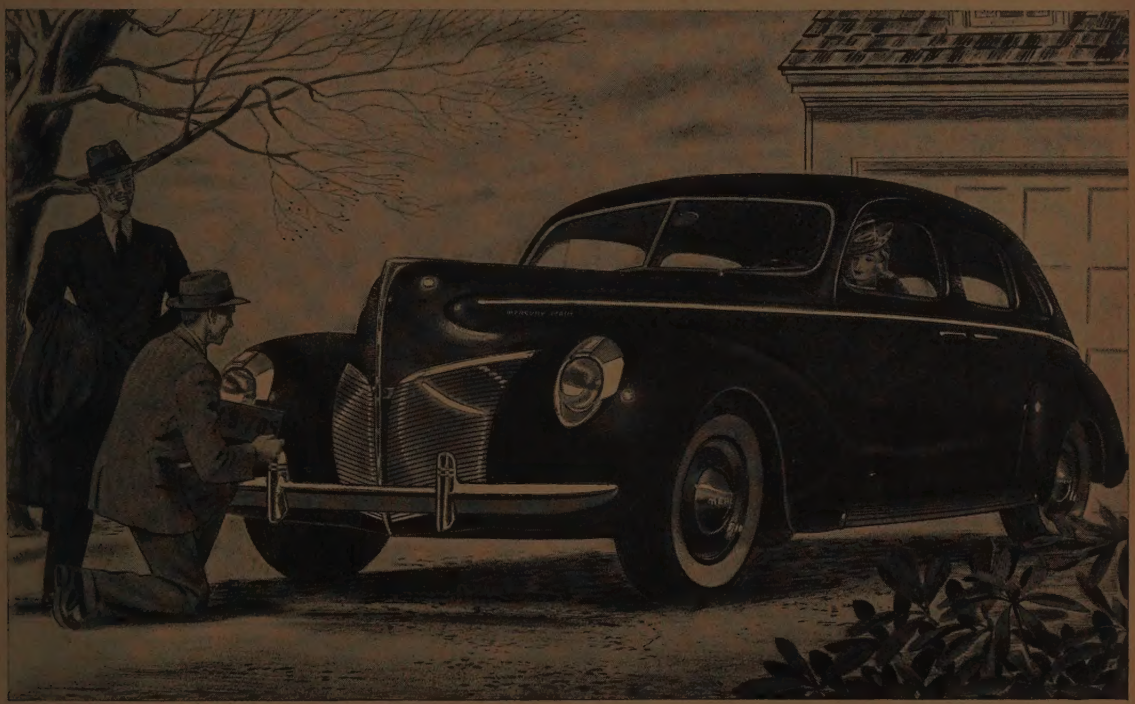
A COMPREHENSIVE radio campaign to stimulate nation-wide interest in spiritual matters is being launched in connection with CBS's "Church of the Air" 10th Anniversary which will be observed next fall.

WE HAVE had numerous inquiries as to why we do not list "The Old-fashioned Revival Hour" on our Radio page. The reason is that this remarkable program is not on either of the great nation-wide hookups, but is broadcast from over 150 stations. Since it is manifestly impossible to list all those stations in our limited space, we can only direct your attention to it in this manner. Dr. Charles E. Fuller of Los Angeles directs the program, which attracts one of the widest audiences in Radio. It is on the air at 9:00 P.M., Sunday evenings, Eastern Standard Time. In the New York area it is broadcast by station WHN.

ANOTHER MERCURY RECORD!

100,000 OWNERS 100,000 FRIENDS

100,000 owner-friends in just sixteen months—that's the latest record set by the big, new Mercury 8 . . . a sales record that many of the *long-established* cars in its price class have never equaled. Following its sensational first-year success, this is a real tribute to the Mercury's Ford-built quality and value.



100,000 owners—100,000 friends! What has won them so quickly? . . . A combination of advantages never before put together at this price—a new conception of what a big, fine car can be!

First—ECONOMY introduced to the *big-car* field! Owners report up to *20 miles per gallon* of gasoline—one result of the Mercury's ideal balance of power and weight.

Second—A powerful new V-type, 8-cylinder engine. A V-8 for smoothness, economy, and equal efficiency in *all* cylinders. Compact—to allow more room for passengers in the Center-Poise zone between the axles.

Third—New comfort for driver and passengers. The exclusive levelized, stabilized-ride construction—unusual roominess—easy steering-post gear-shift—remarkable insulation against noise, weather and road!

Fourth—The innovation of wide-flaring body lines that gain extra inches of seat-width and elbow-room. New, clean-flowing streamlines and beautifully styled interiors!

And that's not all! Besides this exclusive combination of features, the Mercury 8 has all the other advantages you expect in any big, luxurious car! Check them over yourself. Any dealer will cheerfully arrange a demonstration for you.

Mercury 8

Built by the Ford Motor Company—distributed by Mercury, Lincoln-Zephyr and Ford dealers

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BEAUTY THAT DEFIES TIME
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Enduring church beauty . . . colors that keep their soft richness through the years . . . can now be yours with Nu-Wood Kolor-Fast! By an exclusive process, the colors of this unique wall and ceiling covering are now rendered *fadeproof*. Here's your opportunity to provide lasting charm for your church . . . to cover dingy plaster or peeling paint . . . with a surface of permanent value.

Don't forget that Nu-Wood Kolor-Fast corrects faulty church acoustics . . . adds a high measure of insulating value, too, to make the church more comfortable winter or summer. Available at amazingly low cost . . . in keeping with the highest church standards of dignified beauty . . . Nu-Wood gives a lasting solution to that difficult church decorating problem. Mail the coupon for full information!

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Gentlemen: I want to know more about the new Nu-Wood Kolor-Fast for
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Out of my MAIL

By DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

CAN WE BALANCE THE BUDGET?

Should we balance the national budget at the expense of relief?

NO. But we should balance the budget at the expense of politics. If we do not balance the budget, we shall eventually have nothing with which to continue relief. It is ridiculous to say that this Nation cannot balance its budget. It can. It should. It must!

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE OLD

Is there any chance at all in industry today for those over forty years of age? I begin to doubt it!

ONE of the most eminent employment counselors, in an article which appeared in a recent magazine section of a group of our great daily journals, states that there is an increasing demand for mature workers, men and women over forty. Some of these finding employment are ten and twenty years beyond the forty-year age level. Esther Eberstadt Brooke urges these older people to concentrate upon employment agencies of the better type and to forsake the defeatist attitude. She cites numerous instances in the field of industry and in all the professions where the demand has been not for young people but for older people. This demand is increasing. Experience and training are bound to come into their day.

A FALSE CHARGE

What is there to be said about the charge that the great newspapers of the country, as well as the moving picture houses, are owned by Jews, and are being exploited in the interest of Communism?

JEWS are very prominent in the moving picture field. Here certain Jews were the first to invest their talents and their money. However, I do not think that any person who is at all familiar with the situation will charge that moving pictures are friends of Communism. Quite the opposite is the case. A more reasonable charge would be that they are staunch supporters of the capitalistic system!

As to newspapers, the last international yearbook of "Editor and Publisher" shows that there are 916 daily newspapers in 544 cities with a population of over 15,000. Of these 916, only 33, which is 3½ per cent of the total number, are owned or controlled by Jews. The Associated Press, the United Press, and the International News Service are the principal news-gathering agencies in this country. On the board of the Associated Press, which represents more than 1300 publications, there is not a single Jew, nor is there a single Jew represented in the ownership of the United Press or the International News Service.

JESUS IS THE MESSIAH

Do you believe that Jesus is the Messiah foretold by the prophets of the Old Testament? Can a man be saved without believing as you believe? Is eternal life conditioned upon faith entirely?

I BELIEVE that Jesus is the Messiah foretold by the prophets. It is not a question of a man believing as I believe. There are particulars of my faith that may or may not be yours, but the universal invitation is, "Believe upon the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." In that is also the condition of salvation. Eternal life is conditioned upon faith, but "faith without works is dead."

TACT IS USEFUL HERE

I am employed by a man who loves a compliment—he eats it up! You can get anywhere with him by telling him how good and great he is, if you tell him often enough. The whole thing is to me nauseating—but I do like my job. So what?

CLEARLY, there are values in appreciation and in expressing it. I imagine that this boss has qualities that are admirable. Too many of us are too slow in expressing appreciation.

I have a friend who is a veritable genius in making others feel that they are "somebodies"—and I observe that some of these really do improve under his generous expression of esteem. However, I cannot standardize an answer.

A young Englishman who very much desired to be admitted to the naval acad-

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

emy, was being examined by a young admiral: "In your opinion, who are the three greatest sailors in British history?" The reply was, "I am sorry, sir. I didn't catch *your name* when I came into the room, but the other two are Nelson and Drake!"

IT'S NOT EASY TO BE A CHRISTIAN

How can we be in the world and not of the world? How can we keep ourselves Christians, surrounded as we are by cheating, intolerance, evils of every sort?

FIRST, by living one day at a time, and by taking Jesus Christ into each day. If we would begin the day with Him, in spite of all that the day might bring, we would find Him with us at the close of the day.

To live the Christian life consistently does not require perfection. We strive toward the goal. Also, we should remember that we do not keep Christ; but that He keeps us. "Do I have Him now?" is the imperatively vital question. Many people make the mistake of listening to what others say when in facing these questions and their problems, they should listen to Him alone. "Whatsoever He sayeth unto thee, do it."

It is not easy to live the Christian life, but the Christian life is a glorious reality in a multitude of people, and it may become my daily achievement and joy.

KILLING WILD ANIMALS

What do you think of the clergyman who conducts a service for deer hunters? He has an exhibit of mounted animal heads and trophies of the hunt. How much courage does it take to kill a deer?

EVIDENTLY the one asking this question does not hunt. It takes no courage to kill a deer—but a lot of nerve! There was a time when I enjoyed hunting. I still have my arsenal on the farm. I am not preaching to others; but so far as I am concerned, absolutely all the enthusiasm for killing wild life is gone out of me. When I look at the trophies of the hunt now, I have a feeling akin to that of a man who visits a morgue. It is so easy to take a life that only God can give.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
APRIL, 1940 Vol. 63, No. 4

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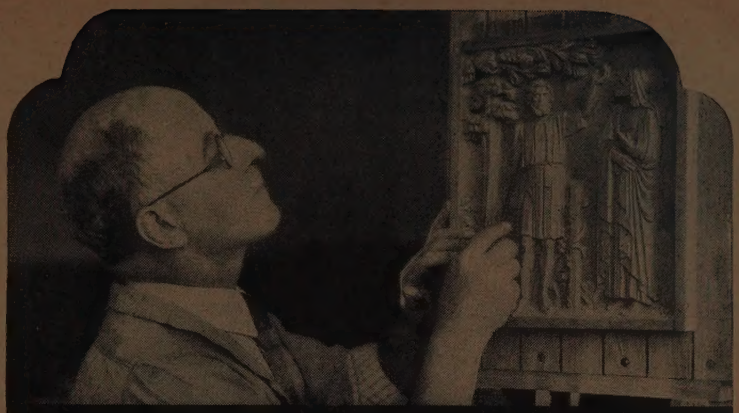
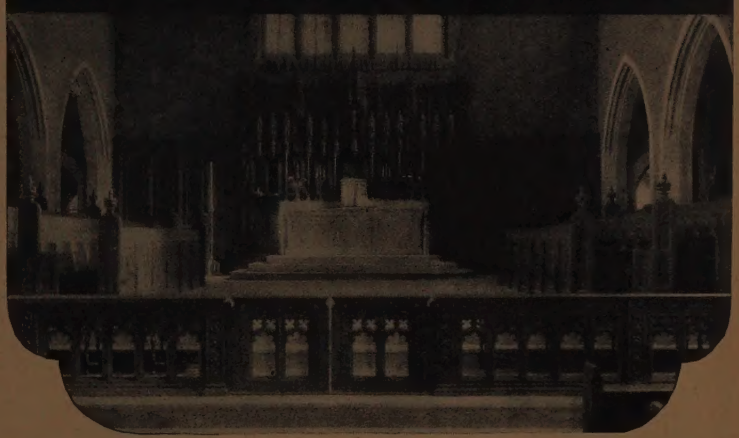


LET THESE *Skilled Hands*
BRING NEW BEAUTY TO YOUR CHURCH



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Laughter

EVERY morning of my life, I give thanks for those who bring us the gift of laughter. For if ever there was a time when men needed this precious boon, it is now. When the world would seem to be plunging down to the everlasting bonfire; when fear and uncertainty confront us at every turn; when hatred and race prejudice confuse and confound us, how good it is that even for a moment we can forget how life has changed. Our faith, our dreams, our ideals and hopes are likely to perish. We need some sustaining force to keep our spiritual balance.

Think not lightly of laughter. It is an essence which, rightly used, may save the sanity of the world. It is a shining sun that brings health and purity; a flame that purges the heart; a beautiful reminder that man's estate is higher than that of the brutes of the field. For the latter cannot laugh. They can only go about, mutely accepting this or that, while man can smile even in the face of the terrible and grim events that beset him at every turn. Malign influences may strive to rob him of his power to move on the even tenor of his way; but laughter can cut like a sword, and strike like the hot steel of indignation.

It has been known to destroy many a politician. The barbs of satire can vanquish stupidity. Distracted, ignorant and fraudulent men, almost achieving the pinnacle of power, have been thrust to oblivion by the sharp wit of some homespun lampoonist. Scorn and ridicule are ruthless weapons. Rightly used, they can break down an emperor's throne, annihilate a dynasty, submerge the base designs of pretenders. Lessing has spoken of "the mocking laughter of hell," and Shelley has bidden us "laugh with a vast and inextinguishable laughter."

That power, if man is to control his reason, must never be lost to him. As Sydney Smith said, "There are few who would not rather be hated than laughed at." Only the wise can laugh at themselves—a true test of a sense of humor. Assumed greatness quails and trembles at ridicule. Few can stand the slow unmoving finger of scorn pointed in their direction. Ridicule is the test of truth, and often checks what is absurd.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you" is no empty phrase. Laughter is contagious; and let us be grateful for that. I am not, of course, alluding to that foolish mirth which hopes to be mistaken for the paradoxical quality of "serious laughter." The vacuous smile is worse than none at all, and has no place in a wise man's category. The parlor buffoon is as dull as the icy, solemn Puritan. But blessed be those clowns who make little children laugh! Praised be those Harlequins who cause the rafters to ring, and all those mimes whose quaint actions have an underlying note of solemnity, even of tragedy. For laughter and tears are curiously allied. If you laugh too much, you weep; and much weeping brings on a hysterical interlude that turns again to smiles. Strange is this affiliation, and strange the moods that bring it about.

It is not curious, except at first glance, that humorists often bear the look of deep and profound philosophers. Behind his mask, Pierrot is a tortured citizen; and the after-dinner humorist who most quickly captures his audience is the one with a serious countenance who never laughs at his own jests. He knows that the drooping eye, the downcast mien, are but doleful trappings to hide at first the measure of his mirth; that when his witty revelation comes, the laughter will be all the more spontaneous and loud.

When, on the screen in these troubled days, we see how war and all its horrors are threatening the world; when we are shown unfortunate and homeless peoples moving distractedly behind barbed wire, everywhere, anywhere; when we see the fearsome guns and bayonets again glittering in the sun; when we consider the cruelties of men, how grateful we are when the scene suddenly changes, and the blithe and rollicking cartoons tell us that laughter is still in a world torn with strife and panic and pain!

It seems to me that despite sorrows, anxieties and doubts, Donald Duck, and Popeye the Sailor Man, and Mickey Mouse may contribute to the salvation of us all!

By Charles Hanson Towne

NEWS DIGEST of the month

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

ABROAD

FINLAND'S FINISH—"If man-power does not pour in, Finland is doomed, in spite of the most glorious fight of the century." With those words, this humble scribe concluded his paragraph on the Finnish-Russian war, written just a few days ago. Then—like a clap of thunder came the news that the war is over; Finland has yielded, with startling suddenness, and now must face the weary task of rebuilding.

The terms of the peace seem unexpectedly harsh. Finland cedes to Russia all the Karelian Isthmus, where the fighting has been fiercest, including the town and bay of Viipuri; a strip along the west of Lake Ladoga, another in the north, several towns, a number of islands in the Gulf of Finland, and part of two other peninsulas. She also agrees to lease to Russia the peninsula of Hangoe as a site for a naval base. For this she is to receive an annual payment of eight million Finnish marks.

The reactions to the peace vary from bitter disappointment in France and England, to joyous enthusiasm in Russia and hardly less in Germany. A great sigh of relief went up in Scandinavia and in Italy. Sweden, especially, had visioned itself as replacing Belgium as the cockpit of Europe. In England there is some criticism of the government for not offering aid to Finland sooner; however, the English recognize, as do the Finns themselves, that without Sweden's consent to permit troops to cross her territory, there was no way in which aid, to any effective degree, could be sent the unhappy country. Elsewhere, the reactions—and expectations for the future—vary greatly. "We are saved" declare the Balkan countries. "Now we will not have to get into the war at all," say the Italians. "Now I shall be able to get large supplies of food and oil from Russia" states Hitler. And even China sees Russia freed to take a hand against Japan—perhaps.

Why did Finland give in so suddenly? Finnish Foreign Minister Tanner, in a radio speech, explained exactly why. "We had no other choice," he declared. "We were not prepared for war, because we believed in treaties. There was a lack of all sorts of equipment . . . we asked aid from Sweden, but its neutrality policy did not permit it . . . And how could help from the Allied countries reach us? . . . The surrender is not our fault—it is the fault of our being forsaken by our fellow-democracies . . ."

Finland's future is dark, but by no means hopeless, for a people of their spirit. Meanwhile we are sure that the practically unanimous sentiment of Americans will favor extending them all possible aid in the task of rehabilitation. And, as Mr. Hoover points out, the need for relief will be even greater now, with dispossessed people coming in from the ceded territories.

WAR ON THE WAVES: At sea, 281 Allied-neutral ships (977,790 tons) and 47 ships (232,159) are reported as gone to Davy Jones, accompanied by some 3,285 lives. An Allied blockade is reported being established off Norway.

This war at sea is almost as peculiar as the war at the Westwall, ashore. Mr. Churchill has just told Parliament that "no man would expect the (British) Navy to maintain close patrol or close blockade off the German Coast, having regard for the enormous development of shore-based aircraft since the last war." That amounts to a confession that the blockade is being threatened by German air forces. In the face of that, Britain and the Allies have their choice of two strategies: either they can "sit it out," pursue a policy of watchful waiting and slow starvation, or they can stake their hopes for victory on a Nelsonesque dash against those formidable German air bases at Helgoland Bight and the Frisian Islands.

WESTWALL: General Gamelin says he can storm Germany's Westwall—at the cost of half a million men. That's high—too high for war-weary Europe even to think about. But it's the only way to finish the War in the West. The cost in man-power, too, is holding Germany back. A stream of dead and wounded flowing back into Berlin will do the Nazis no good. While most of the world is saying that "spring will bring the big offensive," sage observers say they doubt it. Both sides are very ferocious, and therefore terribly afraid to start it. This editor will stake his editorial reputation on the prediction that the only smashing victories will be those of the French over the British at pinochle or bridge, or that of Surrey over Sussex at soccer.

NEAR EAST: Shouting "Cooee!", the Anzac equivalent of the Yankee "Yippee," thirty thousand soldiers from Australia and New Zealand have just disembarked at Suez. In Syria, Lebanon, and North Africa there are 275,000 French troops; add to that something more than 225,000 British troops, and you have better than half a million Allied troops in the Near East. Why? Is it hard to guess?

Strange as it may seem, the Finn fighting in his northern snows can count this as man-power sent to aid him against Russia. For if Turkey should "go in" (Turkey dismissed every German technician at her shipyards and war plants last week and seized a half-built submarine) then the Allies would be in good position for a smashing blow at the Russians through Iran or Afghanistan. (Afghanistan, by the way, has been called "The Gateway to India"—which also means something.) And the Allies could here get at the most vulnerable spot in the Russian armor: the oil fields of Baku. Baku is vital to Russia's armies and to those collectivized farms on which tractors have taken the place of farm animals. Cut the oil line, and you cut the jugular vein of Stalin. And cut the Baku-Kiev railroad and you cut the artery through which oil, manganese, and copper are flowing into the Reich.

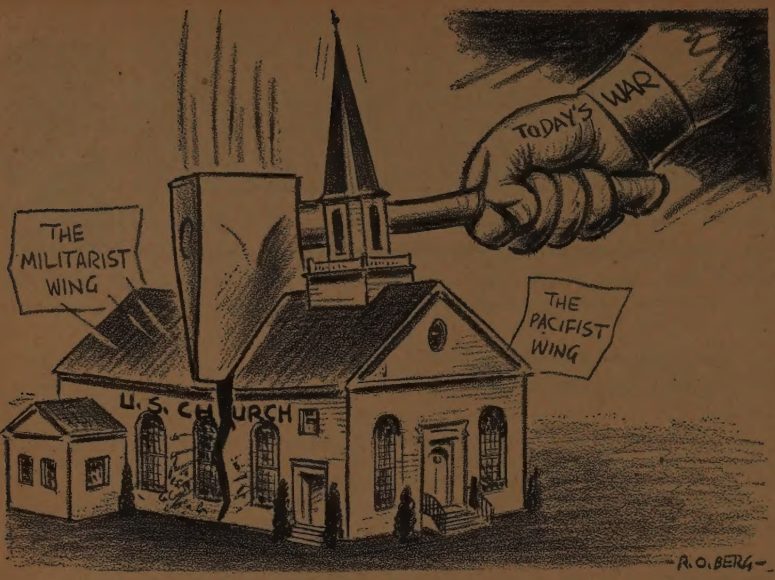
RUMANIA: Indications are that the Rumanians are going cold toward Germany, warmer toward the Allies. As a matter of fact, the German propagandists, commercial and military agents all over the Balkans are finding the air a bit chilly as the war goes on. Rumania is suddenly brave, and mobilizing, and cutting her oil shipments to Berlin; Yugoslavia isn't afraid any more; the beer-hall blasts of Hitler make her smile; Turkey has reduced her trade with Germany by leaps and bounds; Greece, betting on her navy, feels more secure than she has since the fracas started. Only Bulgaria is "neutral."

In other words, the Balkans think Germany can't win.

IRELAND: There are no blackouts in Ireland. Dublin glows with light at night, to the dismay of England. Did we say Bulgaria was the only neutral? Pardon. The Irish say *they* are neutral. But considering the fighting nature of the Irish, we can't help asking, "Neutral against whom?"

The hanging of the Irish Republican dynamiters in grim old Winton Green Prison at Birmingham, England, of course produced just what was expected: riots, more bombings, martyr-parades in irreconcilable Erin. What the Unionists in Ireland hope to do is 1, to make the British squirm and 2, to force the union of Northern and Southern Ireland.

Ireland's building-up of her land and



This must not be allowed to happen

air forces may be impressive to the more zealous de Valerans, but they wouldn't last ten minutes in a real war. Her "neutrality" wouldn't mean very much if the British were to lose to the Nazis. Question: Would they rather be ruled by the British than by the Nazis, or not?

SWEDEN: Sweden is on the spot, with a vengeance. She has sent, thus far, a mere handful of volunteers to Finland; she has refused, officially, to aid Finland against Russia—but King Gustav did a most, most unusual thing when he went on the air to explain that official stand to an aroused populace. That populace knows it may be next if Finland loses.

But German guns have been mounted which could fire across the seas into Swedish cities. The King knows that.

One foreign correspondent made a guess the other day. He said it was his judgment that the Allies would not try too hard to save Finland, *because they wanted the Russians in Sweden!* As things are now, it is hard to ship men and supplies across Sweden to Finland; if war was to break out in Sweden, that country would be quickly and easily reached and helped —and it would provide the Allies with a fine air and naval base for future operations against Hitler and Stalin. But that's just one correspondent's guess; it isn't ours.

JAPAN: The Japanese have been suggesting to Chiang Kai-shek that he come to terms with them; that he couldn't possibly win, now that they have occupied about a third of China, half the people, nearly all the coast and railways and large cities. Chiang answered by calling for more munitions and loans amounting to $35,000,000. Old Chiang isn't done yet.

Tokyo made another move, after that: Japan served notice on Holland denouncing its 1933 arbitration treaty and asking for a new one. This means more than the bid to Chiang. Back of it lies the growing possibility that the United States will cut down its shipments of 30,000,000 barrels of oil a year to Japan. Now Tokyo, worried over that, looks with feverish eye on the oil of the Dutch East Indies, owned by Holland. The Indies ship out 57,000,000 barrels of lubricants a year, 10,000,000 barrels of it to Japan.

Two flaming questions thus come up out of Tokyo: 1, Will the Japanese try to take the Dutch East Indies? And 2, How long can the Japanese stand the strain of keeping a million men in the field in China?

CANADA: When Border-bred Scot, John Buchan, was made Governor General of Canada, George V elevated him to the peerage to overcome any criticism against "a commoner as Governor." But when Buchan (Lord Tweedsmuir) died a few days back in Canada, Canadians mourned him as neither commoner nor lord—but as man! Brilliant diplomat and more brilliant scholar, there is a poignant sadness in his passing: he was only waiting for his term to expire next summer, when he could go home to Scotland. A gallant gentleman has sacrificed himself, as good soldiers do, to war-worry.

AT HOME

WASHINGTON: A smiling President and a rather worried Secretary of State were the focus of American eyes at the capital this month. Mr. Roosevelt, happy though he did *not* catch the biggest fish on the cruise of the *Tuscaloosa*, was still smilingly hesitating to tell the country and the politicians whether or no he would drop his line into the 1940 presidential fish-bowl. Mr. Hull was staying close to his European 'phone, and wondering what Sumner Welles was doing today.

Not too much has happened to clarify the picture of the political nominating conventions. Among the Republicans it is still a case of Taft and Vandenberg out in front, with the rest of the pack straggling. Dewey is making speeches, but the vote-producing solons of Politica are pretty well agreed that it will be Dewey for *Vice President*. Vandenberg and Dewey looks like an attractive ticket.

Among the Democrats, Mr. Farley is said to have given up hope of becoming the nominee. Farley (and Garner) are dead set against a third term for Mr. Roosevelt, and rumor has it that the Democrats will be compelled to nominate someone acceptable to both Roosevelt and Garner. McNutt is slipping. Hull is being boomed (Farley likes Hull) and there is talk of Robert Jackson for Vice President.

BARNSTORMER: Two prominent Americans got off the Rex at Naples this month, and caught the train for Rome. Next day Mr. Myron Taylor, F.D.R.'s personal representative to the Vatican, sat down to talk with Pope Pius XII. U. S. newspapers carried accounts of the ultra-complimentary greetings and remarks that opened the conference—and no more. What was actually said, planned and discussed in that inner chamber of the Pope will probably never be known, to anyone save the Pope, the President and Mr. Taylor.

Meanwhile Mr. Welles, Taylor's shipmate on the *Rex*, had a ninety minute chat with Count Ciano and sixty minutes with the Count's father-in-law, Benito Mussolini. To Il Duce he handed a message from President Roosevelt. Contents unknown. Details of both conversations unknown. Details probably will never be known, for thin, sharp, forty-eight-year-old Sumner Welles is schooled in tight-lipped diplomacy and he also is authorized to "make no proposals or commitments in the name of . . . the United States."

Why is Welles barnstorming the haunts of the European great? Was he sent for? (He got to Mr. Hitler very, very quickly.) Is Germany crumbling, and seeking a way out? Is the U. S. in danger of slipping in? Is there any connection between the peace-jaunt of Mr. Welles and a third term? This much any man knows: while the chances of Mr. Welles of bringing peace to Europe is slight, *if* he should somehow do the impossible and bring it about, Mr. Hull and Mr. Roosevelt would be the two most popular individuals in the world—and in the U. S., in a Presidential year! It might help a little if we all read two books published just as Welles went ashore in Naples, by the State Department. The volumes contain the State Papers of Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State under Wilson. The papers reveal that U. S. interests in the peace that followed the World War was making itself felt *as early as 1915*. Which means that peace is always longer being born than war; that plans, ideas, are laid before the status of victor and vanquished are established.

So even though you and I, as common citizens, can't know what Mr. Welles says or does with the Big Four in Europe, we may have reason to be glad he's there. For the terms of the peace (and pray God that it *may* be a peace, this time!) will affect the United States deeply, no matter how the war goes. And we have to get up early in America to keep up with the secret diplomacy of Europe.

BATON ROUGE: The Long machine has stripped its gears and come to a dead stop, and those who know their Louisiana say the old bus will never take the road again, that it's now just another political jalopy due for the junkyard. In other words, Sam Jones won. After twelve long, long years, the mammoth machine built by puffy, arrogant Huey Long has been smashed. (Huey, you may remember, boasted that he could "buy and sell legislators like sacks of potatoes.")

Sam Jones was one of those who evidently couldn't be bought. He came up the hard way; while Huey was skyrocketing toward the bullet that brought him down, Sam Jones was soldiering ("Only suckers fight," said Huey), studying, building a rock-solid reputation. That was slower, but it won in the end, as it usually does.

It may be time to draw up the balance sheets in Louisiana. There are debits and credits in the Long saga for Sam Jones to be guided by. More than 200 parish and Federal indictments have been returned against Long machine henchmen; three of his devotees have killed themselves; five have pleaded guilty, five been tried and convicted. An ex-Governor, a University President, a rich promoter, a district judge, a reform school president have been punished. It is a legacy of scandal, shame, crime—and debt.

On the other hand there is a network of Long-built, badly needed roads, free bridges, free textbooks, a splendid University. That's about all, on the credit side.

Sam Jones plans: to abolish dictatorial laws; to lower taxes; to re-dignify the courts; to re-vitalize the schools. If he does it, he will be Governor more than once; Louisiana has been waiting for all that.

JERSEY: Two New Jersey communities are worth noticing, in the month's news. Jersey City is trying hard to collect its taxes; Jersey City is in a bad way, financially, says Mayor Frank Hague (from his mansion in Florida). Jersey City is losing industries, and hence its all-important industrial taxes. Perhaps the Hague machine will follow the pattern set by the Long machine.

Up in the town of Montclair, it's different. Commuters riding the Erie into New York this week from Montclair were pointing out an item in the morning paper which said that Montclair closed the year with a surplus in its treasury of some $500,000; the taxpayers were being asked by the government how to spend it! New Yorkers, groaning under increased tax burdens and accustomed to reading figures written in red, were asking, "Why can't it happen to us?"

It can happen, anywhere. It happened (and this, to us, is even more startling than the Montclair case) up in the little town of Ware, Mass. Ware was supported for years by two cotton mills that suddenly shut up shop; the town took the mills over on a community cooperative basis. Then Ware was hit by the 1938 hurricane and a lot of the townsmen were ruined. They got over that by offering seventeen small manufacturers space in the mills where they could employ the stockholding landlords! It worked. Ware has paid every cent of its taxes, paid off a hurricane loan, and owes not one plugged dime to anyone.

Some may call it a Communist idea. We think it communal, not Communistic. No neighborhood that ever tried Marxism has worked this miracle. (Moscow papers, please copy.)

BLOOD: Melting-pot America, strong and weak because into its veins has been poured the blood of every nation in the world, changes its immigration laws from time to time, and hence influences deeply the blood in our veins and the personality of the American. There is some agitation in Washington to change existing quota-laws. These immigration statistics may offer a clue for the legislators:

Permitted quotas from Germany, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Lithuania, Yugoslavia, Albania are over-full; together they sent us 38,968 last year; there are 657,353 suffering men, women and children waiting to come here from Germany, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary. One word explains this: refugees.

Russia sent us 2,583 out of a possible 2,712.

Largest proportion of unused visas and entrance certificates were among the British. Allowed a quota of 65,721, Great Britain and Ireland used only 3,604 of them (five per cent). France used only 1,031 out of a possible 3,086; Sweden, only 351 out of its 3,314. China sent her limit: 100.

You can start from there in figuring out what the American of tomorrow will look like—and *be* like, which is more important.

NEW YORK: If you missed "The New York World's Fair 1939, Inc." you will have a chance to see "The New York World's Fair 1940, Inc." This will be called "The Forty Fair"; it opens May 11; you'll have to decide for yourself whether it's bigger and better. But you can be sure of this—it will be well worth seeing, for it's the finest exposition ever built by man.

There will be some countries that won't be there: "Big Joe," the man with the star outside the Russian Pavilion, has gone back to tell Moscow about it all; the Soviet show-house has been torn down. Neither will Albania, Argentine, Denmark or the Netherlands be there. But there will be an enlarged representation from Latin America, an amusement area lighted five times brighter than in '39, a new musical extravaganza in a 7,000-seat theater, and you'll get in for fifty cents instead of seventy-five.

We haven't heard yet of any change or enlargement in the program at the Temple of Religion. What about that? (Oh yes—there will be a new theme song: "Peace and Freedom." Maybe it's a good thing Big Joe will not have to listen to that.)

CLIPPER: Wild stories of the seizure of the mail bags from the Pan American Airway's trans-Atlantic Clipper at Bermuda are going the rounds. We are less interested in the dramatics of the situation than in its cause and effect.

Bermuda is British territory; therefore war territory. Certainly Britain should have the right to stop aid for her enemy flowing through her own territory; whether or not she has the right to seize and open *all* European mail is another question; the masters of international law will have to settle that one.

And, certainly, aid in the form of money or spy-information could go through on the Clippers or the liners, if the British wanted to let it go through. This is war, and you don't go to war as you go about the business of peace. Neutral craft entering belligerent waters can't expect the freedom they have when there is no war.

Pan American is to be congratulated; they have settled the problem in a highly intelligent way. Hereafter, no Clipper will stop at Bermuda. Some winter tourists may object, but an international incident has been avoided, and that's more important than all the tourists in the country.

CENSUS: When we warned you last month that the census men would be asking you some embarrassing questions, we didn't think they would be so embarrassing as they plan to be. There's a question about your personal income on that census blank, and unless the fierce opposition now raging in Washington against asking such a question wins and wins quick, you'll have to 'fess up.

Personally, we think that question will come out. As we write there is a delegation of Democratic women en route to Washington from Olean, N.Y., and they are "even madder than the Republican women." That must be *mad*. And personally, we don't care much either way, for we're just another poverty-stricken writing-man who knows the government isn't much interested in an $800-a-year income. But we sympathize with the rest of you!

(Don't worry, ministers; you're exempt from that question.)

NEGRO HOSPITALS ON THE AIR: Several times we have mentioned, in these columns, the one-man campaign which for the past few years has been conducted by Rev. Amos Carnegie, in an effort to raise funds

KATHERINE F. LENROOT, CHIEF CHILDREN'S BUREAU, U.S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR

What she says:

"Approximately 75,000 infants are still-born every year, and 70,000 die before they are a month old, while 11,000 mothers die annually from improper care during childbirth. Yet . . . two out of three of the maternal deaths and one out of three of the infant deaths are preventable."

for construction of adequate hospitals for Negroes in all our large cities—now sadly inadequate or wholly lacking. Mr. Carnegie, quiet, respectful and self-respecting, has made the acquaintance and won the support of a very large number of prominent men, including high officials of city, state and national governments. He has now about completed arrangements for a nation-wide broadcast on his favorite topic. The first broadcast took place February 26, and was participated in by U. S. Senator Bridges of New Hampshire, over CBS. A second broadcast is contemplated, in which Senator Byrd of Virginia will participate. The day and hour are to be announced.

CHURCH NEWS

METHODISTS: We distinctly remember the General Conference at which G. Bromley Oxnam was elected a Bishop of the Methodist (then Episcopal) Church; we remember that there was some little fear of his fearlessness, in some quarters. The fearful ones can say "I told you so" since Bishop Oxnam has spoken out in Boston and Syracuse on cards, clergymen and common sense.

Addressing the New England Area Council of the Methodists in Boston, the Bishop proposed a department of research to assist Methodist ministers in making pronouncements on current events that would command respect. Said he: "I believe in discussion, but we have to listen to too much talk on international issues which reveals that the ministers are not in possession of the facts." Amen!

Speaking at Syracuse, the Bishop urged the use of time-cards by ministers, to be distributed by district superintendents and punched by the preacher when he entered his study, left for lunch or started calling on the parish. Well, some preachers may need that sort of system, but we know a lot of them who would use a lot of cards. The honest preacher hasn't any hours.

OUT IN OHIO: Meeting recently in their annual Ohio Pastors' Convention, the preachers of the Buckeye State (we don't know just how many preachers this includes) went on written record with a statement the whole country should read. Here it is:

"We not only declare that war is sin and that the United States must stay out of this war, but we pledge our support to the U. S. government in its present effort to keep us out of war. Moreover, we clearly state that should our nation become involved in any way, that the government need expect no encouragement or support of its pastors in waging war."

There are undoubtedly ministers in Ohio who take an opposite stand, yet it is important that a body as representative as this one speaks out at such a time on such a subject. Every sign on the Church horizon in America points to the unwillingness of the Church in America to be dragooned or drafted if and when. . . .

EPISCOPALIANS: Following the lead of several other church groups, the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church has voted to set up a plan of registration for Protestant Episcopal conscientious objectors. The machinery is now being oiled and put in motion—following a request from the Right Reverend George Craig Stewart, Bishop of Chicago, that the Council make it clear that such action "expresses no opinion on the subject of pacifism but merely provides the opportunity for registration."

Other Churches enrolling their objectors include the Methodists, Congregationalists, Disciples of Christ, and the Evangelical-Reformed group. The Methodists already have more than 6,000 on their list; the Disciples have set aside April 21st as enrollment day.

Most of them are doing it on the ground that all denominations should enjoy the same privileges in re conscientious objection that are now enjoyed by the Quakers. There's sense in that.

Before we leave the Episcopalians, have you heard about the ski-train Church? Every Sunday the snow train out of Seattle on the Milwaukee Railroad, which ran all winter, was loaded with young ski enthusiasts who missed Church. Rev. Paul B. James, rector of Christ Church, took care of that by setting up a portable altar in the train, and supplying it with an accordion and a group of volunteer Seattle rectors to conduct the services en route. Dr. James sees skiing as a wholesome recreation for office-bound Seattleites, and he has made a commendable effort to take the Church to them. If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, then. . . .

INTERDICT: Many an American churchman scratched his head in unbelief as he read in his newspaper that a whole Roman Catholic parish—the members of Holy Redeemer in Cleveland—had been placed under an interdict and denied the sacraments of the Church. The clamping down of the interdict came from Archbishop Schrembs after parishioners had forcibly prevented installation of a new pastor.

That is unusual. Very rarely is such a drastic penalty put on a whole parish. But more unusual is the spectacle of a whole parish rebelling against the orders of an officer in the Roman Catholic Church. The parishioners seem to be not too chastened by the punishment; as we write they are kneeling and praying before improvised altars and statues in their own homes. It is something more than an ecclesiastical lockout: it is a struggle to determine whether the time-honored methods of Roman Catholic procedure are stronger than the preferences of Roman Catholic parishioners.

Many of us who could easily imagine this happening in Protestantism, with its more democratic and often congregational governments, are wondering what the repercussions of the Cleveland church will be on the whole American Catholic Church.

C. J. FRIEDRICH, PROFESSOR OF GOVERNMENT, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

What he says:

"America is a brotherhood of folk united in a common faith. . . . There is only one way for mankind to live, and live in peace, and that is the eventual adoption of the American ideal of a cooperative constitutional democracy."

SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIANS: News arrives of the completion of the Southern Presbyterians' campaign to raise a three-million-dollar accrued liability Fund. This is really a Ministers Annuity Fund, for the benefit of the clergymen of that communion; the Fund will begin to operate on April 1st.

Hardly second in importance is the widespread campaign or Crusade of Evangelism now going on in the Southern Church. Every Presbyterian Church in the South is to feel its rousing influence and stimulus to Christian living; it is one of the most significant campaigns to be seen south of Mason-Dixon in recent years.

SEALS: Last year the American Bible Society distributed over two million seals in a campaign to encourage Bible reading and church attendance. The seals were well designed and gummed to go on the backs of letters. This year, the Bible Society campaign started at the beginning of the Lenten season and is still under way. Already, more have been put out than were put out in the whole of the 1939 campaign; they expect to reach the three-million mark within a few weeks.

The 1940 stamps are even more attractive than the '39 issue. They bear the words: "Read Your Bible—The Truth Shall Make You Free." They sell for $1.00; get them from the Society, located at Park Avenue and 57th Street, New York City.

POLL: We're becoming leary of polls. That may be because we've had so many of them that we can't keep track, or it may be because the poor old *Literary Digest* just folded up and died after its fatal poll on the last Presidential election; things like that stay with you. Now comes a poll taken by *Scholastic*, American pedagogical periodical, to determine whether "high school students are guided less by religion than their parents were."

The questionnaire was filled out by 6,082 students. Ten per cent of those polled said "We are guided more." Eighty-five per cent said "less" and five per cent just didn't know. But just how much does the average high school student know about the guidance of religion,

or how deeply and modestly the parents may have been guided? The first reaction of free modern youth would be to show off that independent mind and answer "Less!" When they reach maturity they might change their minds.

Then this question bothers us: Is 6,082 a good cross-section of American high school youth? Ye editor recently spoke from one high school platform to three thousand high schoolers, in one room! And were these questions asked in blasé New York, or in the South and Midwest? That would make a difference.

HERE AND THERE: Seventh-Day Adventists have formed a laymen's medical corps to permit non-combatant participation by Adventists in war. . . . CBS is planning a nation-wide campaign to stimulate interest in religion, to begin in the Fall. . . . New York's legislators are debating a bill which would authorize the state to pay for free textbooks in parochial schools. . . . Police sergeant in Maplewood, N.J., resigns his post because he can't keep the Sabbath and still keep his sergeancy. . . . Station WGEI, San Francisco, goes on the air Saturdays from 5:45 A M to 6:15 A M with messages from missionaries to missionaries' friends and relatives. . .

TEMPERANCE

LINCOLN, BOOTH: That Abraham Lincoln was shot isn't exactly news; but some of the circumstances connected with the famous assassination in Ford's Theater may be news to some of us. Two modern biographers of Lincoln have shown that booze aided Booth in two ways:

Philip Van Doren Stern, writing his two-volume "The Man Who Killed Lincoln," describes the movements of Booth just before the affair at the theater: "It was four minutes after ten. . . Booth decided he needed a drink . . . managed to slip . . . into Peter Taltavul's barroom. . . 'What'll it be?' 'Same as usual—brandy . . . and a glass of water.' Booth finished two glasses. . ." So the hand that killed Lincoln was brandy-brave!

Again, Carl Sandburg, in his monumental four-volumes "War Years", just published, explains that "On the night of April 16, 1865, it was the assigned duty of John F. Parker to guard these doors constantly (doors to the President's box) . . . "the guard took his place at the rear of the box close to an entrance. Either between acts or at some time when the play was not lively enough to suit him, or because of an urge for a pony of whiskey, John F. Parker leaves his seat, goes outside and down the street for a little whiff of liquor. . . ." While Parker was tossing off his drink, Booth got in.

What if there hadn't been any booze to be had that night?

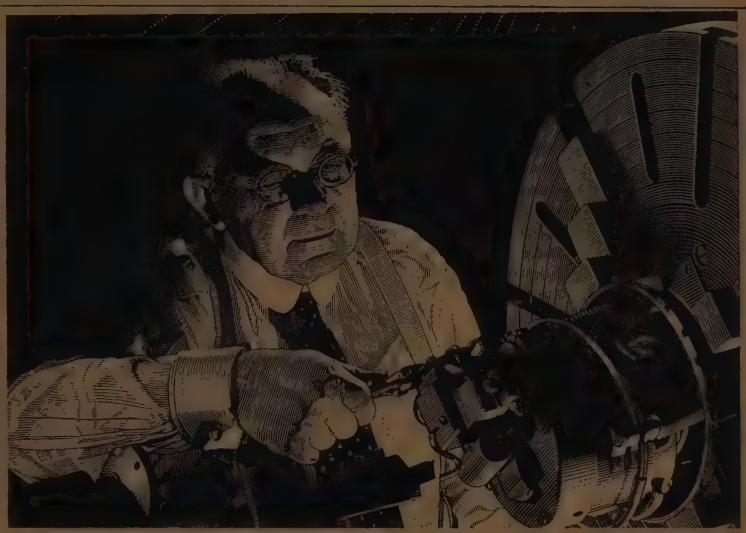
BORAH: Borah of Idaho is dead, too —and like Lincoln not forgotten. Honored after death as he never was in life as the champion of a thousand great causes, a lot of us forgot, when he passed, that he was a staunch friend of temperance. Replying in a great historic debate to Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, Borah said (in 1929):

"There has never been placed any law upon the statute books of any civilized nation on earth with reference to liquor that the liquor forces did not undertake to break down, to violate, to undermine, and to corrupt the officials. . . . What the liquor interests crave is the right, uncontrolled and unhampered, to prey upon the human race to its full, insatiable appetite."

That should be carved on the heart of America.

SHEPPARD: Senator Morris Sheppard, the gentleman from Texas, made a speech in the Senate some weeks back in which he called attention to the fact that before national prohibition we had 177,791 saloons in the U. S. A.; in 1936 we had 200,000 places where beverage alcohol could be sold; now (1939) we've got over 400,000. Which doesn't say much for repeal. The Senator went on: "We cannot continue to pour nearly two billion gallons of alcoholic drink into the veins of our democracy every year and expect it to retain its vigor and efficiency."

BITR: A woman was brought into court the other day to testify about her husband's drunkenness. Husband got drunk regularly—now on whiskey, now on beer. Asked which made him most dangerous, she had the answer: "When he drinks whiskey he falls down, but when he drinks beer he runs after me with a knife." What was it we used to hear about beer being a *soft* drink?



THE STORY OF STEENSTRUP

IN 1901 a young Danish toolmaker began work in the General Electric shops. He hit on an idea for making a machine safer and more efficient. The boss had his doubts, but Chris Steenstrup proved his idea would work. Today, beloved by his fellow engineers, with 110 patents to his credit, he is still looking for ways to improve things.

Chris welcomes tough engineering assignments. For instance, he solved one of the toughest problems in the building of Dr. Alexanderson's great radio alternators which made possible radio communication with Europe during the World War. Back when there were very few domestic electric refrigerators in the country, Chris got the job of devising a long-lived and efficient refrigerator. After months of work he designed a mechanism that ushered in a new era in American living. For from it General Electric developed the first sealed-in-steel refrigerator mechanism—the principle that has helped bring the comforts of electric refrigeration to 14 million American families.

Chris Steenstrup's contributions to more comfortable living are typical of the hundreds made by General Electric men and women. For years they have been putting electricity to work in the home and in industry, helping to make all manufactured products more plentiful and less expensive, enriching our lives—providing More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

"DAWN" BY E. T. HURLEY

The High Calling

This is His resurrection day,
The cross stands vacant, alone and dark.
"Forgetting those things which are behind,
Let us press forward toward the mark
Of His high calling." Let us hear
His still small voice in the radiant dawn,
Let us face the glorious sunlit hills,
And follow His footprints, on and on.

Let us stretch forth our idle hands,
Let us reach out, O timid hearts,
The call comes clear as a silver bell,
The winding line of humanity starts
Today from a garden. O comrades, come,
Let us follow the Christ, let us win the prize,
Let us answer the call with hope in our hearts,
The dawn of a new day in our eyes.

By
Grace Noll Crowell

1940 CHRISTIAN HERALD

FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

Churches Must be Beautiful

BY ELBERT M. CONOVER

DIRECTOR, INTERDENOMINATIONAL BUREAU OF ARCHITECTURE

The church spire, pointing heavenward, is evidence to all that here is a Christian people who welcome you to their fellowship

ONE of the indictments brought against religion in Russia and Spain has been the building of tremendous cathedrals in little towns hardly able to support small chapels. We are told that the maintenance of these cathedrals impoverished the communities from which they drew their support and kept the standard of living at a frightfully low point.

Perhaps this indictment is justified, so far as the old country is concerned, but it cannot rightly be used as an argument against church building in this country. Some congregations may have gone too far—may have built churches too large and too expensive to erect and maintain, or may have built new churches which they could not afford.

And yet, unlike the great cathedrals of Russia and Spain, far from sapping the financial strength of their communities, the churches of America, year after year, make contributions which far outstrip their cost to any community. America has grossly underbuilt. While there is one church of some sort for every 675 people in the country—which in numbers seems perhaps sufficient—tens of thousands of these church buildings are hopelessly inadequate to satisfy either the cultural, spiritual or practical mission of the church.

Let us consider the reasons for building modern and suitable church buildings; the arguments, pro and con, which will enable a congregation to decide whether it will be justified in erecting a newer, more beautiful house of worship—or to get along with the old one a while longer.

Many of those who read this article will no doubt say "God can be worshiped in the humblest barn." True enough, but is He? Perhaps the truly pious Christian folks are a little too prone to draw a sharp line between Christians and non-Christians. Of course, there is no such line of demarcation. Every person who has any desire to be a Christian is in some process of growth; some are fumbling for something, they do not know exactly what; others are hungry for spiritual food they cannot define. In every community, in every church, there are people who "think" they are Christians, but aren't quite sure. It isn't enough for the devout Christian—sure of himself and his faith—to say "I can worship anywhere. Why can't these others?" To these others, groping for the same sort of faith, a rundown, dilapidated church building, inadequately heated, scantily painted—sometimes an eyesore architecturally—presents an obstacle to their worship impossible to overcome. Oh! yes they come to church sup-

Here are some beautiful American Churches. Above is the splendid First Presbyterian Church, of Independence, Kansas, J. H. Felt & Co., Architects. On the facing page, at the top, is the altar and nave of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, Milton, Wisconsin. The baptistry is behind the (movable) woodwork of the altar. Hugo C. Haueser, Architect. Below that is the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Washington, D. C. Sundt, Wenner & Fink, Architects

pers in the basement because the food is usually excellent (church women are the best cooks in the world,) but hungry as they are for spiritual food equally satisfying they stay away from church services because their esthetic sense or their practical sense revolts against ugliness or disrepair.

People, the average people, the people who "ought" to go to your church, who "ought" to support your church—will never do these things because they "ought to." But there never has been a period in the history of this country when so little was needed to make them "want to." No one will ever know exactly what changes people from "ought to but don'ts" into "want to and do's." Fine preaching, beautiful and worshipful churches—responsibility of bringing up children—lonesomeness — bereavement — conversion through evangelical meetings, all have their influence, but the devout Christian layman plays very little part in such stimulations. Aside from the example he sets, his only opportunity to contribute lies solely in his ability to offer the groping Christian a sanctuary that contains the elements of beauty and worship which feed the spirit of those hungry for faith.

Perhaps in the sureness of their faith the devout look at their old, poorly lighted, poorly ventilated, poorly planned church with a vision distorted by memories of loveliness and loved ones. Perhaps the sacredness of the thoughts and deeds generated in the old building give it mellowness and dignity in their eyes; but to strangers and to children it may appear to be just an out-of-date, rundown not very attractive building.

It is too much to say that a wave of church building would bring about a great Christian revival. It would be difficult to believe that God depends that much on the actions of man to carry out His plans of salvation. Nevertheless the great ages of Christian growth have been characterized by prolific church building.

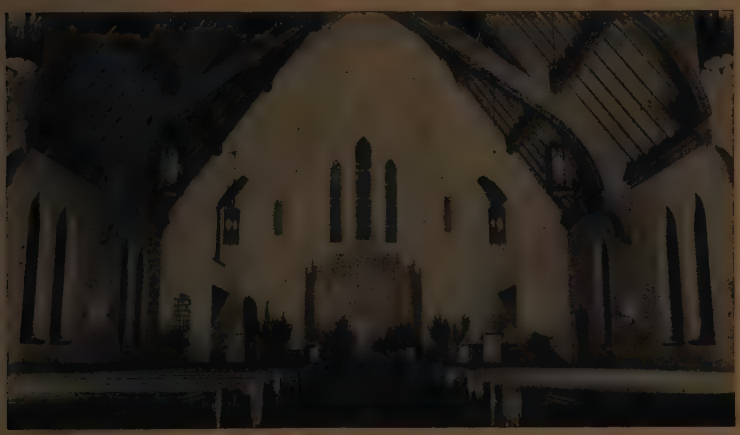
As head of the Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture, I think I am safe in saying that I have visited as many churches as any man in America. And eighty per cent of those I have visited are inadequate in worshipful character as well as in actual usefulness, to perform the function of the congregations supporting them. Naturally the economic situation has prevented many building projects, but sentiment and some kind of false pride have prevented more.

Let's take a typical example. We know of a church in a well-to-do, growing community that has five different patterns of metal lining in the auditorium, hasn't a single church school class room, has no social parlors or kitchen—has in fact nothing to recommend it except tradition. The building is located in the center of town on a lot worth, even at today's values, over $150,000.

For one-half that amount the congregation could buy a very desirable piece of property on a principal side street, a beautiful up-to-date plant that would be both worshipful and adequate, and when they get through paying the bills have $75,000 in the bank. Why don't they do it? Well, the trustees don't want to leave the main street and they love the old church. And so the old church loses members and the pastor can't understand why, with the town growing, the church doesn't grow. "We can't seem to interest the young people or the newcomers," says he. The same town has just spent $1,000,000 for a new High School. Is it any wonder that young people in this town look upon the church and religion as "old-fashioned." Now we expect many readers will feel that we are disrespectful in making such a statement. My answer to that is a question. Who is the more disrespectful —the church people who allow God's temple to become obsolete in beauty and usefulness or those who long to see their church the best kept-up, most beautiful building in town?

There is overwhelming evidence that America is entering a new phase of life.

In the early colonial days, families were concerned largely with physical and spiritual survival. As soon as things became a little crowded they moved on to new open spaces. The church and the town meeting were the antidotes for lonesomeness. As the country became more thickly populated and great cities grew up, the church as a meeting place for neighbors lost some of its specific effectiveness. Prosperity came and with it war. The church became a cradle for social ideas. Around it stormed the debates over slavery and some denominations actually split, North and South, on that issue. Then came the great machine age in



which America achieved its material maturity, culminating in the automobile, the motion picture and the radio. The church found its spiritual message falling on millions of ears deafened by the roar of the factory, the motor, the talking picture and the radio broadcast. From abroad came the rumblings of a social philosophy not merely unchristian, but actively antichristian. And now the inevitable result of all the materialism—war.

Slowly at first, swiftly now, man has come to realize that through all this God has the only answers to his problems. Man is cupping his ear to hear that voice more distinctly. Hundreds of thousands of people who have been indifferent to and heedless of the Christian Faith are hungrily seeking knowledge of it. If the church is to play its proper part in helping these people to find the truth, it must present a worshipful eye picture as well as a word picture.

Perhaps some of our readers need a definition of the word "worshipful" as applied to a church building. It means that quality which creates a sense of reverence and sanctity. No person, no matter how indifferent he may be to religion, can even enter a really fine worshipful church interior without immediately feeling a sense of God's presence. Many a church of this type preaches a constant, moving sermon, which enters the human soul through the eye instead of the ear. In fact I'm not at all sure but that by some process the next great revival of religion may not come through the eye instead of the ear. Recently there has been published a magnificent book called "A Treasury of Art Masterpieces." Perhaps half of the pictures are purely religious. Although it sells for $10.00 it became a best seller immediately. It is the finest indication we have seen of the growing appreciation on the part of the public for the beautiful. Again there are sermons in these great pictures—sermons taken by the eyes, not the ear. America has come through the pioneer period, the Civil War, the machine age, in fact we're a little tired of machinery, we're a little tired of ballyhoo, we're very tired of political and legislative panaceas. America craves the solace of the spirit and of beauty whether she realizes it or not. Real beauty will find a response in the oncoming generation that will surprise the world. Art galleries, symphony concerts, as well as the hallowed Easter services of the church will be packed this year. We as laymen of the church must realize that if the church is going to fulfill its mission in this age, it, too, must be beautiful—must preach a glorious sermon of the beauty of God's love for mankind. Must have a beauty springing not alone from memories, but from beautiful design and construction.

The church building is a symbol of the immanence of God in humanity and in the community. A church spire testifies to the presence in a community of a part of the family of the people of God. It offers to the newcomer or passerby, a guarantee that he will find fellowship in this community. It is the sign of welcome to a community of fellow-Christians.

Beauty alone, of course, is not enough. There must be warmth in the hand which the church extends to the community. The welcome must be there, seven days in the week, and it should be more than a gesture. If the room where the Boy Scouts are invited to meet is covered with dust from the furnace ashes, if the church garden club is asked to give its exhibition in a room all crowded with banners or kitchen utensils, these organizations will be grateful, naturally; but you wouldn't ask your friends in to dinner and then feed them in the cellar—would you? We're afraid that's perilously near what the church does—even with its own closest friends, such as the Ladies Aid Society, the Sunday School, the Men's Club. Thousands of our churches were built long before the need for seven-day activities was even thought of. Thousands were built without class rooms for Sunday School, without kitchens, without a stage for pageants or dramatic performances, without any special room for the ladies; many, in fact, without even toilet facilities. Is it any wonder that the modern youth or the newcomer to the church lifts an eyebrow and says "behind the times."

Again we know many readers who will say "that shouldn't affect their religion." But the trouble is it does. People are people and it is too much to expect that they act and think like saints. The question is not what people ought to do—it is rather what you, as a devout church member, are doing or going to do to make God's Temple what it should be in your community. Look over your situation. Do not settle back and say "Oh well we can't even consider a new church—we can't afford it. How do you know you can't afford it? How do you know that you can't afford not to?

Let's for a minute look and see why other congre- *(Continued on page 62)*

Here, looking not at all dictator-like, is Hollywood's "Dictator of Decency," Joseph I. Breen, and, on facing page, an "Oscar"—that is, the much-coveted token awarded to persons in the movies who render distinguished service, or otherwise become conspicuous for achievement

An "OSCAR" for

AN OPEN LETTER

Containing a Recommendation to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences concerning Joe Breen, Hollywood's "Dictator of Decency"

By Clarence Hall

GENTLEMEN OF THE ACADEMY: We understand that you have a unique system for recognizing those in the motion picture industry who contribute something outstanding to your craft. You give them what you call the Academy Award. Movie people, we're told, refer to this little statue as an "Oscar." As we remember seeing it pictured in the rotogravure sections, it's a queer-looking little token, holding up its hands as though reaching for higher things. And doubtless its intrinsic value isn't much. Nevertheless, the film folk seem to covet it with a great and tender yearning. That being so, we who comprise the religious forces of the land rise to make a nomination for this or some equally esteemed recognition.

Our nominee is Joseph I. Breen.

The official title you give him is Production Code Administrator for the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. But Hollywood at large refers to him more succinctly and variously as the movies' "Dictator of Decency," the "Conscience of Hollywood," the film industry's "Morals Manager." His bailiwick, known simply as "The Hays Office," is the top floor of a modest, four-story building on Hollywood Boulevard—just in case you haven't visited him lately to pay your respects to a fellow doing a grand job.

Let us identify ourselves. We are no inconsiderable company, there being some sixty-four millions of us, Protestants, Catholics and Jews. Some of us go to the movies regularly, many of us occasionally, some of us not at all. But whatever may be our individual feelings toward that curious town of yours, we all must admit that it is the center of more influence, conscious or unconscious, good or bad, than any other city in America. Its people, their doings and misdoings, are in the never-blinking spotlight of public opinion. And its products reflect, accurately or inaccurately, American life and ideals to the peoples of the wide world.

It's up to us, therefore—whether we be movie-goers or not—to see that you keep your industry's influence as wholesome as possible. And because Joe Breen has done the things we would have done were we able, we wish to commend him to your attention.

Consider his accomplishments, gentlemen:

He took hold of the film industry when its morals were sunk to the gutter level, unfit for self-respecting persons to regard with equanimity, and restored it to a measure of decency.

He came to your rescue five and a half years ago, when church and reform elements were howling for your extinction and when federal censorship was being proposed right and left, and saved your skins.

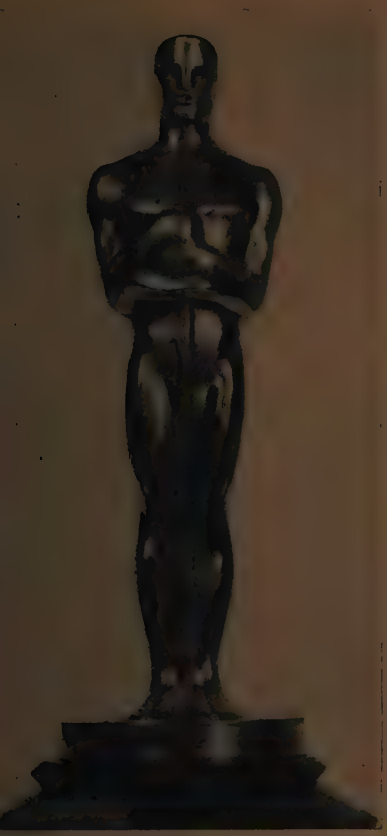
When filmdom's glittering robes were trailing in the muck, he not only sent them to the laundry but installed the hair-shirt of censorship beneath them—and made Hollywood like it.

He has taught producers, notoriously inept at reading character, that Americans by and large are not evil-minded perverts but are pretty decent folks, lovers of the wholesome, despisers of dirt.

More important still, especially to those among you who measure all values by the dollar mark, he has proved that decency pays dividends! Morality, surprisingly, has turned out to be "good box-office."

A fellow you should be grateful to, this Joe Breen. He may not have saved your souls, but he has redeemed your reputations—and your bank accounts.

It was along about 1922 when America grew conscious that the infant film industry had grown into a problem child—if



JOE

not into a dirty little brat. The studios, uninhibited on a large and loose scale, were setting up standards of conduct widely at variance with every other influence for good. While teachers were telling their pupils that crime doesn't pay, the same youngsters were learning from the movies that such precepts were quite naive if not altogether the bunk. While parents were striving to teach sex in a clean, natural and wholesome manner, the films were playing it as something sly and lustful, with suggestive dialogue and risqué situations that winked at desire out of wedlock and made the benefits of clergy look like excess and old-fashioned baggage. And while preachers were endeavoring on Sunday to lift religion and the Church in the minds of their congregations, the movies all week were making the ministers ridiculous by casting them as comics or "heavies" and picturing churches as housing projects for something that was apparently as dead as the dodo.

No wonder there was a storm of protest!

Of course, this was not the first time churches and other high-minded bodies had felt impelled to inform Hollywood that entertainment does not have to smell of the sewer in order to be classified as acceptable diversion. Never a town of impeccable reputation, it had had warnings of more or less force for many years. Hollywood had been told. But it had been slow of heart to believe all the prophets were saying. And not until 1922 when, with local censorship bodies springing up all around and threatening the box office—the only citadel whose overthrow the moguls fear—did the industry form the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America and drafted a "czar" to rule over them. Will H. Hays, Presbyterian elder and Postmaster-General in the Harding cabinet, was the czar.

Word went out to the country that all would now be virtuous on the western front.

But, as perhaps you'll recall, though Hays began to make earnest and sincere gestures at reform, they were about as efficacious as a "Lay-up-treasures-in-Heaven" motto on the wall of the New York Stock Exchange during a bear market. Hays could and did protest against bad films, but the matter could be appealed to a "Hollywood jury" composed of three of the offending producer's peers. They, in the spirit of *esprit de corps* and with an eye cocked toward the day when one of their own pictures would be up for trial, would devote a little time to friendly argument—just to please Mr. Hays—and then pronounce the film okay.

After some years of this, the exasperated czar tried to appeal to the producers' better nature. Aided by the Rev. Daniel A. Lord of St. Louis University, Hays drew up a "Production Code" and presented it to the producers for signature.

The Code was—and still is—a reasonable document. It declares, for example, that no picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it, that the sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown to the side of crime, wrong-doing, evil or sin, that correct standards of life shall be presented, that the sanctity of marriage and the home must be upheld, that religion and its ministers must be treated with respect.

The producers of course signed the Code with a flourish. They declared it a fine piece of literature, gave Mr. Hays a dinner, stowed the Code away where it couldn't trouble their consciences, if any—and blithely returned to their dabbling with dirt.

The trouble was, the Hays Code was long on policy but short on police; moreover, it allowed too much latitude for interpretation. Films went from bad to worse, and whenever Hays protested the producers would pat him on the back and say: "Now, Will, don't get excited. We're just giving the public what it wants."

There's no doubt that the czar was doing his best, but the tide was too strong for his kind of broom. Faithfully he tried to point out that there was a hand writing doleful prophesies on the wall, but the producers had more pleasant things to look at. Flayed by the thousand-and-one censor boards springing up all over the land, and handicapped by the "Hollywood jury" who overrode almost every decision he made, it's a wonder the czar did not either abdicate or go out and quietly take arsenic.

It was along about the beginning of 1934, "B. B." (Before Breen), that the outcry against a soiled screen reached riot proportions. All over America, church and other reform groups were yelling "Clean up or close up!" The Catholic high command, through the Legion of Decency, dealt the film industry a body blow with a sweeping boycott, and the Protestants, through the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, began to live up to their name with loud and concerted protestings. These and other blasts aimed at Hollywood's only vulnerable spot soon had millions staying away from the movies with great enthusiasm.

Remember how the producers, looking aghast at a box office that apparently had been stricken with pernicious anemia, could scarcely believe their eyes? The dear public, whose tastes they thought they so clearly understood, was turning its back on them. And so the industry cried out to the Moses whose set of commandments they had so joyously ignored. "Take us in hand. *Make* us behave!" they pleaded. It was a radical step, not at all in character for Hollywood. But, as somebody quoted at the time, the devil was sick and the devil a monk would be.

Hays' reply was—Breen.

Above six feet tall, hearty and pugnacious in the traditional Irish manner, Joe Breen hardly fits the cartoonists' conception of a bluenose reformer. A newspaperman by profession, he spent several years in Philadelphia, New York, Washington and Chicago, and served for a time as a member of the consular service before becoming assistant to the president of the Peabody Coal Company in Chicago. It was while working with Peabody that he first came to the attention of Will Hays, one of Peabody's lawyers. Hays had watched the fast-talking, hard-hitting Irishman in action, and knew he had to have him.

Hays first brought Breen to Hollywood in 1931, installing him as his chief assistant in the MPPDA office, where both often lamented the tied-hands predicament of the Hays office in matters pertaining to movie morals. Then came the dawn of revolution and the great collapse of the box office—and the producers' new craving for pure hands and clean hearts.

So now, when he needed a troubleshooter for the doubly difficult job of dictating to movie producers on the one hand and appeasing riled censor groups on the other, Hays called in Breen and said, "Fellow, you're it!"

But Breen wasn't so sure. Before taking the job, he gave the boys fair warning. He was not going to be a mere figurehead. "If there's any pushing around," he told them in effect, "I'll be the one to do it. It probably means that a lot of your expensive celluloid is destined for the ashcan. You've got a Production Code. Dig it up, and we'll see if it can't be put to work. We're scrapping your 'Hollywood jury,' and if you don't like my decisions you can appeal to the MPPDA's board of directors."

He took the Code as it was, pointing out to them that it provided for this and that principle concerning purity and righteousness. Further, he assured them, if they were foggy as to the meaning of such words, they'd have to rely upon his definitions. If they were good boys and studied hard, they might learn the language, whereupon he would give their pictures a clean bill of health. If they

cheated in class, they would be fined $25,000 for each violation. And if for any reason their products did not get his seal of approval, it meant that those films would not be shown in eighty-five per cent of America's movie houses.

"Do you still want me?"

They did. "You're the umpire," they declared with all the quaking sincerity of men who realize their number is about up. "You call 'em as you see 'em. We'll abide by your decisions."

Hays rushed back to the heads of the Legion of Decency, the Federal Council and other groups out to get Hollywood's scalp, and shouted: "Hollywood will answer your objections with pictures—the right kind!" Of course the churches had heard that one before, but after taking a look at the new set-up with Breen in the saddle they decided to give him a chance. The Legion, said the Catholic bishops, would hold its fire for the present. And the Federal Council warned: "We would like to see Mr. Breen succeed. But if this effort to clean up the screen proves futile, look out!"

Above is Mr. Breen, laying down the law to motion picture executives: "Say what you please, gentlemen, but that scene comes OUT!"

The Breen reign of dictatorship officially began on July 15, 1934. It was a gigantic task. And a man with less diplomacy and tact, with less judgment as to acceptable screen morals, and with less vitriol in his tongue and strength in his wrists, would not have lasted a week.

But Breen and his associates, a hand-picked crew chosen for their varied experience in social, religious and educational fields, fell to work with a will. Hollywood gaped: this Breen was actually going to try to enforce that silly Code!

Production was halted on films patently dirty, expensive scripts were hurriedly rewritten, writers were begged for stories sans smut, salacious "stills" and suggestive posters were thrown out, questionable scenes clipped, double-meaning titles toned down. Producers were ordered to take the sizzle out of love scenes, to switch sympathy away from film criminals, to put more clothes on actresses and more of the accent of purity on their doings.

You'll recall, gentlemen of the Academy, that in the first six months of the Breen regime more pictures were sent back to the producers for retakes, remakes or just plain junking than had even been questioned in the previous half-dozen years. Broadway gagmen began to refer to Breen as "the banishing American," and pictures passing the Code tests were said to have been "Breened."

Don't think, however, that the movie moguls took all this lying down. In the early days of the purge Breen's work was not looked upon as a thing of beauty and joy forever. Studio officials as a group were thrown into incipient stages of apoplexy, and even some of those who outwardly applauded—for the benefit of the press—considered Breen an ill wind capable of blowing nobody good. Directors cried aloud in the name of Art—forgetful that among persons of judgment Whistler's "Mother" is quite equal to "September Morn" as an enduring art subject. Scenarists screamed hoarsely for Realism—neglecting to notice that reality exists quite as dramatically in the common life of common people as it does in gutters and back streets, and is vastly more pleasant for the average movie-goer to contemplate.

Breen, however, tried to make it plain that he was not banning what they called their "realistic" slices of life. He was only insisting that realism in a film be maintained to its logical end. Life generally is pretty tough on the evil-doer. Only by presenting it this way, *truthfully*, can we be really "artistic."

Of course, some of the producers missed the point. One stated pompously: "Things like this always come to an end—and this so-called 'purity drive' will be all washed up when audiences are faced with a steady flow of saccharine material."

But Breen went steadfastly about his business, and if the producers thought the films he was advocating were saccharine, they never so considered Breen himself. They found that he could be bland and suave, but that he could also be a rip-snorter, and that he could pound desks and issue ultimatums with the best of them.

One of his first major bouts came in November, 1934, when he refused to issue his seal for a certain production of one of the major studios unless a rewriting and retaking job was done on it. The studio's executives argued for days. But Breen stood pat. "You've heard me, boys. You can do one of three things: (1) make the changes I've suggested; (2) appeal the case to the Hays office board of directors, or (3) make a nice clean place on your shelves for your $700,000 production." Then he walked out and left the executives to think it over. (Note: They made the revisions!)

A more startling about-face in the policy of a big industry was never seen than that which marked the first year of the movies under Breen's guidance. Gradually coming to realize there was no other way out, studios abandoned the sexy, crime-glorifying atrocities of their recent past and feverishly began work on such material as David Copperfield, Treasure Island, The Little Minister, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, Girl of the Limberlost, Little Men, Little Women, David Harum, Alice in Wonderland.

But what surprised the entire industry was the popular reaction to such improved fare. Movie-goers who, by duress of their church or by disgust in their own souls, had turned away from pictures began to troop back in large numbers. Exhibitors the country over wired in astonishing reports of thriving business. And everywhere the press, even the professional critics, began to whoop it up for the new deal. Hollywood strutted in new dignity. And in the sancta sanctorum of the film industry during the past five and a half years there gradually has arisen a healthy respect for Joe Breen's opinion on what constitutes "good theater." Howls from the state, municipal and voluntary census boards that came into being during the years of Hollywood's prodigality have dwindled to a mere occasional shout; many such boards, seeing no further reason for their continued existence, have dissolved.

It is notable that only in a few instances have irate producers seen fit to refer a Breen decision to the MPPDA's board of directors in New York; in only one has the board reversed such a decision—and in that case, when the picture (an animated cartoon take-off on "Green Pastures") was released, the flood of ensuing protests served to ratify Breen's contention that the film was "an offense to good taste and religious feelings."

No man could, of course, be so infallible through relying solely on his own judgment. Breen's secret is in so familiarizing himself with the particular and peculiar taboos of every section of America, as well as those foreign countries which are Hollywood markets, that he knows immediately what scenes will be sliced and what words deleted by the local censors in any given place. It is his job to reduce the possibility of such cuts and deletions to a minimum, for such emasculations are expensive.

And, speaking of the producers' appreciation of Breen as a saver of expenses, you'll remember that these gentlemen early learned that the cheapest method was not to make *(Continued on page 44)*

Marriage as a Career

I WAS a dinner hostess, not very long ago, to a group of young people who will this year graduate from college, and with a demitasse their talk drifted not unnaturally to the series of semi-vocational articles that I am doing for *Christian Herald*. The boys and girls were vitally interested in the future and what the future would hold; for that reason they deluged me with questions and advice and suggestions.

"Why," I was asked, "don't you tell us what it takes, in the way of preparation, to be a doctor or a nurse or a lawyer or a minister? How much talent does a fellow need to be a commercial artist—and what course of study should an embryo singer follow? . . . Which avenues of opportunity are open to a girl who must make her home with her parents in a farming community? . . . Can a woman earn a good living with her needle, and can a man make gardening pay?" These were some of the lines that my young folks flung at me—these and many others of the same sort! And then—as I was wondering which query I should try to answer first—a very pretty blonde girl spoke up. In the medley of voices her tone was shy, and yet there was a gallant ring to it.

"How," she asked, "can a boy and a girl best prepare themselves for the career of marriage? It's still the greatest career of all, you know—"

Because I thoroughly and absolutely agreed with her, it is the marriage question that I shall attempt to answer here and now. For April, with its tenderness of budding leaves and flowers, with its sense of spiritual awakening, is one of the real marriage months!

How can a girl best equip herself for the career of marriage? How may a boy make himself ready to take on the vital business of building a home? It's something to think about—and, oddly enough, it's something that all too few young people *do* think about! Many young men and women who work like mad to acquire a routine job, and who strive against terrific obstacles to hold it, will walk lightly and blindly into marriage. They often take deathless vows more quickly than they would take a weekly quiz in a dead language, and they face situations which may stand for a lifetime of happiness or unhappiness without an ounce of advance study or a grain of common sense.

Not that marriage requires intensive cramming—not that the successful wife or husband must show the preacher a diploma along with the marriage license! Where love is, most of the training is instinctive. Mutual trust, tolerance, sympathetic understanding and patience are the very shadow selves of love.

However — and this however should be written in capital letters! —there are certain lessons that must be learned before a marriage may take on that rare luster and perfection which every bride and groom hopes for.

I believe that—prosaic though this sounds—the financial lesson comes first. This financial lesson requires thought and real cooperation. A boy and girl who are gravitating in the direction of wedlock, should know something of the actual costs of living. They must be ready to face the problem of making a dollar stretch to its limit. A sensible budget must be made out and maintained; a certain sum should be apportioned for rent, another for food, another for clothing, and so on down the line. A wife—unless she also has a job—should not only be given a household allowance; she should be given a sum of money, no matter how small, for her own needs. It is humiliating for a wife to find herself constantly in the position of a beggar, asking for alms.

In order that she may be able to contemplate wisely the financial problems of the home, a prospective husband should be entirely frank with his fiancee in regard to his current salary and his expectations. A prospective bride, knowing just how much she will have to spend, should do her part by learning the intricacies of buying; what cuts of meat are the best and most reasonable, for instance, what vegetables are in season, and what foods give the most value for the least cash outlay.

And always a wise bride and groom will start in the right direction by laying something aside each week toward the proverbial rainy day, if it's only a few cents!

Speaking of buying wisely, and of food. If a wife is in charge of her kitchen—and most young brides do not rate a maid—she must realize that a husband cannot live on love alone! Ill prepared and wretchedly served meals are a disgrace to an intelligent woman. There should be nothing in housekeeping or cooking to daunt a girl who can pay attention, take pains and follow directions. There are any number of fine cook books on the market, and there are pages and pages, in the monthly magazines, that are filled to overflowing with practical homemaking hints.

I know a bride, business trained, who makes a list once a week of the household duties that she will perform and of the meals that she will serve during that week. This list enables her to plan her days and to get full value from each hour. It also enables her to take advantage of the weekly specials that her neighborhood store advertises.

Efficiency in the home is just as important as efficiency in the office, and it saves even more heartaches and headaches.

I have spoken of love, and of the qualities that walk hand in hand with love; but

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The author of this article meets another famous prohibitionist. Dr. Cutten and Henry Ford in the Commencement Procession at Colgate

In this, the last of two articles on the evils of the liquor business, Dr. Cutten recounts how all the high-sounding promises of the repealists have been broken, how the staggering burden of liquor costs has constantly increased, how the youth of the country is being corrupted by beer and booze—in short, how Repeal has failed on every count

Meet a Prohibitionist

By

George Barton Cutten

PRESIDENT OF COLGATE UNIVERSITY

[PART TWO]

ALL these things may be true and still prohibition may not be the answer. I admit that. However, even the short trial of prohibition proved it to be the best method so far devised for handling the problem, and the facts adequately substantiate this statement. No piece of legislation ever had a more unfair trial: perjury was rife: many government officials from the highest to the lowest held up their hands and swore before Almighty God to uphold the Constitution of the United States, and then by both precept and example did all that they possibly could to nullify or destroy the Constitution. If they themselves and other people were breaking the law, the remedy was to revoke the law—a fine prescription for anarchy. Notwithstanding the brazen and notorious dereliction of duty on the part of governors, attorneys-general and other officers to whom the police duties of the state and nation had been assigned, the period of prohibition, both in drinking and in its effects, was the low point in the history of this country.

Young people do not remember the prohibition era, and hear of it only as described in ridicule or scorn by its opponents. It is true that the wets prevented the country from becoming dry, but let us turn the tables and review some of the promises and predictions made by these repeal enthusiasts.

1. *In the first place, taxes would be lowered, the budget would be balanced, and unemployment would be ended.* We receive about $1,000,000,000 a year in liquor taxes (federal, state, and local)—the amount which beer alone promised. This was usually portrayed as a direct gift by generous brewers. The federal government collected $568,000,000 in 1939 in liquor taxes. Calculate how many billions of dollars it is necessary for the people of this country to spend in order to produce this amount in taxes! It makes even the federal deficits look small. If five or ten dollars are expended to produce one tax dollar, that is rather expensive tax collecting.

This is but one suggestion of how repeal was to produce prosperity. I suppose the point is, if we drink enough we will not care whether we are prosperous or not. The exact mathematics of alcoholic prosperity has never been definitely figured out except for the brewers and distillers, but one can recall the statement made before repeal of the 18th Amendment that if every one in the country would only drink so many glasses of beer a day, depressions would be a thing of the past. At the same time in Germany it was being stated that if every one would decrease his drinking to one glass of beer a day, prosperity would ensue—I am told that this latter was known as the Einstein theory. Well, you've noticed the flood of prosperity which the repeal of the 18th Amendment has produced in this country; one can almost count it on the fingers of one hand. It seems bad enough to throw money away, but, when in addition, the waste of money accomplishes a loss of efficiency and a dulling of the wits of the throwers, it requires a magician not a logician to deduce prosperity out of that.

It is difficult to conceive how anyone, even the most prejudiced upholder of liquor laxity, could claim the liquor business as any aid to prosperity. It can only be recognized as a drain on our resources, and a weight upon financial progress. Just how much of a load it is, is difficult to determine, for the heaviest part of it is indirect, and estimates regarding that will vary widely.

The direct bill is stupendous: in 1937 the amount actually spent for alcoholic liquors in the United States was $3,530,000,000, based on the report of the Department of Internal Revenue. This decreased slightly in 1938, but increased again in 1939. This was about twice as much as was spent in 1934, the first year of repeal. For the year, 1935-6, the latest available statistics, the United States spent for all education $2,651,231,406; our drink bill was $880,000,000 more than our total bill for education. This bill for education includes elementary, high schools, universities, colleges, teachers' colleges and normal schools, schools for delinquents, deaf, blind, mentally deficient, and Indians, both public and private, in the United States proper and in Alaska. We have reason to believe that the money spent for education during the year has increased the efficiency, the industry, the ambition, and intellectual ap-

plication of the people, but what can we say about the liquor bill except that it has increased the thriftlessness, the inefficiency, the indolence, the intellectual sterility, the crime and the avoidable accidents of the nation. If this is true, the liquor business has contributed considerably to the continuance of the depression. The drinking of alcoholic beverages has always been considered an outstanding cause of poverty.

To get some idea of the indirect cost of the liquor business, take, for example, what we pay for crime. The cost is estimated at $15,000,000,000 a year. It is made up of the cost of prisons and jails, of police officers of various kinds, of the administration of justice, as well as of destruction of property. The personal cost cannot be estimated. It is hardly

How the liquor curse is growing, invading even many small shops and drugstores, like the one shown above; taking even some states in as partner, as evidenced in the scene shown below; and the "brewer's big horses," (right,) are running over us again, to our immense loss in both money and manhood

Wide World

necessary to say that crime has always been closely associated with the liquor business both directly and indirectly. The business has been law breaking and unscrupulous and there is no hope of its ever policing itself. There is no one element which has contributed more to crime and consequently to this fifteen billion annual loss to the country.

According to the estimates based on the reports of the United States Department of Internal Revenue, the amount spent for alcoholic liquors in the five years, 1934 to 1938 inclusive, was $13,436,000,000. Mr. Roger Babson said, in 1938, that the American people spend five billion dollars a year on intoxicating drink. Probably his estimate included the illegal liquor sold which this other estimate evidently does not, and the estimate depends upon the comparative amount sold at cheap and expensive bars, for the spread of retail prices is considerable. However, let us take the lesser figure. A most conservative estimate would place the indirect expenses at as much more, at least. Twenty-seven billion dollars spent for shoes, clothing, groceries and rents, in those years, would have made us forget that there ever was a depression, and this prosperity might have kept us from increasing our national debt. The federal deficit for the year ending June 30, 1939, concerning which everyone, except those who dissipated the money, seems to be justly solicitous, amounted to about $3,600,000,000, which is only 72% of Mr. Babson's estimate of our direct liquor bill.

A committee of the Dayton, Ohio, Independent Merchants Association, found the per capita expenditure in liquor establishments in that city to be $1.32 per week, compared with $0.95 for groceries. It seems as though the children of the nation have had to sacrifice their milk for their parents' beer. The first year after repeal the milk consumption in the United States dropped 37,000,000 quarts; the second year 59,000,000 quarts, and the third year 69,000,000 quarts. It is also worth noting that in 1934, the first year of repeal, there were 20,000,000 pounds less coffee sold in the United States than in 1933.

Certain large advertising businesses refuse to carry any liquor accounts, certain large and influential papers and magazines refuse to print any liquor advertising, certain large hotels, catering to conventions, refuse to sell any liquor. Is this the result of sentiment? Possibly, in part, but, at most, a very small part. They believe that every dollar spent for liquor means two dollars less spent for useful and necessary things, and that helping the liquor industry is neither good business for themselves nor for the nation as a whole. Professor Irving Fisher remarked, "The idea that the liquor business creates something economically is on a par with the idea of the undertaker who complained that the pure milk committee in his town had ruined his trade in babies' funerals." While it may be said that the liquor business uses up a certain amount of grain and fruit, there is probably no industry that employs so little labor per dollar received. Mr. Babson says if we compare the liquor industry with that of building and furnishing homes, the proportion of labor employed would be as two is to five. Even ploughing under the grain would not produce such costly results.

2. *A second promise most widely made was that there would be no return of the saloon.* This was definitely stated in high places. Permit me to quote.

"Furthermore, I am positive in saying that there must be some definite assurance that by no possibility, at anytime or in any place, can the old saloon come back."

"I ask especially that no state shall by law or otherwise authorize the return of the saloon either in its old form or in some modern guise."

"I say to you now that from this date on the Eighteenth Amendment is doomed. When that happens, we as Democrats .... must rightly and morally prevent the return of the saloon."

Would not these be ludicrous if they were not so tragic? These statements were made by the gentleman who is now president of the United States, and under whose regime and advice repeal was brought about.

3. *A third promise was that there would be no more bootlegging.* On August 2, 1938, the New York Times' headlines proclaimed, "103 Indicted in Alcohol Ring. $1,800,000 Tax Fraud Laid to Bootleg Combine." In 1939, federal agents, of whom there are more now than during

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ON THE SHELF

By Beatrice Plumb

AUNT LINNET sat trimly erect in the Florida winter sunshine, blinking back rebellious, homesick tears, trying her level best to feel retired, to enjoy having nothing to do.

The silver silk fluff of her hair gleamed like a seeded dandelion against the green Venetian blinds of this "comfortably furnished Miami home" which her nephew Peter had leased for her by worried wire. Poor Pete! He was a born worrier. But not his sister Julie. She didn't worry over anything, more's the pity.

Phew! So this was Miami—where it was "June in December!" More like August! With the sands sprawled with bathers, bare except for some indecent next-to-nothing. While back home in Detroit, it was ten below, and Julie would be wearing her fur coat to the office. Nice to have managed to get Julie that coat—and finally a job that she seemed to like.

Aunt Linnet mopped her wet brow. Probably the hottest part of the day! Her eyes, bird-bright in her peaked face, glanced at the clock on the mantel. Run down! The hands always at five. Quitting time.

That's what the doctor had said to her. "You're run down, Mrs. Elliott. The old heart's not ticking so good. Forty years of secretarial work—all for the same paper—deserve a rest and a comfortable pension. You're sixty. It's time to quit."

And she'd been so dopy after that dratted flu, it had seemed a good idea. Especially as it would give Julie her big chance. The Chief had promised her that. "We'll groom your niece for your job, Mrs. Elliott. She's young, of course, but if she'll apply herself—"

"If!" sighed Aunt Linnet. She half rose to wind that clock, then sank back with a shrug. Why bother? Time didn't matter any more. She had nothing to do.

Nothing to do! She wandered listlessly through the open French doors onto the shaded terrace, and gazed out beyond the tropical garden to where a white sail swayed in the star-dust ripples of Biscayne Bay. A salty breeze raced up the avenue of stately royal palms that stood in parallel columns from her drive to the water's edge. And with that welcome breeze came the click of garden tools in her neighbor's garden.

A stir at last in this do-nothing place! Professor Abbott was at his bird-bath again. Queer how that old fellow always found something to do—gardening, running errands for the neighbors, listening to Symphony concerts on the radio, practicing. Heavenly days! After teaching music in college for fifty years, to still practice every morning from eight to ten! Well, maybe she should get a typewriter and keep up her speed. But typing what? It was hard to imagine herself typing a lot of useless stuff just to kill time.

The Professor waved a trowel at her. It was funny how he reminded her of Julie, with his near-sighted eyes, and that wispy, lopsided smile.

"Nice breeze!" he called. Just as if it mattered. As if he were here for a vacation, instead of being retired for life.

She moved closer to the vine-wreathed screen to get a better view of him. Strange how he could still look a gentleman in that awful old sweater! The hole in the elbow had spread to twice the size it was yesterday. Half a dozen stitches would have saved it. Of course he was an old bachelor, doing for himself, but there was that pretty little Patsy Anne, granddaughter of his old college friend who came in once a week to supervise Black Abe clean the house. She could have mended it. But maybe a Southern girl, no matter how poor, never was taught to darn.

Overhead, against incredibly blue clouds, a Pan-American Clipper curved like a monstrous bird from sky to bay. Around it, on smaller, freer wings, a sea gull swooped. Above the Professor's bird-bath, a white butterfly flitted on frail, heedless wings. She used to think that not to be tied to a job would be like that—like having wings. . . .

Black Tom, her reluctant houseman, was shuffling across the porch to tell her something.

"It's tonic time, Miz Elliott."

She went inside to take the bitter stuff. She had never expected—or wanted—servants. She liked bed-making, sweeping, dusting, baking—all the happy little tasks that made a home so much your own. But Peter said the two negroes, Tom and his wife, had been with the Blakes for years, and were leased with the house. But they needn't concern her, because the agent managed them along with the place, arranging their days off, paying their wages and all that. "Which leaves you with nothing to do, Aunt Linnet," he boomed in that big, healthy voice of his.

Nothing to do. Her eyes, nervously evading the stopped clock on the mantel, collided with the china closet, where a blue teapot, the color of her own eyes, stood on the top shelf. It wasn't broken—just a little chipped and worn: too uncertain to use any more. So they'd put it . . . on the shelf.

Sitting there, idly toying with her tonic spoon, the idea came to her like a sudden burst of music. She could make a garden! Like the Professor. Why, of course! Funny she hadn't thought of it before. She gave a quick, delighted little laugh. Something to do at last!

She hurried out on the terrace to take her first real look at the garden. Scarlet bougainvillea climbed the trellises, dropping blood-red petals on the white steps. Below stretched the tangled luxuriance of vines and shrubs and trees, casting deep patches of shade on the glaring green of the lawns.

Heavenly days, what foreign things grew in a Miami garden! She named the few she knew. Mangoes—Tom said if you touched 'em raw they gave you hives. Those trees with heavy leaves, avocadoes.

When at last she opened her eyes, she was on the lounge, with Patsy Anne's reassuring face bending over her. Aluminum stood in the doorway, wildly wringing her hands. Tom's breath still came in gasps, from his terrified running to call the Professor

Illustrator E. A. VAN SWEARINGEN

Of course, if you liked that sort of salad! Personally, give her slaw. And in the grove, grape fruit, lemon, kumquat, tangerine, lime or something else all juice. That ragged clump by the wall, bananas.

The flowers all foreign, too. Those shooting their blooms higher than any hollyhocks were poinsettias. Gorgeous color all right, but no scent to 'em. A fine garden this, all of two city blocks big—but she'd swap it any minute for the little potted geranium on her old office desk.

A sudden weariness swept her, and she sought a chair in the shade. Perhaps, at first she should do her gardening on a small scale. Ah, she had it! A rockery. With all those cute little Tom Thumb things growing in the cracks! When Tom came to set the table, she'd talk to him about getting the rocks.

Tom did the talking. "Miz Elliott," he said politely, his shining black face deferential but disapproving, "When Miz Blake go to Nassau, she say, 'Tom, de garden's you' job, de house is Aluminum's.' I helps Aluminum because of her fallin' arches, but de garden's still mine to tend. I don't reckon Miz Blake like for us to dig up de lawn."

"No, no, Tom. My idea was just to build this little rock garden around that old pipe that sticks up under the poinciana tree near the wall—"

Tom's shocked face stopped her dead. "Miz Elliott," he quavered, "dat's not pipe. Dat's totem, real totem—"

"Totem?"

"Yes mam, Miz Elliott. Marster brought dat fum de wilds jes befo' he died of jungle germ. Dat's Miz Blake's seminary; she buried Marster's dog in a yurn by dat totem. We couldn't have a rock pile dere, Miz Elliott!"

"No, of course not, Tom. I was just looking for a spot in the garden that didn't matter. There's that wild piece by the croton patch—beyond the fountain—"

Tom shook his fuzzy head, his small black eyes filled with indignant tears. "Miz Elliott, dat's wild on puppose. Miz Blake paid hundeds o' dollas to git dem wild things broke in to tame ways. Garden clubbers come clear fum Palm Beach to see dem weeds. Dey's choicy. We *couldn't* dump rocks on 'em, Miz Elliott!"

"All right, Tom."

"Miz Elliott, de Agency done promise Miz Blake not to let no tenant start to fix de garden over or trash up de house. Things is to be left jest as dey is."

Linnet's hands shook as she struck off items from the list she had intended to buy on her first visit to Miami stores. Garden gloves, trowel, silk for bright cushions. She poised her pencil for several fateful seconds above typewriter. Finally she let that stand. She wrote a fiendish hand—she owed it to Peter and Julie to type her letters to them.

She slumped back in the antique chair she had hoped to "trash up" with some gay, soft cushions, and closed her eyes against the stabbing sight of that stopped clock, that worn blue teapot . . . on the shelf. Presently slow tears came from behind her shut lids to splash on hands folded idly in her lap.

Next morning she came downstairs with another idea. Why not make a thorough job of her holiday shopping this year? She'd never had time before. A noon hour snatched here, a Saturday afternoon there. And then the inevitable frantic last-minute rush grabbing up useless doodads. But now she had time to shop intelligently. First of all, Julie—

Aunt Linnet sighed. Maybe a college education *had* been a waste of good money on that child. Not that she regretted for a minute putting her widowed sister's children through college. A widow herself, with no chick or child of her own and earning a good salary, it was the least she could do.

But that Julie, with her dimples and dumbness! She hadn't done well at school, and never been interested enough in any job to keep it long. Until they contrived to get her on the *Daily Star* and somehow the job had clicked. Now, at

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Standing next to Richard Maxwell in this picture is Rev. A. Signore (pastor Italian Mission, Nostrand-Dekalb Methodist Church, Brooklyn, New York) a member of the first Good Neighbor Club. With them, are, left to right, Rose Astone, Joseph Tocci, Elizabeth Vecchione, and, seated, Mrs. Signore—all members of Clubs in that city

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Richard Maxwell

TWO famous proverbs seem to me to express two great truths of life. One is Scandinavian: "The North Wind made the Vikings;" the other from Arabia; "The Sunshine made the desert."

Now although these two proverbs say almost the same thing from a different angle, there is a vast difference. They teach two great truths: we must learn to bear, and we must learn to share.

"The North Wind made the Vikings,"—yes, but not *too much* North Wind! When the blast becomes too severe it must be tempered, otherwise life itself is destroyed. Sunshine is one of life's greatest blessings, yet too much sunshine parches, burns and—makes the desert.

And so it happened that a modest endeavor began, less than a year and a half ago, to temper the too severe winds and to share a little sunshine. That it has met with unusual success is proven by the fact that as these lines are written, over one hundred and thirty Good Neighbor Clubs, with a combined membership of 25,000 or more, scattered throughout North America, are actively spreading Cheer and Comfort—and growing by leaps and bounds.

Several years ago, a young Italian minister from Brooklyn approached me with a splendid but rather nebulous suggestion for broadening the scope of service through our radio program. A year later he returned again, and although we had some discussion, nothing concrete developed. Then came a group of young ladies on a similar mission. Impressed by their sincerity and eagerness, we pooled our thoughts. A Good Neighbor Club idea emerged and I agreed to mention it, over the air, to see what would result. Following the broadcast, phone calls, telegrams and letters poured in—and the Richard Maxwell Good Neighbor Clubs Association was under way. Fourteen months have now passed, and as I write this, there are one hundred and thirty-four separate chapters actively helping others in whatever way they can. They stretch from Maine to Florida and as far west as Colorado. Almost every state east of the Mississippi is represented with one or more separate clubs; and Canada, too.

Most of our Good Neighbor Clubs are in the East for the reason that during this past year our broadcast has been almost entirely limited to this section. The clubs are both large and small—the largest with a membership of over 5,500 persons. The smallest has only three members—and incidentally some of the finest and most active of all are the smaller chapters.

Let's start with Chapter No. 1, the nucleus of the whole association. It is located in Brooklyn, New York. Five girls are charter members, all employees of Abraham and Straus, one of Brooklyn's largest department stores. Led in spirit and activity by Rose Astone, their president, they have set such a fine example that we are more than proud to have them as our "anchor" chapter. Receiving a warm welcome at the St. Charles Hospital for crippled children where they had taken scrap books and goodies for the little unfortunates, they were taken through every department and ward. They came out inspired by the courage within the tiny bodies in plaster casts, the pale but brave smiles of those who were forced to lie still and who were fortunate if they could but ignore the pain, too young to realize the terrible significance of the future they might have to face.

Next they entertained forty young children, ages from three to fifteen who are being sheltered at the Hopewell Home with a real Easter party complete with milk and cookies, ice cream, Easter bunnies, jelly beans, games, a Jack Horner pie, and prizes for all.

They gave an entertainment and raised fifty dollars for their treasury—which the efficient girls have stretched out to do the work of several times as much. By now the club has increased to thirty members—girls and boys, with men and women as assisting members. One of them is Police Captain William Jones of the 88th Precinct. Captain Jones selected eighteen underprivileged children of the neediest in his district and assigned two patrolmen to help care for them when Chapter No. 1 of our Good Neighbors gave them a surprise picnic—another one as successful as that at the Hopewell Home.

At Thanksgiving time many boxes and baskets of food were distributed—real-for-sure Thanksgiving dinners to those who would have had none; and our girls and boys knew just where to take them, too!

They promoted a free matinee at one of their local movie theaters; admission, one can of food,—and you can well visualize the good they accomplished from that during a winter when so many have been hungry.

Not the least of the activities of our initial chapter is the publishing of our official club paper, "The Good Neighbor Guide." This is a well-put-together quarterly of twenty or more pages, bound in a heavy blue paper cover. It lists the outstanding activities of various clubs, prints comments from members, welcomes and tells of new chapters, and everything pertaining to the combined Association of Good Neighbor Clubs.

Yes, we are proud to have such a group for a cornerstone; but we are proud of others, too, and for the best of reasons! The second largest group is the Pittsburgh Good Neighbor Club, Chapter No. 2. Immediately after our first broadcast explaining our purposes I received a telegram from Darrell Martin, Radio Editor of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, asking if he might have Charter No. 1, and he outlined his prospective Good Neighbor plans. Of course our enthusiastic Brooklyn girls had earned the right to our initial chapter; so we offered Darrell Martin charter No. 2, which he promptly accepted. At this time he is President of the Pittsburgh Good Neighbor Club which not only has over 3,000 active members, but has its own radio broadcast—a half hour once a week over station WJAS, Pittsburgh.

They have accomplished some really

At top is Richard Maxwell at his desk, almost buried in letters and photographs from his Club friends. Below him are various representative friends and Neighbors; Police Captain William Jones, assisting member of Club No. One, Brooklyn, is at the right with other members; in the center is nine-year-old Patricia Stolz, of Buffalo, leader of the Little Sunshine Club; at left, the Opportunity Club of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts; and below that, part of the KNC Club of Thompsontown, Pennsylvania

big things. One of their pet interests is the Children's Hospital for whom they frequently give benefits and entertainments. And they stage real shows for the youngsters, too, what with such Good Neighbors as Hal Kemp, Kay Kyser and Ray Herbeck and their orchestras as members. They and many other fine artists have gladly given their services to aid in the Good Neighbor work of our Pittsburgh Chapter, along with Bill Green, owner of the Hotel William Penn, Gerald O'Neill, manager, and H. J. Brennan, owner of station WJAS, and countless others. When these and other members of such caliber get behind things—it means business!

At the first Christmas party $12,895 was raised; the following year more than $16,000. Good Neighbor parties are staged are various churches, also Easter parties, and a rodeo celebration at the hospital. Good Neighbor Tommy Dorsey played a benefit resulting in $1,500 for the New Kensington Free Library—which had to raise money or close its doors.

Through their radio friends 140,000 Christmas cards were sent in and made over into book form, to give joy to the unfortunate little ones in hospitals; hundreds of dollars worth of records, a fine radio and phonograph; another Children's Hospital Christmas party with Hal Kemp donating the turkeys; a Hello Club for the lonely and shut-in. And there were countless Good Neighbor deeds done separately—for almost three thousand members are at work in and around Pittsburgh. Chapter No. 2 has its own club rooms, too, in the Hotel William Penn, where they meet regularly.

Yes, the energetic President of Chapter No. 2 has a great force behind him, and with him,—not the least of these being his own family, especially his seventy-seven year old mother who has been a Good Neighbor all of her life.

Yet Chapter No. 2 isn't the only Good Neighbor Club to carry on its own radio program. One of our more recent chapters is Club No. 100, the "WRDW Cheerful Givers" of Augusta, Georgia. Built around a whole staff of Good Neighbors at WRDW, they have over 2,300 contributing members. Under the leadership of W. R. Ringson, who is manager of radio station WRDW, they put on a daily broadcast of their own for the express purpose of being Good Neighbors. This past Christmas they raised a tremendous amount of clothing, toys, money and such things for the poor in and around the city of Augusta, Georgia. They work closely with the local civic and charitable organizations.

These clubs have the largest individual memberships. However, there are three more which center their activities around radio programs.

Chapter No. 14, "Your Neighbor Club" of Pensacola, Florida, led by C. E. Vann of station WCOA has its radio program also. It began with thirty members. Their aim is not only to bring happiness to the unfortunate, the lonely and the sick, to help those in distress, but to act as a "welcome" committee to all newcomers—to be their first "Good Neighbors" in every sense of the word. Our only regret is that the Pensacola radio station became a part of another network and our close cooperation has been greatly curtailed.

Then there is "The Little Sunlight Good Neighbor Club," our Chapter No. 129, at Kenmore (Buffalo). Five tiny tots are charter members and nine-year-old Patricia Stolz is the leader. Patricia has her own radio program on which she sings gospel songs, playing her own accompaniment and announcing her own numbers. In fact, she has two of them. One over WSVS, Buffalo, and the other over CKTB, in Toronto, Canada. For the past year or more Patricia has carried on her heart-warming program alone, but now she has the other members of her club to help her, both inside and outside the studio. They go around and sing in the various churches, too. During the past winter her mother knit mittens which the little girls and boys distributed among the poorer children of their community who needed them. So fifty pairs of little hands were warmed by

the Little Sunlight Club, too.

Another is Chapter No. 123 at Elizabethton, Tennessee, headed by Roy Nelson. Their club is "The Appalachian Good Neighbor Club" and began the first of this year with twelve members. Mr. Nelson is an attorney and is governor of the Kentucky-Tennessee district of Kiwanis International. He conducts his own program over station WOPI in Bristol, Tennessee, and the Good Neighbor Club is thus helped in its work. They have already furnished radios to hill folks, glasses to little fellows with tangled eyes and other helps to the distressed and underprivileged.

Now, having jumped around to tell of our "Radio Chapters," let's come back to our first friends and followers again.

Chapter No. 3 has ten members. It is the Happy Hour Good Neighbor Club of Skaneateles, New York. They have been carrying on their Good Neighbor activities for many years and quickly joined with us on our broader movement. A strong and business-like chapter of ten young ladies—a grown-up Sunday School class who kept going!

Next come the "Thunderbirds Playmate Club" of Odessa, New York. Seven boys and girls ranging in age from eight to twelve years began, now there are fourteen members. They solicit no aid from their elders but find ways of their own to live up to their name, "The Thunderbirds"—which is an Indian word meaning, "Sacred Bearers of Happiness." One of the neighbors who is grateful for their little courtesies and considerations is ninety-one and another ninety-five years of age.

Chapter No. 5 is the Tulsa, Oklahoma, Good Neighbor Club with its 5,500 members. They, too, have been unable to follow our radio activities during the winter due to a temporary change in network.

The next group is the "Cheer and Comfort" chapter of New Bedford, Massachusetts, a steady, hard-working club of mature women under the effective guidance of Mrs. Emma Nicholaev. They take turns doing housework for sick neighbors, and plant flower and vegetable gardens in the spring—for others only

Charter No. 7 was given to Baltimore, Maryland—the "Remington Social Club," a group of twenty-five men who care for community poor, aiding boys and girls who start out in the world with two strikes called on them. "Keep boys off the street" is one of their purposes. They now have fifteen junior members to assist them.

Then came the "Live Wires" of West Caldwell, New Jersey, to join our fold, starting with six high school girls. Today they have fourteen in their club to carry on—a real group of modern "live wires" ready to help others.

The ninth club to raise the banner of our Good Neighbor Clubs was the "Opportunity Club," a band of ladies in Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. Of them, more later.

Chapter 10 on the list is the "Baraca Good Neighbor Club" of Orlando, Florida. Forty-four young men, members of the Baraca Class of the First Baptist Church here are putting into active practice the teachings of the Master in a way of which we all can be proud. Just one incident to show you: About two years ago the class decided they'd like to do something definite and concrete, so they all drove down to the Baptist Home for Children at Arcadia, Florida, about 120 miles away.

"What is needed most?" they asked of the superintendent. "There are several children waiting to be taken in," he replied, "but there is no money available for more."

What happened? After a short conference, the Baraca Sunday School Class became godfather to a child, a little boy seven years old. They pay $10 every month, all that is needed to keep him in the Home where he can be cared for properly. Today the boys are as enthusiastic as ever. Not long ago, the class wanted to see their "boy" so the superintendent brought him to Orlando one Sunday for a visit. When the Junior Department of the same church saw what was being done, they decided to take a child to raise, too. Two private families did the same—and thus three more children found homes.

And there is an idea worthy of any club or organization. Take an orphan to raise—not in your own home, but sponsor him. It is a big job for one person to do, but a small one for a group of Good Neighbors.

Yes, the Baraca of forty-four young men from eighteen to twenty-five, is raising a boy. They all have a definite personal interest in him—birthdays, Christmas, education. Imagine his joy to have forty-odd boys for godfathers! He is better off than he knows; and can scarcely fail in life, if he plays the game fairly and squarely. The class? I think they get even more happiness and benefit from it than the boy himself.

I should like to go on and on through the entire one hundred and thirty-four chapters to tell of the splendid things which have been accomplished. The reports bring thrills, smiles and tears. Perhaps a random thought from here and there may testify to what is being done and how they carry on.

In Augusta, Georgia, is our Chapter No. 116,—"The Ray of Hope Club"—nineteen business women started this club and now they have fifty-four members. They hold "pantry showers" for those in need. . . . In Savannah, Georgia, ten members adopted a grandmother. . . . In Macon, sixteen members have taken a poor family under their wing, furnished bedding, furniture, clothes, toys. . . . Pooler, Georgia, began with eighteen members, now has fifty-four—men and women, all wage earners. The president is practically blind, his grandson is secretary and does all reading and writing. They supply milk to the poor, food to the hungry, and nurse the sick, members taking turns; and in a recent case, even to day and night duty for two weeks.

Maine has two Good Neighbor Clubs. Sixteen young married women at Five Islands who sew, quilt, make layettes. Sabbath Day Lake, where twenty-one self-supporting sisters of Shaker faith have dedicated their lives to caring for homeless children. . . . Greensboro, Maryland, has a club of nine members: Ridgely, nine: and eleven Good Neighbors in Bel Air started a poor poultryman off in business with 200 baby chicks. Springfield, Massachusetts, headquarters of twenty combined clubs, with 298 women of all ages and all creeds bringing cheer to others.

The Wellesley Hills Club, which began with seven members, were uncertain just how they could serve at first in their wealthy and beautiful town. Now, having started, they have grown to fifty-one members; they purchased a wheel-chair, which they loan out, sent several auto loads of books and magazines to the Seamen's Friend Society, and did countless other neighborly acts. Westboro has nine members. Worcester one club with twelve members; another with eighteen members has helped a needy family—a sick father with nine children, some of them barefoot, all eleven living in four rooms; the club provided clothing, bedding and groceries for them. They also aided other poor migrants in Connecticut tobacco areas.

Colorado Springs has "The Wayside Club" with thirty-five members. And Fancy Farm, Kentucky, which began with thirteen today has fifty-five. At Gideon, Missouri, eleven women provide vacations for orphans, aid in placing children for adoption; they once held a shower for a family whose home was destroyed by fire, and they have given parties for children of the poor.

Two clubs in Middletown, Connecticut, did laundry for a sick neighbor. Sixteen husbands and wives in Noroton Heights; fifteen boys and girls in Torrington; ten in West Hartford find homes for babies; seven women in Stratford have the single aim of being foster mothers; and Yalesville has its Foster Mothers Club, too.

Indianapolis, Indiana—fourteen men and women, well-organized and strong, they are the "Golden Rule Personal Workers." (I like that name.) George

(Continued on page 58)

Spring Curiosity

You've lived through other springs, my dear,
And felt returning warmth of April days;
But, oh, this year,
You're wiser, far, and curious to know
The world and all its way.
There'll be so many things you'll ask
And it will be a happy task
Of mine to answer you:

"What makes the bluebird's wings so blue?
What pushed the crocus through the grass?
And, Mother, why do petals fall
From gentle breezes as they pass
Along the narrow crooked lane?
And why are silver shafts of rain
So very soft and warm, again?
Why is robin a blithe fellow?
What makes chickies fluffy yellow?
What do frogs in the marshes say?
Why do willows sway and sway?
What makes the brown wren chirp and sing?
And, Mother, *truly* what is *spring?"*

Oh, my small four-year-old, I'm praying
That God will guide my words,
When we're discussing flowers and birds;
And make them colorful and true,
When I interpret spring for you!

—Myrtle Vorst Sheppard

It WON'T be the Fuller Brush Man

First of all, ask the gentleman in! It's easier both to ask and to answer sitting down. And remember that this census-taking is in no way an inquisition into your private life for purposes of exploitation. Nobody, not Uncle Sam or the enumerator or the town bank cares how old you are. But it may help you at some future day if you tell the truth now

By HELEN WELSHIMER

THE housewife looked at the young man with the heavy brief case, who had just rung her doorbell, and shook her head.

"No," she said, without waiting for him to speak, "I do not want a brush, cold cream, vanilla extract, canned pickles, a new broom, or baking powder." Her voice rose to a wail. "I don't want anything!"

The young man reached for a card, smiled broadly, and held it out. It identified him as the census taker, fully empowered by the government of the United States to ask her more than fifty questions and see that she answered. If she refused, she could be fined one hundred dollars, imprisoned for sixty days, or both.

Now that 1940 is here and the government is playing its gigantic question-and-answer game, you may expect the census man any time after April 1. You'll know him because he will be carrying an official certificate of his appointment as an enumerator.

It will make the whole situation easier for him and for you, too, if you know in advance how to hand out your facts with the most concise clarity, what things you may do, and what will throw a shadow over your answers if you do.

First of all, ask the gentleman in! It's easier both to ask and answer sitting down. Then tell the truth. And remember that this census taking is in no way an inquisition into your private life for purposes of exploitation. Nobody, not Uncle Sam or the enumerator or the town bank cares how old you are. But it may help you at some future day if you tell the truth now.

Once your facts are given, only you will have access to them. The G-men and the courts cannot read them. But there are hundreds of cases on record where people have been able to establish sound alibis by producing their answers of a former period.

You would be amazed to know how much you may lose by being deceptive. Let's take a community which we will call Oaktown. It was an enterprising small city, by a river, with a row of factories whose chimneys made gray smoke screens across low-lying mountains.

It was supposedly an honest community but when the census was taken ten years ago, the spirit of Ananias and Sapphira went around. Person after person lied about his income. As a result the average income statistics for that community were much lower than the actual facts. The census published the ones it received, of course.

A new factory had decided to locate in Oaktown and a general store had been looking at sites. When the average income figures were published, they both decided a community with such low earnings was not a desirable place in which to locate new enterprises, and went elsewhere.

Thus, the new payrolls didn't come into this community. It couldn't grow. People began to move away. The real estate and property, owned by the falsifiers went down in value instead of up.

And all for no reason. The census wanted to help the community win its rating, not to see if the residents were meeting their income taxes. The government has a healthy interest in that problem, to be sure, but the census is a separate department in no wise connected with it. The income tax officers cannot see its books.

But you can. You can prove that you owned only so much land in 1925, and earned only so much money in 1928, any time you need to.

The most direct type of injuries or benefits from correct or incorrect information relate to the telling of your age. So many things today depend upon your ability to prove how old you are. Premiums on insurance policies, passports, old-age relief are just a few.

Story after story is told of men and women—but especially women—who, being without birth certificates or documented family Bibles, have asked the census to establish the fact that they are old enough for their pensions, only to realize that in their gayer younger years they tried to beat the time racket.

There are tens of thousands of honest people who do profit by honest returns. As our social system becomes increasingly complex this is true. This may be illustrated by the fact that in 1929 the Census Bureau received only about four thousand requests for documentary proof of the age of individuals, but in 1938 it had 163,000 such requests. A letter, written by the one involved, will bring the answer.

There are instances on record, too, where an heir, who had to prove his place of birth and age in order to come into his money, used the census as his proof.

We live in a democracy, a country where government of the people, by the people and for the people prevails. Therefore, the census taker will accept without question anything you tell him. You may appear to be fifty, but if you will tell him you are twenty-eight, he must believe you officially. One of the basic and most important elements in the theory of democracy is faith in the average citizen. For this reason, no affidavit or supporting evidence is required to back up what you say. There are fines of $1000 and imprisonments anywhere up to two years for an enumerator who reveals what you tell him.

If Mrs. Brown comes over to borrow a cup of brown sugar on the chance of learning something, she can be arrested

(Continued on page 65)

Left, First Congregational Church, Los Angeles, California. Architects, Allison & Allison. Above, nave and chancel of this stately temple in the City of Angels

More Stately Mansions

Above, detail of the altar of St. James Episcopal Church, Winsted, Connecticut. Coffin & Coffin, Architects

Above, beautifully windowed nave and chancel of St. John's English Lutheran Church, Sycamore, Illinois, H. A. Brand, Architect. Right, exterior of same church. Note location of steeple, and dignity of bulletin board

Above, up Boston way, A. A. Dirlam, who has an article in this issue, is designing some fine churches. This is the Belmont (Mass.) Methodist Church

Above, nave and chancel of Belmont Church. Note the carpet runner and white altar table

Above, the simple but dignified chancel of the First Methodist Church of Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania. Sundt, Wenner & Fink, Architects

Above, detail of the Trinity Methodist Church, Albany, N. Y. Sundt, Wenner & Fink, Architects

Above, Allen & Collins, who designed Riverside Baptist Church, New York, and Trinity Church, Springfield, Massachusetts, have recently completed this beautiful Baptist Church in Worcester, Massachusetts

Right, Prince of Peace Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, designed by Charles A. Scheuringer

DECORATION BY HENRY LUHRS

STOUT

THE missionary enterprise of the Christian Churches has received serious setbacks as a result of the World War and its backwash of cynicism and materialism. Further severe embarrassment has come about, following the widespread economic depression of the last decade. Never very popular outside of a narrow circle within the Church, the cause of missions has been made the subject of all manner of criticism during the last few years. It has apparently been open season for missionaries and they have been selected as fair game for anyone who wanted to take a shot at anything of a religious nature.

One author with a wide reading public has a Chinese character remark to an official of an American mission board, "Why do you send us such little men?"

This has been an all-too-common attitude, fostered by unthinking and malicious critics. The Layman's Missionary Report, "Rethinking Missions," was doubtless entirely sincere in its inception and its desire to be helpful. Its findings were probably accurate in detail and its suggestions were valuable—but the impressions resulting from it were, to my mind, misleading and inaccurate and put missions and the missionaries in a far worse light than they deserve to be.

Suppose a commission on rethinking governments were to make a few months' survey of the type and effectiveness of the governmental system of the United States. What sort of report would be forthcoming on this or any other state or national organization? And yet the evidence of graft, mismanagement, political spoils, inefficiency and demagoguery which would be obvious in a short investigation would create a definitely false impression of the situation as a whole.

Without making too much of the analogy, I think it highly probable that a layman's commission would have reported adversely upon the work of Jesus and His disciples. Would it not have found them an oddly assorted group of unlettered and uncultured Galilean fishermen? The commission would doubtless have noted their poor organization, their aimlessness, their bickerings and dissensions. Is it not probable that it would have referred to the apparent ineffectiveness of the itinerant Nazarene and His motley followers, and noted what seemed to be the collapse of the whole movement when the Leader was put to death?

I would be among the last to maintain that either the missionaries or their organization are above criticism. There have been dissensions and divisions and bigotry and narrow-mindedness and un-Christlike attitudes. Indeed, there may have been some "little men" in the ranks; but I insist that there have been fewer there than in almost any other line of endeavor and even those little ones had the saving qualities of high idealism and good intention. Let anyone who may be interested get the list and investigate the record of their individual lives and work!

What makes the stature of a man? Is it wealth? Is it success in business? Is it public acclaim or political advancement or the gift of oratory or military genius or even achievement in scholarship or science or art? Is there any validity in the pronouncement of the Master, "whosoever would be first among you, shall be servant of all"?

The measure of a man is his spirit, his ideals, his motive—the basic, essential judgment of a man's worth must rest upon his motive. And who, more than the missionary, has had as his motive the service of his fellowman? For what have the missionaries, throughout the years, left homes and families and positions and gone into the out-of-the-way places of the earth? Was it for money? That is to laugh. Was it for fame? Outside of his own particular Church group a missionary's name is scarcely ever heard. Was it for love of adventure? That may have been a factor with some but it was never an essential consideration.

The passion for evangelism was for them of old the vital, driving, insistent, inner impulse which activated them. It was that which inured them to all manner of hardships and upheld their spirits in the face of death and disease and the devil. In later times this evangelistic fervor has been widened to include the desire to educate and to heal and to liberate from fear and injustice—a more comprehensive evangelism; not as means to an end but as ends in themselves.

Whatever may have been the limitations of the missionaries, I doubt that there is a critic who will suggest another group of people which has labored more consistently or effectively for the coming of the Kingdom of God, or which has made any greater sacrifice for it

FELLOWS ALL!

A significant article on the work of foreign missionaries

By DR. WILLIAM E. DAVIS,

Former Medical Missionary in the Belgian Congo

Service has been, for years, the missionaries' watchword. They have been spending their lives in teaching and healing and preaching to and being friendly with the primitive and undeveloped and downtrodden masses of the world. They have been feeding the Master's sheep. They have been typifying the words which were spoken of Jesus: "He went about doing good."

Since the outbreak of the Chinese-Japanese conflict, newspaper and magazine articles have given considerable publicity to the heroism of missionaries in that they have fed the hungry and clothed the naked and protected the innocent and cared for the wounded without regard for their own comfort or safety. The courage and devotion and consecration of men and women dedicated to the service of religion—the spectacle of missionaries "doing their stuff" in the midst of the awfulness and tragedy and danger of war, have caught the imagination of the world.

And so they should. But the men and women who have done these things have been surprised at the comment. This is just what they have been doing all the time, year in and year out. Their deeds have only become apparent to the world when the war directed attention to them.

That the missionaries have made mistakes goes without saying, but for the most part their errors have been those resulting from the urgency of their idealism—the mistakes of a father dealing with his children. As a group of highly individualistic people bound into a very democratic organization they have suffered from the weaknesses inherent in democracy and have been known to disagree and even altercate but their very altercations came about quite largely from their interest in the welfare of the ones they were attempting to serve.

Reared in sectarian atmospheres and sent out by sectarian societies, they have been guilty of sectarian ways (may the Lord forgive them), but they have been much less so than their brothers and sisters at home. Born to opinions of the dominance of the white race, they may at times have been a bit patronizing; but as a whole they have worked valiantly for the breakdown of racial barriers and inequalities and have been the exponents of the brotherhood of man.

Whatever may have been the limitations of the missionaries, I doubt that there is a critic who will suggest another group of people which has labored more consistently or effectively for the coming of the Kingdom of God or which has made any greater sacrifices for it.

In the fall of 1921 I found myself entering the graduate school of missions which had been established by our Church (the Disciples) in connection with Butler University in Indianapolis for the training of its missionary candidates. I say "found myself" because my decision to go in for missionary work had been made suddenly as a result of a peculiar turn of events and the abrupt miscarriage of quite different plans.

I remember very well the feelings that I had when I arrived at the school. I was afraid that I might be getting into too sanctimonious an atmosphere. But I need not have been disturbed. The students were alert and friendly young men and women who were as normal as those on any other college campus in the land. There was an appreciation for ideals among them and an enthusiasm for spiritual values, but there was no false piety. They were men and women—college graduates—who had a vision of a better world and wanted to work to bring it about. But they were not visionary. Their feet were on the ground. Their attitude was matter-of-fact. There was a job to do and they wanted to see it done. They were interested in the practical means of alleviating the ignorance and injustice and disease and distress and fear and misery of the world. Theirs was no fanatical fervor, no proselyting zeal, but a sincere desire to know and understand and help a troubled humanity.

The student body was small and our contacts were more like those of a big family than of a school. I came to know my fellow-students very well. I watched them closely. While their erstwhile college mates were going into business, taking positions, beginning careers and studying for profitable professions, these would-be missionaries were preparing themselves for a type of work in which there would be no profit, the meagerest sort of salary with no hope of an increase, no advancement, no call to high position, no public acclaim—a work that would take them away from their friends and families and almost all of the cultural advantages they had known. But they were not deterred. They had their attention fixed on less ponderable values. They were starting on a quest. They were following a gleam. They were setting out upon a crusade.

Their quest was not for anything mystical or supernatural. Its objective was the exercise of common kindliness and helpfulness. The gleam they followed was no chimeric luminance, no will-o'-the-wisp, but the bright and steady glow attendant on one's service to his fellow man. They were enlisting for a quiet and a simple crusade without fanfare or mob enthusiasm—a program of assisting backward peoples to a happier way of life.

I have followed the lives of most of those friends and schoolmates of that time who continued in missionary work and I am convinced that they have done well. None of them has made any money and none has become famous but they have served effectively the cause of human brotherhood. They have done a worthwhile work; but even if they had not it is to me significant that they set out.

As a medical missionary on the field, I knew and was in close association with a good many other missionaries and I can say with absolute sincerity that they were stout fellows, all. They had the qualities of honesty, dependability, loyalty, perseverance, faith and good sportsmanship. That they had, also, their little foibles and peculiarities (even as I had mine) goes without saying and they would have been less than human if there had not been differences of opinion, occasional jealousies and some gossip. But they were *(Continued on page 53)*

The principals (seated) in a double wedding which took place at Killingworth Church

WEDDINGS

By George B. Gilbert

[PART SEVEN]

IT WASN'T the first wedding I had been asked to perform, but it was the first one that a young deacon, who was staying with me, had ever performed. He came to me to get experience—he got it, at his first wedding.

I had a good Ford car at that time—the only new car I ever owned; a Congregational deacon gave it to me—and this young man took it and drove over to the bride's house for the ceremony.

The bride's father was an odd piece, to put it mildly, and had had a falling out with work many, many years before—if they ever did get along together. He was sitting half asleep behind the old cook stove, as the wedding couple lined up. There were a lot of children around, and the house was in a real commotion.

As the young deacon read the words, "If any man knows any reason why this man and this woman may not be lawfully joined, let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

The father jumped to his feet and shouted, "I object, Yes, I do. I object. I don't want this to go on."

What a disturbance! It seemed that they had had a dreadful time to get him to sign his consent on the license, as the girl was under twenty-one, and he had been ugly and cross ever since. The ceremony was suspended and great arguments with no little weeping ensued. The minister and all the rest of them labored with the father.

Finally he quieted down and the wedding ceremony continued. Soon it came time for the ring to be produced. The minister held out the open book for the ring. Then were was a most embarrassing silence. Someone spoke up. "You see, we sent to a mail order house for the ring, and it hasn't come yet."

What was to be done? Why, nothing more than to hold up things for a while and let the bride and groom go in to the five and ten and get a ring. This took some time, as it was more than a mile to the city, but the minister waited patiently. At last they returned and lined up again for the home stretch.

When the wedding was over, and the afternoon far spent, the deacon went out to get into my new Ford, but it was gone—nowhere to be found. He soon noticed that several of the older children of the family were missing too. It seemed too bad to notify the police, so the deacon played a waiting game. By and by, sure enough, the car appeared. The young folks, not having enjoyed the luxury of such a ride very often, had been joyriding around the city.

Speaking of deacons, there was another deacon over in the Eastern part of the state who, having his first wedding, cried out in a loud voice, "Who giveth this *man* to be married to this *woman?*" Who shall say that in this day and generation he was not speaking wiser than he knew!

In fact, it is claimed that at my first big church wedding, I asked the groom if he would take this woman to "be thy wedded husband."

One time I was sent for to come down to the old church in Killingworth for a wedding. I drove down with the horse and got there right on time at four o'clock. No one was there, so I waited and waited. Five o'clock came, then six, and then dusk.

I knew if the wedding couple finally did come I could not see to read the service, so I went to a farm house and borrowed a lamp. The woman with her daughter and little black dog came back with me to the church. I recall the lamp well with its long bail and high half inch wick.

It was quite dark by eight o'cock, when the unattended couple finally arrived. I caught one glance of that black dog during the service skulking about among the pews. I held the lamp in one hand and the prayer book in the other, and got along pretty well till it came to the matter of the ring. Then I had to go back and put the lamp on the altar, return and adjust the ring, then get the lamp again. At the place where the minister joins the hands of bridge and groom together, I had to repeat this act. Even with the lamp, I could hardly see across the church. Taking all in all, it could hardly be described as a brilliant occasion. However, the couple have lived together these many years. In fact they both seemed to have lived most happily together, as strange as that may seem. They certainly didn't have any heavy wedding bills to cause them any matrimonial headaches.

One day as I was working out in the hay lot on my farm, a young boy came along on his wheel and said that a man where he lived, wanted to know if I would come over and marry him.

"Why, probably," I said. "When does he want the wedding—what day?"

"Oh," he said, "any day convenient for you."

"But," I said, "This week? Or next week?"

"I don't know," he said. "I presume this week some time."

"But how about the girl or woman?" I asked. "Where is she?"

"Oh, she's a woman, and she lives right there."

"Did you hear him say anything about having a license?"

"I didn't, but I think he has one."

"Well, you tell him I'll be over tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock."

I was there at two o'clock. The man was out in his fields, working; the boy went for him and he came in in his shirt sleeves and a little peeved at being disturbed. He planned to be married in his shirt sleeves, but I insisted that he at least put on a coat. I got the two women in the house to stand as witnesses, and I married them. He was fidgety as a fish out of water; the minute the last "Amen" was pronounced he threw off that coat and bolted for his fields. He had lost twenty minutes.

At another time I was having a house wedding, a very pretty affair with everything arranged beautifully. You know the Episcopal service has two parts—the betrothal, in which each is asked if he and she will have the other, and the consecration. That betrothal question is a pretty long one. In this case I had barely started to ask it, saying, "Wilt thou have this woman . . ." when the groom shouted "I will!" and he threw his arms around his bride and began to hug and kiss her to beat the band. I stood there, quite like a fool, waiting for the movie to end. At last I had to take him gently by the arm and push him back in his proper place, assuring him that he wasn't quite married yet.

It's a good custom, I think, for the minister to give his wedding fees to his wife. They don't amount to much, anyway. Nor do I think they ought to. I have a lot of sympathy with the young couple just starting housekeeping. They should find places inexpensive to rent, but there don't seem to be very many such places, any more. They need their money, and it's a crime to see them throw it away on a too-big minister's fee. A justice of the peace will do the same job for two dollars anywhere.

Mrs. Gilbert and I like to give the fee back as a wedding present; usually we give it back by putting in a phone for the happy couple. This was done for us, and we still appreciate it. The brides appreciate it, we've discovered. One of them called me a few days ago, saying, "I've been trying all morning to get you. I wouldn't even phone my mother till I had thanked you." Brides are all right!

I've seen a lot of young couples go on the financial rocks right off the bat, buying a lot of stuff they don't need—usually it's furniture. One couple I knew had been on relief before marrying; they went in for $800 worth of overstuffed sofas and chairs! Another pair went into a store intending to spend $150; by the time they

At top, the Gilbert family as they looked in 1922—all present except the Preacher himself. Above, Mr. Gilbert's pond, on his farm, in winter

came out they were in the red to the tune of $350.

"You've heard about the couple looking at furniture when the clerk led them proudly up to a fine old antique piece.

"That piece," he said haughtily, "Goes back to Louis XIV."

"So what?" asked the bride. "We've got a whole bedroom suite that goes back to Sears Roebuck the 26th."

One day a woman phoned me about her daughter, whose new husband was in jail. He really didn't deserve to be there; he'd been running with a tough gang, one of whom had stolen an automobile and obligingly taken the newly-wed fool for a ride. The son-in-law was enjoying the scenery and the air when the cops caught up with them; he had been in jail for two weeks, and his bride languished.

What was the couple to do when he got out? They had no house, no furniture, no anything. In fact they had had no public wedding—hence no presents, no shower, no fun. I promised the mother-in-law over the phone that I would be at the jail when he was released, and that I would take him into my own home until we could talk things over and decide what could be done. He had no relatives, and mighty few friends, after that jail sentence.

He came out in the fall of the year, and I brought him out to the farm. We were busy gathering in our vegetables right then, and he was a great help. We had a lot of watermelons that year, and as I was bringing them in it occurred to me that we might have a wedding-party with watermelons for the feast, when I took him back to his wife. The more I thought about it, the more I added to the feast. By the time the happy day rolled around I had sacrificed several good roosters to the cause. We sent down word to the girl's mother that we'd be down next day with the food all ready to serve; she was to invite in all her friends—all her house would hold.

Next day, when the chores were done, we loaded up "Old Daredevil" (the Ford) with roast rooster, hot mashed turnips and potatoes, watermelon and a few incidentals, and set sail. What a homecoming that was! The past was just buried completely under the feast. We had a prayer at the table for the young couple and their future, and then I began carving rooster. The feast over, I asked them if they had any idea of where they were going to live. The bride said she had seen a "To rent" sign on one side of a duplex house over on the other side of town; she liked it, so that was that.

They had no furniture; so next day I began rambling all over the countryside, adding to the supply I had had stored away in the barn for some months back. I furnished the whole house. As soon as we got the kitchen stove connected, the bride cooked some vegetables that I had brought up from the farm, and we three enjoyed a nice plain little supper—it wasn't bad at all, for a bride. And then we had a little consecration service together. I had a lot to think about, that night on the long drive home.

Times without number I have helped tie two hearts together; but once I had the time of my life trying to keep a man and his spouse apart. This was the man who had tried to kill me in my own home —the fellow who planned to shoot me with the shotgun his little son hid in the barn —remember? Well, after that episode, it seemed best for the woman and her children to leave the father, so she came up to the city with her eight children.

She didn't have a stick of furniture or a stick of anything else. We had to help them, not only by paying their rent, but by furnishing them with a gas stove, beds and bedding, mattresses, silverware, kitchen utensils, plates, cups, saucers, and even a rockingchair in which she could rock the baby to sleep. I think this was the biggest outfitting job I ever attempted. These were Italian people who never came near our church, but what of that? We didn't expect them to come; they were folks, and they needed help, and we gave them help.

We had one wedding in Killingworth Church that occurred in February. It wasn't very cold, but how it did snow! A wet, heavy, sticky snow that made traveling difficult. We left for the church early so as to get there in time; it snowed so hard that I was afraid the bride and groom would never make it. But make it they did, in their old Model T. As they came into the church, the bride suddenly exclaimed, "Henry! You've come with your old cap instead of that nice new wedding hat you bought!". The groom could only blush, and say, "Gosh, I forgot."

When everything was set for the ceremony, the groom suddenly cried, "Minnie! Where's your wedding bouquet?" Then it was the bride's turn to blush. And she said, "Gosh, Henry. I forgot." But would you believe it, we had a nice little wedding anyway?

There is still some question about the propriety of the minister's kissing the bride after the ceremony. The custom seems to be dying out; I'm sincerely sorry it's dying. There was a preacher near us who always made a practice of kissing his brides, but one day he got a bride who was so mortal homely that he just couldn't bring himself to do it. He got around it by announcing, loudly, that "The usual custom of kissing the bride will be omitted." Then he breathed easier.

But later, when the ceremony was over and the refreshments were served, and the people had started to leave, the minister noticed that he still had no fee envelope in his pocket. The groom, noticing him lingering about, said in a loud voice, "The usual custom of feeing the minister will be omitted this time."

Billy Sunday used to say that he wouldn't dare to kiss a girl nowadays anyway, for fear of catching painters' colic.

If there are several envelopes to be handed out at a wedding, I suggest that they be plainly marked and for the recipient to take good note of the marking. One night I had a wedding at the home of a family that used to live out in the country, and at whose home I had spent many a night. One of the brothers slipped me an envelope, and I put it in my inside pocket.

I was going to a party that night, about eighteen miles away on my way home. As this party was well under way, and it was getting quite late in the evening, I noticed a younger brother of the bride rush into the hall with a wild and worried look on his face. What a relief, when he spied me! He did not know where I had gone, when I left the ceremony, he just happened to see the light in the town hall and take a chance on my being there.

"Have you that envelope?" he gasped.

"Why, yes, I guess so. I haven't looked at it," I said.

"It's the wrong envelope. It's the money for the wedding trip, and I guess they've lost their train. There's $60 in that envelope."

So I exchanged with him, and out of the door he shot. It was fortunate that I did not open that envelope, for I certainly would have dropped dead. I heard since that they hurried so fast to catch the train that the police stopped them, and the train had long been gone when they finally arrived.

A very distressing moment came, at a wedding, when the license could not be found. Of course the ceremony just can't be performed by anyone unless he has the license. It had last been seen in a first floor bedroom. That bedroom was picked to pieces. Every drawer in the bureau was overturned and the bed taken apart. A car was dispatched to the city clerk's office but that was closed for the day, and no clerk or assistant could be found. The guests waited and waited and waited. At long last the license was found with some other papers that had been put in a box on the bureau. I wonder that they ever found it at all.

I heard of a minister up in Massachusetts who actually was offered $1000 in cold cash to break up a match. An uncle of the groom-to-be offered this sum to the minister if he would talk to the fellow and get him to give up the girl. The parents declared that they would change their will and strike out a $100,000 legacy to their only son, if he married this girl. All the fuss seemed to be over "social standing." The girl, they admitted, was a "nice, sweet, little thing." I never

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More Money

FOR YOUR CHURCH

Wouldn't you like to give the ladies of your church an enjoyable and interesting afternoon or evening and at the same time raise money for your church with very little work? The Christian Herald cooking schools have been making it possible for church women to do this for the past ten years. Instruction —fun—refreshments and money for your treasury.

Open Dates **There are still a few open dates after May 1st in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. Drop a card for information to—Miss Helen Evelyn Jones, Church Food Adviser, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.**

"IF YE THEN BE RISEN WITH CHRIST, SEEK THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE ABOVE."—COLOSSIANS 3:1a.

Risen with Christ

A SERMON

By Robert Caspar Lintner

HERE is a stirring word that carries with it a bit of the radiance of Easter. One of our difficulties is that we too easily let even such a day as Easter slip away into a dull past that too quickly swallows it up. To those early Christians who stood so near the wonderful radiance of that first Easter dawn, the great apostle Paul brought a challenge to keep that Easter glory alive by a constant search for the things that are above. Only such a search for the high things of the Christian adventure can keep us fit for life at its best.

We may well think of how we can capture the radiant glory of Easter and make it a living compulsion in our daily lives. We should insist that it shall light our feet in dark and weary ways and gird our spirits for battle against gloom and despair and defeat. Perhaps it will even help to roll away the stone of doubt and disentomb our dead hopes into a resurrection morning resounding with the glad proclamation of a Redeemer risen and ruling.

In this text we have come to as fine a challenge as the great apostle ever used. He calls us to a constant search after high things. He summons us to a voluntary spiritual evolution, a spiritual renaissance, a sloughing away of the cocoon for the airy rainbows of butterfly wings. He points us to steps that lead upward and then flings in our faces the challenge to mount them—Godward. One wonders if that beautiful Old Testament story of Jacob's ladder does not hold this truth—in a brave and wistful glimpse of gradations by which even a nomad might climb away from his sheep and find God. Josiah Gilbert Holland, you will remember, has this lovely thought:

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

Now let us think about some of these high things to which the apostle Paul dares our lagging feet. One of them, certainly, is purity. Nothing else is so devastating and so deadly as the leprosy of sin. The Healer of Galilee knew that. "Be thou clean" was never a word merely for the man with leprous fingers but also for the man with corrosive spirit and demon-infested mind. The Shylocks need His healing touch, and the Hamlets and the Macbeths—and the Duncans.

Purity is more than a condition. It is an attainment. Long hours of patient purging of mind and spirit go into it. For it is a snow-capped Alpine peak to which one comes only after long and arduous climbing of cliffs and skirting of chasms, but when one has attained the peak he sees the world from a new and lovely vantage point from which it must always thereafter seem different. A teacher once told us how he rose one morning long before dawn to climb one of the peaks in the Swiss Alps to see the sunrise. Once there, even so wonderful a scene as the sunrise was burnished with a lavish loveliness that no words could describe.

One wonders if much of our humdrum living could not be glorified beyond description if we were to view it from what Professor Doremus A. Hayes called "the heights of Christian love." Was something of this couched in those glorious words spoken by the Voice that was heard on Patmos? "Behold, I make all things new."

But purity is also an attitude. It refuses to look at ash heaps when there are sunsets beyond. It will not say unlovely things when beautiful tributes rush unsummoned to its lips. It refuses to be interested in the swine's wallow where the Prodigal gleans husks, when all the while there is a ladder leading Godward, an open road winding over weary miles to the Father's house where there is clean raiment again and abundant food and the Father's waiting arms. Surely it was such an attitude that the apostle Paul meant when he wrote that shining word: "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely . . . *think* on *these* things."

Yes, if you and I are really risen with Christ we shall seek for purity. And if you tell me the way is hard and long I shall remind you that we should spare no pains to keep the glory of Easter in our lives throughout the year. It is ever so much easier to listen to Easter anthems and enjoy the fresh beauty of fragrant lilies than it is to go out to set lives to singing through all the year and to put the fragrance of love and purity into the drab lives that we shall touch when Easter has gone to join the other Easters which meant to us only exultation for an hour and not a renewing of life's highest purposes for another year. But if we are indeed risen with Christ we shall willingly strive to keep that glory shining where it will break through our dull skies and tinge our drab lives with beauty.

Another thing that we shall seek if we are truly risen with Christ is righteousness. Not only is it true that "righteousness exalteth a nation" but it also lifts any individual, setting his feet upon safe paths and lifting his eyes to far vistas and the beckoning light of sun and stars. Righteousness, one might say, is a sort of marriage of rightness and goodness. You have known people whose counsel seemed to have an uncanny way of turning out right even when you most doubted it. And you have known others who seemed born to goodness—about whom you could not believe any evil report. Think of that rightness being wedded to this goodness and you have a symbol of righteousness.

If you tell me that righteousness is difficult of attainment, I shall agree heartily with you, but I shall say again that we should spare no pains to keep the glory of Easter alive in our hearts throughout the year. Dare we leave the beauty and the fragrance of Easter behind us, to go ungirded into the hazards of days and nights when dead hopes haunt us and crucified heroisms turn ghastly faces upon us from the rude crosses that we have set for them? Shall we not rather seek after righteousness, over whatever hard paths the search may lead us, strengthened with the hope that has witnessed the broken seal of earthly power and the giant stone rolled away from the place that was thought to end the power of the Healer of sin and suffering and shame? We should not forget that we can make our Easter celebrations reverberate through long months and years that would otherwise be empty of the riches that the Risen Christ brings into the glad lives that have become His Bethany.

There is a third thing that we should seek if we are indeed risen with Christ. This is forgiving love. *Now* we have come to something *hard*. It is no easy thing to turn the other cheek when we are smitten in the face. It was not easy for Jesus on the cross to say: "Father, forgive them, for they *know not*." But He said it, and *we* must learn to pray that prayer too, difficult as it is, if we are to share His resurrection glory. And that prayer must rise from our hearts many times, for life is full of misunderstandings and bickerings and petty jealousies and the devastating hates that are their poisonous fruits.

Jesus laid now a rigid law: "If ye for-

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The Narthex of the Park Place Congregational Church, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, of which the author of this article, Mr. Dirlam was the architect

CHURCH FLOORS —*Modern Style*

By ARLAND A. DIRLAM

EVER since the creation of King Solomon's Temple with its mosaic flooring, symbolically indicating that all life is checkered with good and evil, and the tesselated border that surrounded the mosaic pattern, portraying that all life is bounded by and touches upon continuous beauty, the design for and the use of flooring materials have been a very integral part of church planning. However, until recently, budgets, methods of construction, and lack of the appropriate materials generally made any unusual expression of floor treatment either impossible or impractical.

A few generations ago, it was a rather simple matter for a building committee to select a floor covering. They could choose either wood—or wood. The use of natural building stone for floor surfaces, by its very weight, involved a cost of structural support that was excessive.

The deep, sloping floor of the amphitheater auditorium that formerly marked our church buildings defined this element as a purely utilitarian and not a decorative problem. Diagonal aisles stretched out from the corners of these square rooms and became merely means of egress to the rows of curved pews rather than directional axes to complement the focal point of the architectural composition. Not until basement areas were developed to provide fellowship halls, banquet space, recreational rooms and the like, did the problem of floor treatment really become an important one to church builders.

Concrete slabs laid directly on ground proved hard, cold, dusty and unsatisfactory. Ordinary wood floors installed in these locations frequently buckled and warped and presented an acute problem of maintenance. Necessity alone developed a floor consciousness that today manifests itself with dozens of effective solutions.

A wide variety of materials has come into common use, each possessing some particular characteristic such as utility, resilience, maintenance, decorative quality and the like. Production methods have advanced with such speed that all of these materials are within the reach of the average budget. No longer do we premise our selection of a floor covering with "How much does it cost?" but rather "What will it do? How will it wear? How will it look in the particular location we have in mind?" These questions are most essential since special materials have been developed for definite usage and in our new construction of today, it is not unusual to find six or seven different types of floor covering all embodied in a single structure. Each has been selected for a particular function and no two could be interchanged without a resulting sacrifice of effect or purpose.

To attempt to enumerate and describe every type of flooring material would result in a lengthy and technical thesis of doubtful value to the average layman. I shall, therefore, endeavor to touch upon the high lights of the more commonly used coverings and briefly outline some of their particular advantages.

Linoleum and its uses are so commonly known to the average reader that it is

A small chapel, showing the use of carpet over a composition floor. Note the Nu-Wood variegated tile on the walls and ceiling, giving the appearance of masonry. Also the elevated radiators

hardly necessary to repeat its qualifications here. Practically every home owner has a kitchen or bath room with a linoleum floor-covering, and the advantages of the wearing qualities of the material are known to him by actual experience. It is perhaps the least expensive of all composition floors and its unlimited range of colors and diversified inserts and borders afford a wide sphere of adaptability. It is manufactured in varying thicknesses ranging from ⅛ to 3/16 of an inch. This latter thickness is commonly referred to as Battleship and is widely known for its wearing quality.

The application of linoleum is normally confined to covering wood or concrete underfloors *above ground* and in the case of wood floors is usually underlined with a felt covering. This felt is used to act as a protective surface against the expansion and movement of the wood floor, thus eliminating the hazard of breaking or cracking the exposed surface. The practice of installing linoleum on basement floors which are in direct contact with the ground has been frowned on by most manufacturers because of the reaction that dampness and earth moisture have upon the cement that bonds the material in place. Occasional "bubbling" or lifting of linoleum has occurred under such conditions, and although research is still continuing toward this end, it at the moment is primarily an above-ground material. Its maintenance qualities adapt it well for use in church work and many committees faced with a renovation problem, have found it an ideal material to be used in recovering the aisles and traffic areas of existing wood floors.

Rubber tile, like linoleum, is also an *above ground* material since these manufacturers do not stress its use in basement areas. Although more expensive than linoleum, this composition possesses several distinct advantages, among which can be listed its additional wearing quality; its replacement characteristic (being in tile form, a single worn unit can be removed and replaced without requiring the relaying of a large section of the floor as in the case of any continuous roll material); its greater resilience; its range of decorative patterns and designs.

Rubber tile was probably first used as a floor covering about 1900, appearing at that time in the shape of interlocking tiles. Its original field was quite limited and its most extensive use was on the floors of elevators, Pullman car vestibules, and steamships. Some of these can be found in evidence today and speak well for its durability. The modern type of rubber tile was developed and put on the market about 1920. It is produced in square or rectangular shapes of various sizes and is made in thicknesses of ⅛, 3/16, and ¼ of an inch. The color range includes a list of forty to fifty different samples of both plain and marbleized tiles which together with borders and inserts permits the designer unlimited combinations of pattern and treatment. The manufacturers of rubber tile also produce rubber base mouldings for the junction of the floor and wall, rubber thresholds, rubber stair treads, nosings and similar accessories allowing a continuity of design not usually found in other composition flooring.

The greater quietness of rubber tile and the possibility of creating mosaic patterns and symbolic treatments have caused this product to be widely used in the sanctuary portion of our church buildings.

For many years cork tile and cork floorings have been manufactured in Spain—the home of cork. Their entrance into the American market, although comparatively recent, has advanced with great strides. It is more expensive than most types of composition flooring but its individual characteristics of quietness and comfort make its use an ideal solution for certain conditions. Most cork tile is manufactured from pure cork and thus forms a natural insulation against noise and vibration. Similarly its insulation qualities reflect themselves in producing a floor that is warm in winter and cool in summer. Boasting even a greater resilience than rubber tile, cork is one of the most comfortable floors to walk upon and moreover, by the very texture of the material, it forms one of the least slippery floors even when wet.

The color range is, naturally, limited to a few shades of brown and the flexibility of design treatment is not as extensive as that of some of the other materials. Cork floors wear well and are easily maintained if the manufacturer's directions are followed. Special emphasis must be placed upon this phase of maintenance for unfortunate results have occurred in cases where a well-meaning sexton has taken it upon himself to experiment with the care of a cork floor rather than adhere to the methods prescribed. Chancels and small Meditation Chapels adjoining the Nave are particularly improved with the soft quiet qualities of a cork floor.

Asphalt tile is perhaps the most widely used floor covering for the basement areas of our present-day churches. Developed about twenty years ago as a resilient floor tile that could be applied on concrete floors *below the surface of the ground*, the use of this material has continued to spread and, where concrete construction is involved, it is more extensively used than any other covering, except linoleum. The comparative brittleness of the material causes it to serve best when it has been applied over a concrete floor, whereon little or no movement of the subfloor will occur. It can be used on concrete below or above the ground and in recent years some manufacturers have developed a semi-flexible material that permits its application over wood floors. This practice has not yet reached the stage of perfection that permits it to be widely recommended.

The cost of asphalt tile lies between the range of linoleum and rubber tile, and it is installed in the manner of the latter. It is manufactured in three thicknesses, ⅛, 3/16, and ¼ of an inch, and like rubber tile is procurable in various sized squares and rectangular shapes. Originally the tile was produced in only six different colors, each of which by virtue of the high asphalt content, was necessarily dark and dull. Research, however, has increased this scope so that there are now available some seventy-odd shades in both plain and marbleized colors. The lighter tones because of the difference in manufacture, are somewhat more expensive than the darker shades. The range of colors and the tile units make this material like rubber tile an excellent medium with which to produce designs and patterns.

Asphalt tile wears well, is easily maintained by occasional washing and waxing and in the event of a worn or broken tile can easily be replaced with a minimum of expense and effort.

Magnesite flooring is less known to the average layman than the other types of

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EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of* EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. *To support* WORLD PEACE: *that it may be world-wide and lasting;* CHURCH UNITY: *that it may be an organic reality;* TEMPERANCE: *that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a* CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ESTABLISHED 1878

"United We Stand"

"Lo, every people here has sent
Its sons to answer freedom's call."

IN these two lines is vastly more than a poet's fancy. In them is at once the strength and the weakness of the American Republic. We are a composite of all races and colors; all blood streams of the earth converge upon and unite in the American river of life. But do they unite? Difficult it is to find a cause national in its interest, continental in its proportions, which does not at one and the same time evoke the enthusiastic support of certain racial groups and the equally bitter opposition of others. Manifestly the American scene differs from that of England, Australia, New Zealand, the Scandinavian countries, and many other nations where the population is indigenous, or overwhelmingly of one blood. Nazi claims of racial superiority are both impossible and ridiculous to us, and the reason is immediately apparent. I remember the look of amazement with which, in 1930, a German friend learned that I was Scotch, Irish, English, Welsh, German and Dutch! To him it was simply inconceivable. And yet even my German friend, though more remotely of course, was the child of many cultures. A distinguished rabbi of Philadelphia said recently that the Jew, though always and forever a Jew, is nevertheless the biological product of Arab, Amorite and Hittite, Egyptian, Greek and Roman, Moor and Teuton. A very humble mathematician, given a pencil and sheet of paper, can prove that if any of his ancestors came from the British Isles he carries in his veins the blood of William the Conqueror—diluted, to be sure, thinned to a razor edge and thinner, but nevertheless. . . .

THE difficulty in all this is that biological blendings represent a slow and exhausting process. Centuries are required, and many a culture that was once distinct has disappeared before the aging process is completed. We are a new nation; proudly we proclaim ourselves the melting pot. But in the past two generations we have grown restless waiting on the mixture. Forty million immigrants in less than forty years all but overwhelmed the receptacle. Our wisest minds have been troubled and the very genius of freedom has been extended.

But there is common ground for those of many loyalties and without prejudice to the particulars of the several faiths. Indeed, in such fashion as to enrich every individual loyalty we may unite our hearts and lives to travel together the ways of our common agreements. Jews, Catholics and Protestants, the black and the white, have not only freedom in common but the responsibilities of government in common. Our support of democratic institutions, free speech, free schools, a free press, and a free church, should transcend all our differences. If, for any separate cause, if with any selfishness of race or clan we should withdraw ourselves from these institutions or seek to exploit them against any group among us, then we have betrayed ourselves, for here it is that the profound principle holds—"United we stand, divided we fall." We have this America with all that gathers beneath the protecting folds of our flag, not because we are of a particular faith nor because our ancestors sailed from a particular foreign port, but because of the common aspiration to be free and the undivided purpose to achieve for ourselves and for our children to the end of time, the more abundant life.

DANIEL A. POLING

Just a Few Lines

FROM our Letter Box Pulpit, Harry W. Howe preaches a powerful sermon, his text the lovely picture of Christ, "Divine Love, Incarnate."

In last Easter's issue of *Christian Herald*, we told the story of this picture, and how prints could be procured from the artist's sister, Miss F. Gertrude Clarke, 3869 Forty-Second Street, San Diego, California.

Letters poured into our letter box from grateful readers reporting the good uses to which they had put the inspired pictures. Among them was one from this fine old Christian who usually signs himself "Western Slopes." He is eighty-two years old, and after a busy useful life is finishing the last stretch toward sunset in The Western Old People's Home, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

As an Easter gift, a *Christian Herald* reader sent him five dollars with which to buy himself a plant, flowers, fruit, or any other little luxury he might fancy.

Troubles have come thick and fast in the last few years for Harry Howe. The loss of his home, the garden he loved so, his health, the long-expected railroad pension. He has no money of his own. Those precious dollar bills meant much to him. But he gave them all away. This is how he spent one for the Kingdom.

"I wanted a lot of pictures of Divine Love, Incarnate," he writes. "I knew they were sent out free, but I didn't feel like asking Miss Clarke for so many, so I took a dollar of my Easter gift. . . . Miss Clarke sent me such a big box of the pictures, all sizes—"

Eager, frail hands unwrapped the box, took out the pictures, sorted them. An eager, frail old heart planned their giving. But let him tell it:

"The day they came I sent for dear Mrs. Faust, the superintendent's wife. She came up after supper. There were two pictures about as big as a *Christian Herald* page. I asked her if she would like one to frame for their home, and one for one room in the Old People's Home. She was so pleased, but chided me gently, saying I should have kept the money for myself. I told her I couldn't get as much good from it in any other way. The happiness of having something to give away was worth the world to me. . . . . "

Harry Howe has to spend most of his days in bed, but "the kindest of Superintendents" and the nurses—his "angels" he calls them!—gladly helped him distribute his gifts.

"The small pictures of Christ went to invalids on their lunch trays. Larger ones were placed at each plate in the dining rooms. So many hearts were touched! Some came to my room to thank me personally. A number are getting their pictures framed. . . . I am sending out pictures to outside friends as fast as I am able. . . . Thank God for the Easter gift that helped poor helpless old me to do so much good from a sickroom. . . . My hand is tired. Perhaps I'd better rest. This time I will sign myself by the name they used to call me, 'Happy Harry'—God bless my dear *Christian Herald* family. I pray for you all."

Just a few lines—with God in them.

—B. P.

©WIDE WORLD

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honoré Morrow

Passengers at Croydon Airport, London, boarding an Imperial Airways plane for Paris

We Leave England

I LEFT off the tale of Penn's and my difficulties in getting from England to the United States at the point where, after two days of effort, the French Consulate was unable to let us have our passports visaed before the following Saturday. We were due to leave London the following morning, Wednesday. All the other consulates of the countries which we were obliged to cross had granted visas at once. If we were unable to get the French visa it meant a long, expensive wait in London and a complete upset of our traveling plans. It meant getting new tickets for the railway crossing of France, Spain and Portugal and new reservations on sleepers. But worst of all, it meant that we might have to wait for at least a week before we could get seats on the Yankee Clipper at Lisbon, for that means of crossing the Atlantic is immensely popular.

When Penn and I walked out of the French Consulate in London, we stood for a moment on the steps looking across the desolate square, shivering with the cold, and wondering what in the world to do next. We finally decided to go to the office of the air lines and ask them what were the chances for new reservations on the Clipper. We called a taxicab, and reached the Haymarket shortly. These offices, which were also the offices of the United States lines, are usually packed with travelers. This afternoon Penn and I were the only people there. We told our troubles to the young man in charge. He consulted with somebody over the telephone and advised us to wait an hour or so, then go back and try the French Consulate again. In the meantime, he said he would see what could be done about further reservations for us. We were only too glad to wait for an hour. We huddled down in our chairs and went into a state of coma until about four o'clock.

Then once more we called a taxi and returned to the French Consulate. The cue was still lined up along the desk. Penn and I started in once more at the foot of the class, I draping myself shamelessly over the counter, quite unable to stand erect anymore. Slowly we pushed along—fifteen minutes, twenty minutes, half an hour, three-quarters of an hour, an hour, an hour and a quarter. Finally we reached a young Frenchman who could give us attention. He gave me a look, frowned a little, and said "Weren't you here once before today?" "Yes," I said. He said, "Why are you back again?" "Well," I said, "hope springs eternal in the human breast, and I thought perhaps the Consulate might have sent down our visas." "When did you ask for your visas?" he demanded. "Yesterday morning," I replied. And I repeated my long tale, winding up with the remark that I had had the flu and was totally incapable of coming to London earlier than I had come.

The young man was quite human. He said, "I am so sorry, but it is hopeless." I asked if more visas had come down during the afternoon. He replied, "Oh, yes, but only those asked for five days ago." "Well," I said desperately, "would you just do me a personal favor. Run through that pile of visas and see if, by any chance, ours have come down." He sighed, but obediently went across the room, picked up the pile, ran through it, and pulled out two huge documents. He gave me a queer look. "Here they are," he said, "Will you please tell me why you thought they would be here?" "I just thought they might," I said meekly. He suddenly laughed, and remarked, "Well, you are in luck." Then he added, "Have you any extra passport pictures?" I said each of us had seven or eight. He helped himself to what he needed, handed them over to a plump little woman at the desk, and suddenly the three French people became very human and chatty. They talked to us; they talked to one another; they joked; they took some money away from me for the flying permit which was extra. And as the long line of visa-hungry applicants watched us enviously, Penn and I signed everything they asked us to sign, declared everything they wished us to declare, filled in again a full history of our lives since birth, and, after shaking hands with our new friends behind the counter, we staggered out once more to find a taxi.

Night had descended. London was inky black, without any exaggeration. Penn and I clutched each other's hands, got ourselves down the steps without breaking our necks, and felt our way to the corner. We turned the corner and pushed our way along, bumping into people, until we reached the maelstrom of Oxford Street. There we stood for ten minutes at least, wondering how we were to attract the attention of a taxicab. It was literally so dark that all vehicles, with only their little specks of light in front, looked alike. Finally we had the brilliant idea that we had better cross the street where traffic was going in the direction that we wanted to go. After watching for a moment, we discovered that there was a traffic light working above our heads, not with full round disks of red and green, but through tiny slits. We waited for the proper light, and then again clutching each other, we crossed to the opposite curb. We had just got there when someone took hold of my arm. I looked down at a shadowy form, and an old lady's voice shrilled above the traffic, "Please, ma'am, I'm from the country and I'm lame, and I've got to cross the street. Will you take me over?" "My goodness, you can never do it," said Penn. "Well, I'll try," I said, "You see if you can get a taxi and hold it." So, taking all my courage in my hands, I piloted the little

(Continued on page 63)

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

April, 1940

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

MONDAY, APRIL 1

FOLLOW THE CHRIST, THE KING

"LET HIM DENY HIMSELF."
READ MARK 8:34-38.

KING ARTHUR, and his knights of the famous Round Table, are worth recalling. He banded those valiant young souls together to be the champions of the oppressed, the friends of the forlorn, and the strength of the weak. Theirs was a noble quest. To redress human wrongs, to see that liberty and justice prevailed, was no light task. Yet that was the ideal which Christ had set before men. It was the goal of life. That is why Arthur urged, "Live pure, speak true, right wrong; follow the Christ, else wherefore born?" We find in Christ Jesus not only the guide for our personal life, but also the inspiration for Christian service. It is not he that sayeth "Lord," but he that doeth His will.

Give us grace that we may not love in word, but in deed and truth. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 2

WAR GUILT?

"LIVE PEACEABLY WITH ALL MEN."
READ ROMANS 12:10-21.

IT HAS not come yet, but it will. There will be charges and counter charges regarding who was responsible for the horrors of the European conflict. The question has already been answered. Not one nation, but all Christian nations are guilty, in some degree. Why? Well, you recall that terrible conflagration which wiped out Chicago? How is it that there has never been a recurrence of such a major disaster? Because precautions were instituted so that fire prevention is now more important than fire extinguishing. If the Christian peoples had only brought their united power to bear on governments! Is it too late?

Because we are all bound together by the common ties of humanity, help us to realize that we have a responsibility unto all mankind. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3

RESURRECTION

"WALK IN NEWNESS OF LIFE."
READ ROMANS 6:1-11.

BELIEVE it or not, as Ripley would say, spring is just around the corner. The old earth, which has lain so drear and dead for long months, which looks as though it would never be beautiful again, is beginning to wake beneath the genial smile of the sun. There is something in the air. It is the promise of life renewed—nay, of a resurrection from the dead. God's annual miracle has its counterpart. Our lives are meant to show Christ's risen power. Instead of barrenness, there may be fertility; instead of unlovely traits, beauty; instead of death, life. Let the Saviour's grace have free course in your soul.

O Thou who art the life indeed, unite us to Thyself, as branch to vine, that Thy life may be manifest in us. For Thy love's sake, Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4

UNEXPECTED MELODIES

"MAKING MELODY IN YOUR HEART."
READ EPHESIANS 5:15-20.

ONE of Handel's compositions was strangely born. He was passing a blacksmith's smithy, when he heard the slow, rhythmical blows of the sledgehammer on the anvil. The sound haunted him. Later, he translated them into music. He called it an "Air with Variations." Others named it "The Harmonious Blacksmith." We can find in the blows of circumstance, in the fierce assaults of sorrow and reverses, the music of God's gracious purpose. By His almighty hand, He overrules life's discipline for our good, and out of discord come unexpected melodies. Faith alone can hear them. Try it.

Oh, how great is Thy mercy towards those who trust Thee. Nothing can befall us outside Thy mindful providence. Help us to believe. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5

THE PERFECT HELPER

"MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING."
READ HEBREWS 2:14-18.

IF JESUS had not known hardship, sorrow, adversity, and anguish of heart, would His adequacy to human needs have been realized? Florence Barclay tells of a cultured woman whom a friend found acting strangely. She was shut up in a darkened room. Her eyes were blindfolded. And she was groping her way around the furniture. The friend demanded the reason. This woman had decided to go to care for an aged relative. He was blind, as well as old. Fearing that she might become impatient or lack sympathy, she was submitting to this discipline. Eating, washing, sitting alone, stumbling about in her voluntary darkness, she must learn what another felt. Christ knows your need. He can help.

Forgive us, Lord. We have doubted Thy sympathy and power to help because we felt Thou didst not know. Now we will trust Thee wholly. Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6

WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE

"WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN?"
READ PSALM 42:1-5.

WHEN we start worrying, it is wise to face the situation. We then may see things in perspective. That is better than giving way to despair. Worry about what may happen throws the clouds of the future across the path of the present. It is like a hold-up man: it robs today of both peace and strength, and yet does not improve tomorrow's situation. So why give way to depression and fruitless misgiving? Ask yourself why you should. Has God changed? Has He ceased to care? Have His promises no solid foundation in His holy character? "*Why* art thou cast down?" Trust in God and arouse yourself to do your best.

Gracious Father, although we are Thy children, save us from being merely children whose ignorance and inexperience lead to fear. Help us to trust Thee fully. Amen.

SUNDAY, APRIL 7

THE DIVINE IN THE HUMAN

"GOD IN THE FACE OF JESUS CHRIST."
READ II CORINTHIANS 4:1-6.

YOU have seen Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia"—the Madonna of the Chair. The artist was painting under a tree when a sudden storm sent him scurrying to the nearest farmhouse. The young wife welcomed him in, but her two children were a trifle shy. One stands by his mother's knee. The younger has snuggled up against her breast. Raphael saw there the Madonna he sought: simple, human, loving. And the child, so trustful and secure, seemed like the Christ. Happy are we if the parental relationship mirrors the divine.

Thou dost speak to us through Thy Word, but Thou dost also mould character and reveal Thyself in life's love. Let us know Thee better. For Christ's sake, Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 8

GOLD OR DROSS?

"COVET EARNESTLY THE BEST GIFTS."
READ I CORINTHIANS 12:20-31.

WHEN the ancient general, Galerius, vanquished the Persians, the spoil fell to his men. One soldier found a bag of shining leather, filled with pearls. They looked like a woman's beads, so he threw them away, and kept the bag. That seems idiotic. Yet to gain a living and fail to live, to read many books and leave God's Book unread, to make many friends and neglect the one Friend, also fail to make sense. That is keeping the bag and losing the pearls. That is flinging away the pure gold, and choosing the dross. But the Christian's sense of values yields imperishable riches.

Save us from all forgetfulness of our divine destiny, from all foolish choices, that we may be found acceptable to Thy holy will. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 9

THE DARKEST HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN

"IN THE NIGHT HIS SONG SHALL BE WITH ME."
READ ACTS 16:23-32.

THE dark hour, when hope's lamp burns low, shows the worth of that lamp. Charlotte Bronte says: "The nights are the test. . . . The days pass in a slow, dark march; the nights are the test; the sudden wakings from restless sleep. . . The nights are the test." Like Judah we decline to sing the songs of Zion because of our lot. Still, in the prison at Philippi, Paul and Silas sang praises to God. Their backs were lacerated, their feet in the stocks. Yet their souls saw the light of God's radiant presence, and their hearts were glad.

Dear Lord, Thou art ever merciful and gracious. Help us, no matter how dark and forbidding our lives, to find cause for rejoicing. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10

TAKE YOUR TIME

"THE HUSBANDMAN WAITETH."
READ JAMES 5:7-12.

THERE is an amusing fable of a Chinese farmer. To make his truck garden produce faster, he pulled the plants a little higher out of the ground each morning. That would put him ahead of other gardeners, who just waited for the plants to grow up. Then one day he discovered that every plant had died. Extremely foolish! Yet not more so than we when we fume because our plans mature slowly, or our prayers are not answered immediately, or when our work is long in bearing fruit. God is so patient with us. Can we not be patient with life?

Gird us about with Thy peace, O Father; take from us the fever of impatience. Help us quietly to trust, and do our best for Thee. Through Jesus, our Lord, Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11

LATENT GREATNESS

"JOINT-HEIRS WITH CHRIST."
READ ROMANS 8:14-18.

WHEN you grow discouraged because life's discipline is hard, remember that God is bringing forth your latent greatness of soul. A Canadian woman, in a small town, married a roving Englishman who had settled there. In middle life, he inherited an earldom. It meant a historic title, and an ancestral home. Returning to claim his heritage, he made the amazing discovery that his simple-bred wife, with latent charm and natural culture, could take her place with perfect ease and grace. Real greatness was latent in her soul. So God is fitting us for sonship and daughterhood. Be patient!

For our heavenly destiny Thou art preparing us. If character must be shaped through difficulty and trial, let us remember we are in Thy hands. For Christ's sake, Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 12

MOCK MODESTY

"IN LOWLINESS OF MIND."
READ PHILIPPIANS 2:1-11.

URIAH HEEP, in *David Copperfield*, was a pestilential little fraud. With his cringing step, his oily manner, and his constant protestations of humility, he exasperates us. He was not humble; he was a humbug. The truth is, his claims to humility made him conceited and vain. The Christian must be lowly-minded. He recalls his forgiven debt and his poor discipleship. Yet there is room for true pride—pride to be counted Christ's friend, to be a worker with God, to be entrusted with the Gospel of grace. There is no need for craven apologies to the world. There is a real call to be proud of our divine Redeemer.

As Thy servant, Paul, was not ashamed of the Gospel, as he gloried in the cross, help us to acclaim Thee as our Lord with pride. For Thy love's sake. Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13

CAN PEOPLE FOLLOW US?

"WALK WORTHY OF THE LORD."
READ COLOSSIANS 1:3-12.

A FATHER, climbing a craggy hill for the sheer amusement of doing so, was suddenly aware that he was being followed. A small face looked up, and a voice shouted, "Look out where you're going, daddy. I'm coming after you." It struck him like a whip. One false step on his part might be rectified. He had strength and resource. But his boy was both weaker and inexperienced. With careful eye he chose the path which before he had spurned. The safety of another was now at stake. Have you thought how your example may be either disastrous or an inspiration to some other soul?

Help us to walk in the light. Then shall no other soul ever go astray through our manner of life. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

SUNDAY, APRIL 14

ON KNOWING GOD

"ACQUAINT NOW THYSELF WITH HIM."
READ JOB 22:13-25.

VICTOR HUGO describes a bird, "poised for an instant on a branch giving way beneath him, yet continuing to sing, because he knew that he had wings." The soul has the wings of faith. It can soar, even when trials come. Bunyan, writing his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," had power to soar. Such a man has found God as the source of all blessing, peace, and strength. In that same knowledge, made ours through our divine Saviour, life may find satisfaction and serenity. Nothing can "separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Give us that Sabbath renewal and that living faith which can take Thee at Thy word. Aid us to that fuller knowledge of Thyself, which shall free us from fear and worry. Through Jesus, Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 15

THE ABANDONED QUEST

"WHO DID HINDER YOU?"
READ GALATIANS 5:1-10.

THERE is a curious New Zealand bird. It is the size of a parrot, and the Maoris call it the kikapo. It is a pathetic creature. Although it has good wings, and so is equipped to fly, it never does. It is content to walk about on the earth. That is a picture of many of us? We once intended to be worth something. We had the twin wings of ambition and aspiration. We were meant to soar. Then we lost heart. Succumbing to self-pity, discouraged by difficulties, or abandoning the hard course of self-discipline, are our vows forgotten? Have we failed our Father? There are forgiveness and renewal in Christ.

"Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant." Amen

TUESDAY, APRIL 16

KEEPING AT IT

"BE YE STEADFAST, UNMOVEABLE."
READ II CORINTHIANS, 4:7-18.

THE joy of endurance is well known. A long walk, taxing our powers, climb-

(Continued on page 46)

"Green and yellow catch a fellow." Baked potato boats are filled with green peas and frilled with a ribbon of the mashed potato—white meat of chicken, a golden leg—a preserved pear rests on watercress nest

Peach Bavarian Cream for a gold and white banquet

Banquet with a Color Scheme

HERE'S A BASIC MENU TO USE AS A GUIDE IN PLANNING JUNIOR-SENIOR CLASS EVENTS AND ORGANIZATION DINNERS

By CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

APRIL brings showers and flowers and banquets. Church groups in small towns cash in on the banquet season by catering for Junior and Senior class events. Mother's Day banquets come in May, Father's Day banquets are scheduled in June. Time now for end-of-the-season organization dinners, the last big bang-up affair until fall. Menu planners furrow their brows over the banquet menu, a church supper glorified. Three times out of five the banquet chairman orders a dinner with a color scheme. Orange and blue, he tells your food committee, is the class color. It is no matter to him that blue foods are scarce as windmills in a dessert. Menus in color scheme —"that's the cook's worry."

Take our advice, forget about a color scheme and plan the menu pattern first. A basic pattern is boxed on this page. Fruit cup the beginning, a creamed dish in patty shells, with one vegetable or two, a vegetable salad and dessert. Easy does it.

Think of colors next. If fruit cup be the curtain raiser, choose any well liked combination and make but half the recipe. Two tablespoons for each glass is all you need. A mere cushion on which to rest the good-to-eat flower that will blossom in the cup. Take canned pear halves and slice each one into five or six slivers. Arrange these, petal fashion, around the sides of the cocktail glass. Just before serving add the heart of the posy, a No. 30 dipper of sherbet in any color needed. If pink and white is the theme, raspberry sherbet is lovely against the white petals of the pear. If green is the choice, use mint ice. For yellow, lemon, and remember the apricot and the orange. For an orange and purple color scheme use grape ice and orange ice, alternating—grape in one glass and orange in the next, down the table's length.

Pattern for a Banquet

MENU

FRUIT CUP FLOWER
CREAMED FOOD IN PATTY SHELL
OR SERVE IN
MASHED POTATO NEST OR RICE RING
VEGETABLE
VEGETABLE SALAD
ICE CREAM IN MERINGUE SHELLS

BAVARIAN CREAM

FRUIT BLOSSOM COCKTAIL

2 cups orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
sugar syrup
3 cups orange segments
3 cups pineapple diced
3 cups grapes
1 No. 10 can pears (about 28 halves)
5 quarts sherbet, mint, lemon or raspberry

Combine orange and lemon juice and sweeten to taste with sugar syrup, keeping rather tart. Add orange segments, pineapple and grapes. Chill. Drain pears. Cut each pear half lengthwise into 5 segments. Fill sherbet glasses ¼ full with mixed fruits. Arrange pear segments around sides of the glass like flower petals. Just before serving add a No. 30 dipper of the sherbet to the heart of each flower. Choose a sherbet to harmonize in color with the banquet color scheme. Yield: 50 portions.

A creamed dish in patty shells gives the main course an opportunity to steal a lead in the color act. Cream what you will, chicken, mushrooms, veal, crabmeat, lobster. To this all white base add color as desired or mix it into the creamy sauce. What? Chopped pimiento for a red bird touch. Parsley or green pepper provides edible green. Chopped cooked carrots lend their yellow. Chopped egg yolk gives its gold. Paprika dusting is a short cut to red. A few green chives or onion tops finely cut give flavor as well as green.

Buy the patty shells from the local baker as these are a nuisance to make. Something else, if you would save on cost, is to serve the creamed food in a nest of mashed creamy potato or fluffy boiled rice.

CREAMED CHICKEN IN TIMBALES

2 quarts chicken stock
2 tablespoons onion, chopped
1 cup chicken fat
2 cups flour
2 cups milk, rich
1 cup green pepper
1 cup pimientos
2½ quarts cubed chicken
7 cups mushrooms, fresh
½ cup butter
3½ cup (8-9) egg yolks
1 tablespoon salt

The white endive fan may be decked with tomato, orange, avocado, or what you will as the color scheme demands

Meringue shells offer a white background for colorful fruits, or fill them with ice cream and add a fruit sauce color touch

Flower-in-cup cocktail. The fruit ice provides the color against the white petals of pear

A gelatin ring salad in desired color is cushioned on a white shredded cabbage bed

Heat the chicken stock with the onion. Melt the chicken fat; add the flour and when well mixed, add the boiling stock, stirring rapidly. Add milk which has been heated. Chop green peppers and pimientos. Cut cooked chicken into ½ inch cubes. Add green peppers, pimientos and cubed chicken to sauce. Peel, slice and saute the mushrooms in the butter and add to stock. Beat the egg yolks, add some of the mixture to them, then combine the two; cook for about 3 minutes. Add salt and any other seasoning necessary. Serve on toast points or in timbale cases. Garnish with parsley. Yield: 50 portions.

CRAB NEWBERG

3 quarts white sauce, medium	½ cup pimiento, chopped
1½ quarts rice	7½ cups crab meat
½ cup onions, chopped	3 cups (12-14) eggs
½ cup green pepper, chopped	

Make 3 quarts well-seasoned medium white sauce. Cook rice in 5 quarts boiling salted water for 25 to 30 minutes. Run hot water through rice. Drain. Cover with a dry towel until ready to use. Cook onion and green pepper in butter until tender. Add to white sauce. Chop pimiento. Break crab meat into small pieces. Add to sauce. Beat eggs slightly. Add some cooked mixture to eggs slowly; then combine both mixtures. Cook 3 minutes. Serve over steamed rice. Yield: 50 portions.

If the banquet committee have ideas of their own and ask for chicken or chops or a roast meat, how about color then? In that case let potato provide the white background against which to focus a necessary color effect. A pyramid of mashed potatoes can be dressed with grated cheese, with chopped pimiento, minced chives, watercress. If new tiny potatoes are served boiled and sauced in butter remember they may be rolled in minced parsley or mint for green or paprika dusted for a touch of flame. They may be sprinkled with toasted crumbs for a fleck of yellow. Stuffed baked potatoes are fine to cradle a color scheme, their mealy insides are delectable when beaten up with chopped cooked carrot or cheese, or tomato, or minced chives. Endless opportunity for color can be achieved by additions to potato.

Vegetable choices that might be served with the boxed menu are any one of the following, according to the color plan: rosebud size beets, green peas, buttered carrot straws, string beans, asparagus, broiled tomatoes.

A plate that carries a chop or roast meat may catch up the color note in a jelly accompaniment, mint, perhaps, or currant jelly, or quince. Halves of fruit, peaches, pears, apricots, are frequently served broiled then dotted with jelly as a go-along with meat. Such small items are a pretty touch and a grand chance to introduce whatever color you desire. Apple rings take kindly to pink and green tinting. Paper-thin slices of cucumber laid fan shape around a portion of meat do their part in a green and white scheme. Aspic gelatin is easily molded and cut in small cubes as a garnish for meat—green is the color.

Salad is a course by itself and should be in the proper colors if a color scheme is planned. Start with a white background, endive for example, and add the color accents either of fruit or vegetables, as shown in the endive fan illustration. In the picture half rings of scarlet tomato show up against the smooth pale endive for a red and white design. By substituting green pepper rings or avocado rings green and white results. Grated carrot in pepper ring gives a green and yellow combination. Use half orange slices for gold and white, garnish the salad with parsley leaf, mint or watercress.

Cabbage finely chopped, or the heart leaves of lettuce, give a white touch for other colorful vegetables of your choice. For a fruit salad thin slices of pear or fingers of banana may be laid fan style then cover the center junction of the points with a fruit in color to achieve the desired effect.

Gelatin rings in color and filled with what you may, these garnished by a ring of finely cut cabbage, make an eye-catching salad. If you haven't sufficient ring molds, try this. Turn the gelatin into bread pans to a depth of one inch and let harden. Cut into small cubes. Serve any fruit salad desired, cover with a creamy mayonnaise, then scatter the colorful cubes over the white topping.

Banquet desserts should be a study in elegance yet easy to make with no last minute doodads to add. Brick ice cream? Anybody can think of that. But ice cream in a meringue shell with a homemade sauce—the sauce carrying the color note, gives a glamour touch that brings the banquet to a successful ending. Any fruit sauce will be delicious on ice cream. With fruit sauce even blue, the most difficult color to find in the food field, is easy; for it can be blueberry sauce, or one of blue plums or black raspberries. Let the good baker among your group turn out the meringue nests by this recipe which has proven its reliability in other church dining rooms.

YOUR VERY BEST DISH

This creamed chicken recipe for patty shell service made a big hit at the World Wide Guild Banquet at the Baptist Church in Morgantown, West Virginia in November, 1938. Mrs. S. F. Glassoock sends the recipe and wins first mention for the Very Best Church Supper dish of the month.

Creamed Chicken in Patty Shells

3 quarts chicken broth	1 lb. mushrooms
1 pound butter	3 small cans of pimiento
2 cups flour	2 teaspoons salt
1 quart milk	¼ teaspoon pepper
15 pounds cooked chicken	

Heat chicken stock. Melt butter, add flour and when well mixed add to the boiling stock, stirring rapidly. Add milk which has been previously heated. Dice cooked chicken into 1/3 inch cubes. Peel and slice mushrooms, chop pimiento. Add mushrooms, pimiento and cubed chicken to sauce. Cook 5 minutes. Season with salt and pepper and other seasonings desired. Serve on toast points or in patty shells. Yield: 50 portions.

Note: If chickens are extra fat, ¾ pound of butter and fat from broth will be sufficient for making white sauce.

Have you a very best dish that has proven its goodness and its economy in the serving of crowds? We pay $1.00 for every such recipe we print. Send the ingredients in amounts for fifty servings. Careful now, we do not test these recipes and depend on you to be accurate with amounts. Tell us, too, where and when the dish was served and the name of the organization which prepared the supper. Address your recipes to the Church Housekeeping Bureau, CHRISTIAN HERALD, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

MERINGUE NESTS FOR FRUIT

12 egg whites	3 cups granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar	1 tablespoon vanilla

Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; add cream of tartar and beat until mixture stands in peaks. Add sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition. Add vanilla. Cover bottoms of medium sized muffin tins with brown paper. Do not grease. Pack with meringue, cutting with knife to remove air pockets.

(Continued on page 54)

a film first and then chew their nails while waiting to see whether Breen would order expensive cuts and revisions. After a few costly experiences, they began asking him to pass on the acceptability of stories before production was begun, sometimes even before the source material was purchased. This proved to be such a sane practice that it continues to this day.

The usual procedure now is as follows:

A STUDIO takes an option on a book or original story, then sends it in to the Code headquarters for an opinion. If it is generally acceptable, Breen makes suggestions for avoiding Code taboos. The studio next sends over a "screen treatment" or synopsis, and then a script. In the course of this exchange, Breen and his associates also examine and check costumes, stage sets, and lyrics. If a scene is one capable of being rendered offensively, even though the script is perfectly pure, Breen or one of his staff are on the lot during production. Then, when the picture is completely shot, it is viewed twice in Breen's projection-room—once in first draft and again before it is released. Such careful checking, though involving tremendous labor on the part of Breen and company, saves producers enormous sums as well as guarantees a picture's acceptability.

In view of the accomplishments of the past five and a half years, some might argue, Breen's work must be done. Why not call off the dogs now that the morals round-up is in such order? Not on your life, replies Breen. Keeping the movies clean is, and doubtless ever more shall be, "unfinished business" with him. He well knows that there are plenty of mavericks ready to run off the range as soon as vigilance is relaxed.

Just how vigilant this dictator of decency remains may be seen by a visit to the Code headquarters. We were allowed to sit in recently with what the Breensters call their "daily huddle." Here he and his associates gather to report on scripts and films they had examined as their previous day's chores. The "huddle" is Breen's combination diagnosis-room and operating-table. Watching it in action is an education in the art of film fumigation. We saw one best-selling novel by a famous author rejected outright—because the main character, though hailed by critics as a "memorable portrayal," was "an unfair and improper characterization of a Protestant minister."

Other phases we heard chanted to the tune of scissored scenes and incised indiscretions in dialogue and action were, to name a few: "Unnecessary and excessive drinking," "Glorification of a bandit," "Travesty on marriage," "Seems to condone crime," "Brutality to animals," "Suggestive dances," "Adulterous relationship, with insufficient compensating moral values," "Illicit drug traffic portrayed," "Reflection on clergy," and so far into the morning.

They let us paw through the correspondence between the Breen office and the producers. It's mostly one-way correspondence. Just to give you a rough idea of some of the rough stuff Joe has kept producers from being blamed for, we'll quote at random a few paragraphs from these epistles of Joseph to the producers:

"Delete, or remake with more adequate

AN OSCAR FOR JOE

(Continued from page 18)

costume coverage, all scenes showing dancing girls' abdomens . . ."

"Something will have to be done about the sequence in which your two sympathetic leads, Maggie and Dan, are shown getting progressively drunker, and end up rolling on the sand and biting each other."

"There must be no actual sounds of Lane cursing beneath his breath. See Code, section 5."

"Lane should not kiss Ann 'savagely'!"

"Criminal must not kick the sheriff in the stomach. Such action tends to destroy respect for law and order . . ."

"This script seems to call for an undressing scene leading to undue and indecent exposure, with lecherous notice thereof by another character. Look out! . . ."

"Delete scenes showing actual hangings and electrocutions, also the scene revealing third-degree methods. See Code, section 12, 'Repellent Subjects'. . ."

The same sort of phrases fill the Breen files where complete "cases" on all films are kept. A look into these records is a revelation of the thousands of malignant growths that have been cut away by these film surgeons from pictures—many of which, when completed, are prime examples of moral health. You'd never suspect that that "swell movie" you saw last night was ever so lush with offensive features. If the talkies could only talk about their operations!

NEXT we went into the Code Administration's projection-room where films are on their final trial. Here Breen and his associates watch with eagle eyes for anything objectionable that might have escaped their notice in the scripts—or that might have been slyly inserted by a producer to "pep up" his product. And while the boys pop off with suggestions for changes and deletions, a secretary sits at a table and endeavors to keep her shorthand paced to their shouts. Run-of-the-mill offenses in a film provoke only ordinary responses. But when it is discovered that a producer has tried to slip one over, there arises a concerted shout that shakes the rafters and echoes down Hollywood Boulevard.

To a producer with a tractable and teachable spirit, Breen is the essence of patience and gentle suasion. But when one of the lads puts up an argument or tries to slip over a fast one—well, that's when Hollywood's morals manager gets really tough. "Argue all you like," the durable and doughty Mr. Breen will snort, "but that scene comes OUT!" And when the smoke of battle clears away, the offending scene is generally missing.

That technique, Gentlemen of the Academy, whether you like it or not, is what has rescued the movie industry from oblivion. However you may regard it, it merits an appreciative halloo from our side of the fence.

Besides all Mr. Breen has done in a general way to put your industry through the laundry, we church people also have a round of applause for the way he has delivered our clergy from those who comprehend a preacher's character and calling in about the same degree that a hog grasps the doctrine of sanctification.

Perhaps you remember the days when virtually every time a minister came upon the screen he was either a weakling, a villain or a comic. Producers then seemed unable to conceive that a man of God could be other than an uninspiring specimen, wobbling between temptation and turpitude, and struggling without success to keep his mind on his calling.

With the ministrations of the Breen technique, however, we have watched the film preachers taking on a character more appetizing to all concerned. We are grateful for that. In a few instances the work of the clergy has even been glorified. While out in Hollywood we wanted to know why this has not been done to a more noticeable extent. We put it up to one of the Breen's sharpest lieutenants, Geoffrey Shurlock, grandson of a minister and as interested as we in seeing the Protestant preacher get a break. Mr. Shurlock came through with a set of remarks that put us to thinking.

"The fault is not entirely Hollywood's," he said. "The truth simply is that modern writers of competence are not turning out stuff flattering to the Protestant minister. Where are the studios to go for source materials? Irreligious writers can't produce it. That should be the job of the Protestants themselves who sense —or should sense—what you call the grandeur of their ministers' calling.

"Take it from me," continued the pacing Shurlock, "the studios, in their present frame of mind, would snap up a story in which a preacher is a grand guy. But apart from a few like Dean Harcourt in Douglas' 'Green Light,' what have Protestant writers given us? My own feeling is that the Protestant minister is what Playwright Pirandello would call 'a character in search of an author'!"

That line of reasoning, we agreed, was sound. We accept part of the blame. If the studios are actually hungering for a truly great character, fictional or in the flesh, then it might be a good idea for Protestants to come forward with constructive help.

BUT let's get back to Breen and the present outlook along the Hollywood sector. It must be gratifying to you, as it is to us, that more and more pictures are being made that measure up to the Code's tapeline. They tell us it is a matter of record that during 1939 Joe Breen shook his fist in the face of fewer producers, scrapped fewer scripts and dumped less footage in the ashcan than in any year since the dawn of his new deal. All of which proves that the boys out there have been gradually catching on. Gradually they are learning the difficult art of uncovering the inherent drama and glamor in honesty and goodness and decency. Bringing Hollywood to that place, gentlemen, is a contribution you can't afford to overlook.

For what he *has* done, however, we think he deserves some suitable recognition. That's why we started off talking about that Academy Award. Is it too much to suggest an "Oscar" for Joe? Of course he won't give two whoops for the gimcrack, and would probably chuck it into a drawer of his desk. But it would be a gesture most of us would appreciate.

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PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

(Continued from page 41)

ing a mountain, yield satisfaction. But the endurance born of joy is something greater. Jesus, for the joy set before Him, endured the cross. What kept Him true? The joy set before Him. Life's experiences are a means to an end. God's purposes are slowly working out. Fire purifies gold, the chisel shapes the granite, and the shadowed places of life emerge into the radiant light of day. So, with such a faith in our Father's faithfulness, our hearts are made strong. The future joy makes the present endurable.

Our Father God, help us to look beyond our present trials to the triumph to which they shall lead the faithful soul. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17

INDOMITABLE COURAGE

"NONE OF THESE THINGS MOVE ME."
READ ACTS 20:17-24.

WE ONCE talked with the sister of Sir Ernest Shackleton about his exploits. "Now that he has been in quest of the South Pole," we said, "why does he not settle down? He knows the insurmountable difficulties and the hardships. Why risk his life again?" "Ah," she replied, "you do not know my brother. He is made that way." The same thing might be said of Admiral Byrd. The only man living who has conquered both the Poles, why has he returned to the Antarctic? These men endure because they feel called to it. Yet how easily we give up serving Christ when discouragement sets in. Can we not prove as courageous and strong?

Reinforce us with Thy divine courage that we may live bravely for Thee, and be faithful to Thy Gospel. For Thy love's sake, Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18

OUR DIVINE DELIVERER

"HE BROUGHT ME UP OUT OF A HORRIBLE PIT."
READ PSALM 40:1-8.

A CHINESE Christian compared Christ with other teachers. "A man fell into a deep pit, miry and slippery. As he lay injured at the bottom, Confucius looked in, and said, 'My friend, I am sorry for you; if ever you get out of that place, take care you never fall in again.' Then a Buddhist priest came along. 'I grieve to see your plight. If you can manage to climb up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I might help you up the rest.' Unable to rise, such advice was mockery. The Christ came by. Descending into the pit, he lifted the man to safety. That, said the convert, is the difference between Christ and others."

Thou didst come to seek and to save the lost, and none of us is denied Thy help. Grant us grace to trust Thee today. In Thy name, Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 19

ENTRUSTED GIFTS

"TRADE YE HEREWITH."
READ LUKE 19:11-23.

IN THIS glorious land, with its opportunities for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, there is no more amazing story than that of Booker T. Washington. He states that "Success is to be measured not so much by the position that one has reached in life as by the obstacles which he has overcome while trying to succeed." That lad rising from slavery to freedom, from illiteracy to education, from obscurity to fame, stirs our hearts to renewed effort to do our best. And success did not turn his head. It gave him his chance to make life happier for others. What a goal!

With the limitations of life, help us also to see the means by which we may serve mankind and magnify Thee. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20

MAKING AN ALIBI

"I AM SLOW OF SPEECH. . . ."
READ EXODUS 4:1-12.

MOSES did not know that he would be quoted by many another when asked to work for Christ. When a man remonstrated that he had no ability for a Sunday School class, his friend replied, "You have been led astray by a noisy age. An automobile does not make headway by its raucous horn, but by silent pistons. A ship does not cross the ocean by a continual use of its siren, but by the rhythmic engines below deck. And the light which guides the traveler on his way, makes no noise." If only we used our gifts how much richer the world would be—and nearer Christ.

Help us, this and every day, to render what service is in our power, without excuse, but with glad obedience to Thy will. Through Christ our Lord and Saviour, Amen.

SUNDAY, APRIL 21

LATER ON

"THOU KNOWEST NOT NOW"
READ JOHN 13:1-9.

THE disciples could not understand it. Girding Himself with a towel, and pouring water into a basin, Christ had humbled Himself to the menial task of a slave. He had washed their feet. Then He said, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.... I have given you an example." That example would make clear two things—but only later on. He had proved that their highest good was His chief concern. He had shown that what He had done was prompted by love. So in all the divine dealings with us—in trial, loss, suffering—our good, and Christ's love will be clearly seen—later on.

Give us that complete trust in Thee which no happening of life can shake, so that even when baffled we may believe. In Christ's name, Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 22

GIRDED TO SERVE

"HE GIRDED HIMSELF WITH A TOWEL."
READ COLOSSIANS 3:12-25.

THE washing of the disciples' feet reminds us of an old Scots minister in Philadelphia. He had gathered together a band of young women from some of the best homes in his congregation. He sent them to visit the poor of the city. There were sick and aged folk, and neglected children. But there were also squalor and filth, human perversity and ill-will. Suppose they became discouraged by what they saw, or impatient with human thriftlessness? He gave them a word which would inspire and keep them brave. "Lassies," he would say, "dinna forget the towel!" The Saviour's example should move us to serve.

May Thy humility, Thy self sacrificing love, O Christ, make us willing to render any service for Thy sake. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23

IS GOD DEAD

"FROM EVERLASTING . . . THOU ART GOD."
READ PSALM 46.

ON ONE occasion, Frederick Douglass, that fearless champion of the slave, almost lost heart. He saw how strong was the opposition, how slow the progress. And addressing a group of his people, he alluded to this. Suddenly an old negress interrupted him, "Frederick," she cried, "is God dead?" At once he saw his mistake, his lack of faith. His courage was rekindled. With the world as it is, evil so strong and Christ's sovereignty delayed, we may readily grow discouraged, but—"Is God dead?" Because He is supreme, we can be sure of ultimate victory. Christ's kingdom shall come, so be brave. The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

We bless Thee for the good time coming, let not our faithlessness, our service withhold, our prayerless days, delay it. Arouse us to champion Thy cause. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24

HOW TO WIN

"THE VICTORY THAT OVERCOMETH THE WORLD."
READ JOHN 16:25-33.

MANY have tried to overcome the world by force of arms. Alexander, Hannibal, Julius Caesar, and Napoleon are well-known examples. In another and worthier sense, the scientist, the inventor, and the engineer, harnessing its forces and utilizing its resources, have mastered the world. But that world with its alluring temptations, its drudgery, its trials and worries, how can that be overcome? How can we win the victory over those things of time which affect our

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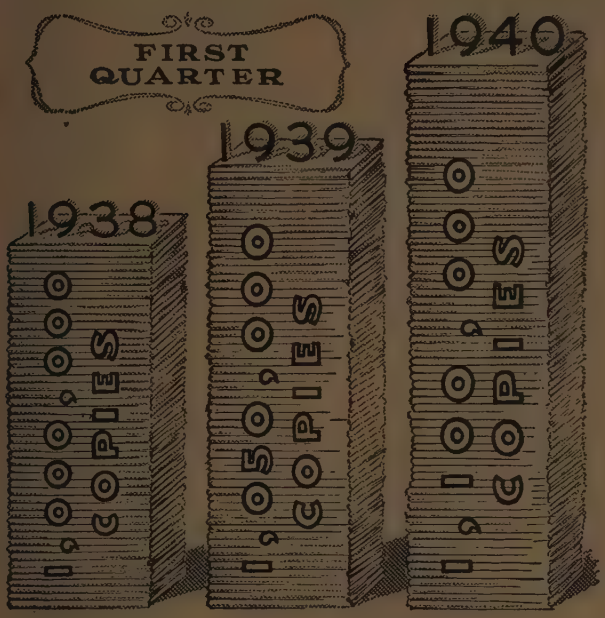

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heard whether or not they got married, but I imagine they did, as the fellow was twenty-five years old and knew his own mind. And I dare say the fellow probably got the money any way.

The world is strewn with sorrow and regret by parents who have broken up matches because of their own selfishness. They think too much of "what people might say." They even seem to act as though they were going to live with the third party instead of being only parents.

In some cases where a fee is set by the church, and it seems rather staggering to the groom, the question is often asked by the minister, "Isn't she worth that to you?" Now that puts the fellow in a mean and undeserved position. You might think he was buying the girl from the church. The groom is only getting a service which can be had legally, at least, from other sources, for a dollar or two.

THE wedding fee is a rather delicate matter to write about. In the country, the income from this source is not enough to turn any one's head. It is a bit embarrassing when the groom pulls out his pocket book, as soon as the ceremony is over, right at the altar rail, and asks you, "How much do I owe you?"

One time a groom put on a look of poverty and pulled out a five-dollar bill and a one-dollar bill. It had the appearance of being all the money he had in the world. I knew he wanted to take a little auto trip, and I took the one dollar bill, which did not pay for my gasoline.

Sometimes a groom tells you that he is a little short, and will see you after the wedding trip. Well, he does see you—always at a distance. For people who belong to the preacher's church, and help support that church, there is really no need of any gratuity—although the custom of giving something is, I admit, mighty pleasing to us parsons.

In looking and thinking over our weddings for over forty years, we fail to recall but a single case of divorce. Of course more may have occurred, and we have never heard about them. It is not chiefly among plain and poor people that separations occur. Perhaps some of them would get divorces, if it was not so expensive.

It is wrong for the rich to be able to get divorces, often for a mere whim, when the poor can't get it at all, quite likely to right a mistake. For I cannot but believe that God wants His people to be happy—His children, whom He loves so. Mistakes, often of youth, can't they be corrected?

I have seen many long and happy marriages after a change in mates. When God looks down and sees them, I know that He is glad. Of course, spoiled-baby, selfish people can never be happy anywhere, and no one who tries to live with them can be happy either. Of all domestic problems, the most tragic is the growing number of cases of those lazy, wicked, parents who rear their pampered children to fill future homes with discord and future divorce courts with business.

The Episcopal church practically prohibits its clergy by law from remarrying divorced people. There is supposed to be one exception, which I have never known to have been made use of in over forty years. An Episcopal minister told me that through this law, in one case, he lost sixty-four persons all told from his church. This came about by his refusing to marry parties from two prominent and beloved church families; thus bringing to light a childish escapade of many years before which was not even known about in the community at large, and also brought to light in these families the cruel ecclesiasticism and stubbornness of the church they had loved so long.

Speaking

"Say, Gilbert," said the chairman of a country church meeting down in Clinton at about the time I was getting started in the ministry, "if we run short of program a little later in the afternoon, can't you come out front and say something?"

I tried to get my wits together in a hurry, for I knew it wouldn't be long before I was called upon. While sitting in the back pew of the church thinking what I might say, I unconsciously began swaying back and forth. (In the Divinity School I had gotten in the habit of rocking while studying or working on sermons.) Soon one of the women of the church came to me and whispered, "You seem to be ill and in great distress. Can't we women do something for you?"

At any rate, I got along quite well with my talk that day, telling them something of my church work, which, from the first, began to be different. I don't think that at that time I even bordered on telling a story, but soon in my talks I found that stories were a tremendous help.

OF COURSE you mustn't drag in a story that has nothing to do with what you are talking about, but, if you have a growing list of stories that you are saving up all the time, you can generally find one that is appropriate. One can never tell how a new story will take till one has tried it out on a crowd. Then, too, a story that may make one crowd nearly fall off the seats, will leave another audience cold. The purpose of a story is much more than a means of amusement. It is a rest, for it takes the mind off the speaker's line of thought for a minute, and then the mind comes back ready to listen again.

One night at a men's club I had talked a full hour, bringing in stories all along the way. When I was through, no one seemed to want to go. By asking a question or two, they got me to going again, and I talked for another hour.

I was talking to a men's club in Hartford one night, and had run on for fully an hour, probably more. As soon as the noisy approval had died down, a person arose and moved that I speak a half hour longer. To jump up on the spot and go on for another half hour with new material did tax my poor brain for awhile.

There is such a difference in crowds—in "what it takes to warm them up," as I call it. I generally start off with a few stories to get the listeners in a good humor, and "with me." Sometimes a group is turned sort of cold-blooded by too much introduction. They sit back and coolly eye the speaker, when he gets up, as much as to say, "I doubt if this guy is as big a shot as this man thinks he is, and as for his being such a wonderful humorist, he won't get me to guffawing in a minute. I've heard good speakers before."

The other day an "introducer" got up and told a lot of minister-stories—very good ones too (I bagged one of them), but it made it rather hard for me to begin. You know, if you tell stories on yourself, it makes a good start. If you are a minister, tell stories about long sermons, and notice how they laugh; if you are a lawyer, save up some stories about lawyers; and if you are bald-headed—well, I have a head along that line myself, and it has saved the day for me more than once.

People are afraid of too profound learning, thinking that learned people must be tiresome. One night Mrs. Gilbert was sitting in an audience in which no one knew her. When I got up to speak, after my introduction, my Phi Beta Kappa key happened to show.

"There!" exclaimed a woman in front of her, "See that key? He's a Phi Beta Kappa. We're in for a dry time tonight."

Everyone likes homey talks. When I talk about the problems and pleasures of bringing up seven children (five of our own) how they will listen! If they like what is said, they are liberal too, for they think there is a real need. Once I was asked to go down to New York to speak to the Woman's Auxiliary of St. Bartholomew's Church. As soon as I finished speaking, a woman rushed up and shook hands, leaving me a ten dollar bill. I tried to shake hands with every woman I met in New York after that.

One night I was asked to go over to the western part of the state to speak and run a party in a little Methodist Church. I knew it would spoil two days, but I have always enjoyed going to small country churches. It turned out that we had a fine evening. Now it happened that the manager of The Town Hall in New York was in the vicinity on vacation, and was present at the meeting. Do you know, he asked me to come down and speak in The Town Hall, and put on an old time country social in the evening? And I was handed a check for a cool $150.

AT ANOTHER time, a club in Hartford wanted me to come to the Hotel Bond for an after supper (dinner they called it) debate. I was assigned the affirmative on the question which was, in substance, that New England was on the toboggan—morally, financially, and though I didn't believe this, yet $50 was $50 to a country preacher.

I found that my opponent was a lawyer from Boston, smarter than all get-out. He had the cool manner and the cool facts. I saw that I was up against it. I had a little data about how New England was going crazy and—well, I had a raft of New England stories. I felt out the crowd with a few to start. I saw at once that that crowd of intelligentsia, mostly professional men, was just hungry for this light stuff. I fed it to them for fully three quarters of an hour, and how they roared. Before I finished, I saw the Boston lawyer leave the stage and the room. They said he boarded a fast express for Boston.

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ON THE SHELF

(Continued from page 23)

the end of a year—touch wood!—Julie was in the editorial rooms and making good, even with the Chief. Anyway, he'd delegated his Harvard son, Jim Junior, to show her the ropes.

Aunt Linnet bridled at the memory of young Jim, the smarty, complaining to her about it. "Mrs. Elliott, your niece isn't cut out to be a secretary. An office is not her natural habitat."

She could have told him, "Nor mine, young man! All I ever wanted when I married David was to be a good little home-maker. But when he died and I had to earn a living, I went out in my widow's weeds, found an office job, and got busy. And I'm still in an office." She could have told him a lot more, but she didn't. She just smiled and said, "Be patient with her, Junior. She'll learn."

JULIE would like perfume for Christmas, but she wasn't going to get it. Aunt Linnet wrote in firm hand against her niece's name: *A business library.* There were some text books no secretary should be without. She'd always meant to equip the child with them.

For Peter, some sort of a gadget to keep his ties from slipping up. Queer how she couldn't get over mothering Peter. Well, he'd been like her own son—until his marriage. But that's how it should be. You raised a boy to be a man, and when he married you expected his first concern to be his wife.

Yes, for Peter, a tie-gadget—and a globe! For a man with all those letters after his name, to know so little geography! With the world standing right on his dressing table, maybe he'd absorb a few mountain ranges and river basins.

She caught sight of her face in the mirror and dimpled, for all the world like Julie. She felt natural again! Right now she didn't feel any more retired than—than a linnet! It was Davie who had first called her Linnet instead of Linda, because she reminded him, he teased, of a busy, brisk little bird just about to hop and chirp—a very capable, perky wee bird absorbed in making a snug nest.

A nest! Sitting in the early morning sunshine on this Southern porch, listening to the tender notes of the "Spring Song" which floated through the Professor's long white fingers and out the open windows to cross the lane and circle her chair, she went over in her mind all the poor little rooms and lodgings and houses she had made into snug nests since then. With so little. A cushion here, a bowl of flowers there, curtains. You could do wonders with curtains. How the Professor could stand those bare windows of his—like eyes with no lashes!

She rose and went through the French doors into the living room, as stiffly precise as the window display of a furniture store. Yet if she so much as moved a chair from its accustomed place, she was conscious of Tom's stricken eyes mourning over it, protesting, "Miz Blake says things is to be left as is."

Well, she must remember to hang the saucepans back on the right nails! For at last it had come—the red-letter day when Tom and his wife were to take their first day off. From ten to ten. Twelve glorious unsupervised hours. Her day on! She sang as she went to the sink and slipped on a faded blue apron, "Work for the night is coming—"

From the kitchen window she saw the Professor returning with the mail from the hole-in-the-wall post box at the end of the lane, his hair, the fine, unruly hair of a musician, blowing in the breeze.

"I'm here!" she called from the back door. "I'm doing my own cooking today."

"Can you?" he asked, impressed. "But I thought you were a business woman. Just one letter for you."

A thin one from Peter. It would keep. She put it in her apron pocket. "I'm sick of papaya, okra, egg plant, and all that Southern truck they're giving me. I'm going to make macaroni and cheese—with heaps of cheese!"

"Mother used to make it," he said, and sighed.

"If you'd like to sample mine," she offered, "lunch will be served on the porch at twelve prompt."

He'd love to, he said. It was cleaning day at his house, and Patsy Anne and Black Abe had turned him out.

After he'd gone and the macaroni was in, she sat on the kitchen stool to read Peter's letter. Oh, good grief! Julie was having trouble with her job again!

"She's such a fool," wrote Peter, with brotherly bitterness. "I could break her dumb neck. What she needs is a book of Do's and Don'ts for Star secretaries! When I remember the slick way you ran that job—"

Aunt Linnet sniffed. She'd been forty years learning how. Heavenly days! There were wheels within wheels in that concern. What did a child like Julie know of office politics?

SUDDENLY she sat erect and banged the drain board with a clenched fist. That was it! A Who's Who in the *Daily Star* outfit for Julie! If anyone could write such an "Inquire Within" *she* could! She knew the whole shebang inside and out, even to each one's pet peeves, and where he was vulnerable.

Work! Something to do—at last! Tomorrow she'd telephone and have a typewriter sent up—start at once. There was no time to lose. Oh, what a perfect Christmas gift for Julie!

It was nice having lunch on the porch, giving the Professor three helpings of macaroni and cheese, and watching him drink far too much coffee. It was nice drawing him out to talk about himself; to tell of his repressed boyhood and of Judge Abbott, his stern, brilliant father, who was determined to make his only son a lawyer.

"But all I ever cared for was music," he said unhappily. "Finally the time came when Mother was forced to choose between us, and because I needed her most, she choose me. . . It broke her life," he went on in a low, hurt voice. "Father left her. She worked at anything a Southern lady could, and managed somehow to send me abroad to study. . . Then I came back to teach in the college I'd attended. I stayed with Mother to the end—she died three winters ago. She was almost ninety-six."

So *that* was why he'd never married, why he was all alone in that studio of a home. Life was certainly hard.

And now it seemed so natural to tell him all about herself. About Davie and his sudden tragic death—before they'd been married a year, even. About Peter and his efficiency, and the fecklessness of poor Julie.

"Your niece is trained to make a living," he reminded her quietly. "She's lucky. When Patsy Anne's feeble old granny dies, that poor child will have to face the world helpless, penniless, not equipped to fill any position. If I were Santa Claus, that's what I'd give Patsy Anne for Christmas—a *chance.*"

"I thought all Southern girls married the minute they left school."

"Patsy's twenty. She's never had a beau. Men don't take to that serious, settled type. She's been too much with old people."

The sadness of his fine face touched Linnet. They must talk of happier things. Had he done his holiday shopping?

That made him chuckle. "I stopped all that years ago. I found I was buying my friends, not what they wanted, but what I wanted them to want. What they wanted most for Christmas was either something too priceless to buy, or some foolish, cheap little thing they'd hankered for since dear knows when."

Linnet stared at him erect and wide-eyed. Then she nodded. "Like the way I've always wanted a nice little hammer. I suppose I could get one for less than a dollar!"

"And I, a compass—"

"Heavenly days! What use could you have for a compass?"

He shook his head—but there was something so *safe* about a compass. He'd felt so lost since his mother died. "Of course," he mused gently, "I suppose it would come under the luxury class. But, you know, I've always felt that when you get to wanting a luxury as much as I want a compass, it becomes a necessity."

He began thinking aloud down his Christmas list: "I always give my cousin Lou ten dollars' worth of stamps—"

"Just ordinary, everyday, common stamps?"

"Well," he said apologetically, "assorted—different colors, you know. Not all three's. Two's and one's, and a few fancy air mail—"

"I never heard of such a thing!" exploded Linnet. "Does she like 'em?"

"She's bedfast. About all she can do is write letters. When she has a box full of stamps, she can be as extravagant as she likes. Gives her a nice feeling of independence. They're her own to spend."

"WELL," subsided Linnet, her mind reviewing the stamp possibilities. Mel, in the hospital—spine. Cook's sister in the Old Ladies' Home; Susie, the shut-in; Henrietta, with two of her children studying abroad—

Perhaps, she admitted grudgingly, most of the people on her list *would* like a check better than the gift she wanted to buy them. She hated the flat, let-down feeling this decision gave her. Still, with Julie's book to type there'd be no time now for that thorough job of shopping.

"Anyway, Peter and Julie," she told him with terrific determination, "are going to get the gifts I've planned. They're different—"

"Are they?" he asked gently, rising to help her clear the table.

Next day she threw herself feverishly into the writing and typing of the book for Julie. Every minute counted if she was to get it finished for Christmas. She worked at it in her room before the servants were up. She did not stop for lunch. A glass of orange juice and a cracker on her desk, she told Tom. Then all through the long, hot, airless afternoon she hammered away.

It was more of a task than she had anticipated. Forty years of a paper's life to be boiled down into an evening's reading! The shifting scenes, the change of cast, the rise of an office boy to this or that, the demotion of a drinking executive to a dead desk. All this Julie should know. With a special chapter of "Do's and Don'ts" that Peter had meant, such as: "Don't confide in Sleuthy Conover. He's related to the publisher's wife and carries tales. Do reread Bert Munson's chat column and at least twice a week argue with him about something he has said there. Then he will praise your fine mind to the Chief."

Linnet wrote and rewrote whole pages, laboriously putting in humor; for if it grew the least bit encyclopedic, she knew Julie wouldn't read it. And Julie should know these things! The days were unbearably hot. All her clothes were too heavy. A still hotter wave blew in from the bay, bringing pesky sand flies. She closed all the windows, and suffocated. It was too hot to work—but she must work! It was only two weeks to Christmas now, and the book only half done.

It irritated her these days when the Professor came with flowers from his garden, or the mail, and stood around wasting her time. Did he think she had nothing to do? Couldn't he realize how busy she was?

And then, when she was in a fever of revising, with Christmas only ten days off, she got one of her diabolic headaches! It made her dizzy, blurred her eyes, slowed her up. Once get this page out of the typewriter and she'd take aspirin. There, she'd lost the comma again. . . Copy, copy! She'd better stand up a minute and stretch. . . She stood and clutched, while the room whirled around her.

It was then that she heard a car scattering the gravel of the driveway.

"Speshul deliv'ry," said Tom drowsily. She gave a delighted little cry as she hurriedly signed for it. A letter from home at last! A fat letter from Peter, bless his heart! He seemed to be doing all the corresponding for the family these days. She sank back wearily to enjoy it.

Suddenly she sat bolt upright. The letter shook in her hand. She stared confusedly, dazedly at the pile of typed pages on her desk, then back at what Peter had written. She read the words soundlessly, then aloud in a shaky, incredulous voice:

"Julie is married. And believe me, I'm glad to have that nitwit off my mind. She was a mess as a secretary. Marriage is about all she's good for. The reason for the rush is the Chief is sending Jim Junior to the coast to work on another paper he owns, and he refused to go without Julie. Well, luckily he has ambition and brains enough for them both.

"Now, don't let this news about Julie

(Turn to next page)

PETER JOINS THE LODGE
I'LL TELL THAT NEW NEIGHBOR TO KEEP HIS CHICKENS OUT OF OUR YARD, OR I'LL KILL EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM!
OH, PETER, DON'T OFFEND THE JACKSONS—HE'S ON THE LODGE COMMITTEE .... AND YOU'RE UP FOR MEMBERSHIP!
AW, GO AHEAD—KILL 'EM!—AND THROW 'EM IN THEIR FRONT DOOR!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES
WELL, I TOLD JACKSON A THING OR TWO!—BET HE KEEPS HIS LITTLE FEATHERED FRIENDS HOME AFTER THIS!
OH, PETER, NOW YOU'LL NEVER GET INTO THE LODGE!
TELL HER TO PIPE DOWN OR YOU'LL WRING THOSE CHICKENS' NECKS—AND JACKSON'S TOO!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES
PLEASE OVER LOOK PETER'S RUDENESS—HE'S SO NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE LATELY—BECAUSE HE CAN'T SLEEP!
I UNDERSTAND—MR. JACKSON HAD THAT TROUBLE ONCE—OUR DOCTOR CALLED IT COFFEE-NERVES.—BUT SWITCHING TO POSTUM WORKED WONDERS!
LISTEN TO HER—EATING RIGHT OUT OF THAT WOMAN'S HAND!
BUT PETER... IT HELPED MR. JACKSON!—IT WON'T HURT YOU TO TRY POSTUM!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TRY IT!—IF YOU'LL KEEP STILL ABOUT THOSE MEDDLING JACKSONS!
CURSES! I'M LICKED! POSTUM AND I CAN'T MIX!
LATER
WELL, PETER, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE LODGE, NOW THAT YOU'RE A MEMBER?
HE'S HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE, MR. JACKSON! PETER GETS A THRILL OUT OF EVERYTHING SINCE HE SWITCHED TO POSTUM!

MANY people can drink coffee without any ill effects. But many others should never drink it.

So if you're nervous or irritable, if you can't sleep, or have nervous indigestion—and you think coffee-nerves may be responsible—by all means switch to Postum.

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(Continued from page 51)

upset you. She's certainly in love with him and he's a grand guy. She asked me to tell you that when considering a wedding and Christmas present to make it money as she has overdrawn her account again and the bank is quite nasty about it. . . That's Julie for you! And, Aunt Lin, since we're on the subject, I'd rather have cash for Christmas, too, if it's all the same to you. What use would a globe be to me?"

Julie, the feckless, married to handsome Jim Junior, the debutante's darling! Julie—her last beloved responsibility—gone!

The room rose dizzily, like a boat riding the tumbling sea. She felt a faint, stifling nausea, darkness closing in on her. She groped for the edge of the table, clutched it. Then, with a sobbing cry, she fell.

When at last she opened her aching eyes, she was on the lounge, with Patsy Anne's reassuring face bending over her. Aluminum stood in the doorway, wildly wringing her hands. Tom's breath still came in gasps from his terrified running to call the Professor, who now paced the porch in frantic strides.

"Did I faint?" she quavered.

Patsy Anne nodded. "Don't you know any better than to work like that in this heat? Now, rest. That's all you need—rest. I know all about faints. Granny has them. Tom, put away that typewriter. Aluminum, stop crying and get a soft pillow. Professor, sit down or go home—"

Aunt Linnet heard their meek "Yes, Mis-Patsy's," watched them pin back the curtains to let in the air, wheel the lounge out to catch a cross draft, move fast to her young bossiness.

Suddenly she felt old—old enough to die. Her eyes sought the blue teapot, and filled with weak tears. She stretched out a shaky hand and took up the pile of typed sheets, then dropped them into the wastebasket. . . Julie's book. . .

Wearily she began to cry. Tears rolled unheeded down her cheeks, to fall on her still hands. It was indeed . . . quitting time. . . .

But next day she had time for the Professor. And in the cool of the evening she went over to sit on his porch. The moon flooded the lane, edging each palm frond with shimmering silver. It turned his garden into fairyland, touching the bird-bath, the rockery and the jasmine bushes with white magic. His voice came to her, soft, soothing, quizzical—

"To continue our conversation of several weeks ago—and forgetting the hammer! What is the gift you want most for Christmas . . . truly?"

The thing too priceless to buy! On such a clearcut night, when everything was black and white, jet palm leaves against white moonlight, inky shadows on snowy sands, nothing was blurred, even wishes. She knew it was just the same. Her faint, Julie—nothing seemed to make any difference!

"Not to be on the shelf—yet," she said at last, furious because her voice broke. "While I'm whole, I mean, and in my right mind. To be needed . . . useful—well, I guess it's time to go home."

She stepped inside to get her coat. He stayed outside, singing in his soft remote way.

Everything inside was as neat as an institution, as austere as a monastery. The moon made a shining pool on top of his grand piano. The floors shone in varnished radiance on rugless stretches.

"And what's the thing *you* want most—truly?" she asked, as she came out again to the porch. Just to be saying something.

"Curtains at the windows," he said, and she jumped at the intensity of his words. "Cushions on the chairs, flowers in the vases—all the things that make a home"—he drew an impatient square in space with a slim white finger—"out of four walls and a roof."

They walked home in absolute silence—a singing, shining silence more eloquent than any words. Hand-in-hand, they came at last to Linnet's house. They found a forlorn little figure sitting on the porch steps, a late caller.

"Patsy Anne," teased the Professor, "now it's your turn to tell. What do *you* want most in all the world—for Christmas?"

But there was no answering gaiety in the twisted face she lifted. "Oh," she choked, "you know! To be trained for something, without leaving Granny."

Linnet gave a queer little gasp. She grabbed Patsy's hand, pulled her to her feet. "Office work, child . . . shorthand . . . typing? Heavenly days, I could train you. I could make you into the perfect secretary! Oh, Patsy Anne, let me! Don't stand there, staring! If you can't speak, just nod your head!"

Hours later Linnet tuned in on the carol broadcast. But her mind was not on "We Three Kings of the Orient Are." She was reckoning the Professor's windows in yards and widths, putting jasmine twigs in the black pottery vase near his piano. She was inscribing all those new secretary's books she had bought for Julie with Patsy's name.

Sleepy Tom came in to lock the doors. "Tom," she said, "I've a notion to use that old blue teapot, back in the corner there, for my tea in the morning. Yes, take it off the shelf."

It was late; she must go to bed. She took up that old shopping list, black with scratched-out items, and with dimpling mischief, wrote at the top, "One compass."

"It is now midnight," informed the announcer in dulcet tones.

Her eyes shot a questioning look at that run-down clock, with its hands still stalled at five—quitting time.

Quickly she arose, crossed to the mantel with her old springing step, wound up the clock and set it. A new day—soon a new year—starting time!

★

FINNISH RELIEF

The Finnish Relief Fund, Inc., states in a letter to *Christian Herald*, that over $1,500,000 has been raised and sent to Finland through the Hoover Committee. Since almost a million persons are homeless and destitute, however, additional funds are needed. The letter also states: "Mr. Hoover has arranged, from private sources, that the small expense of this office will be paid. Thus one hundred cents out of every dollar you send us is going to Finland." Send your contributions to Finnish Relief Fund, care Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., New York.

(Continued from page 31)

as a group, straight thinkers and square shooters and the term "little" could never properly have been applied to any of them.

I hold the missionary cause to be justified on a broad basis—a basis as broad as humanity itself, for missions is the outstanding expression of friendliness and helpfulness as between man and man, and as between races and nations:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The Vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord,'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellowmen.'

The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!"

If Leigh Hunt was right and if, some day, the names are written in a book, I cannot help but feel assured the missionary names will find a place not too far toward the back. And if, some day, the Master's voice is heard, repeating what He said, once, long ago, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me," the missionary cause will have its ultimate justification.

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man," said Samuel Walter Foss. By the sides of the roads throughout the world, where pass in throngs the sick and the oppressed and the unfortunate and the hopeless, there one finds the missionary, healing, teaching, encouraging, opposing injustice, giving hope.

To me, one of the most appealing characteristics of Jesus was His friendliness—His understanding, sympathy and helpfulness. He called the little children to Him and blessed them; He talked long with the woman at the well; He gave protection to the adulteress; He mingled with the poor and the sinful; His very miracles were done as acts of simple kindliness—the healing of the sick, the feeding of the hungry, the relieving of a hosts embarrassment. Year after year, while His disciples watched for great signs and wonders, He "went about doing good" and in the end laid down His life, as He, Himself, said "for his friends."

(Turn to next page)

"I TOLD YOU SHE WAS TOO OLD TO HAVE A BABY!"

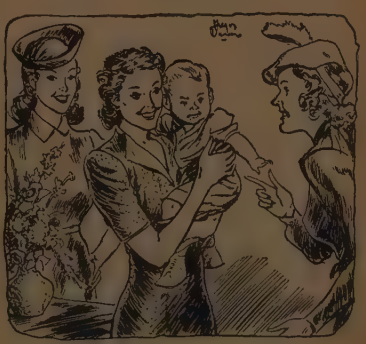
1. 1ST FRIEND: Great heavens! Susie's having trouble again!
2ND FRIEND: Well, what can you expect! Raising a first baby at *her* age! She's too set in her ways, I always said.

2. 1ST FRIEND: Don't be silly! Being up-to-date is not a question of age! It's a state of mind. And I'm going to tip her off right now.
2ND FRIEND: She'll never listen. Mark my words.

3. AT SUSIE'S HOUSE.
1ST FRIEND: Susie darling, we heard you were upset about your baby. And we thought we'd show you some of the new things we learned raising our babies.
SUSIE: New things? Name one!

4. 1ST FRIEND: Well, for instance, there's all this *special* care the doctor has been talking about lately. He says a baby's system is too delicate to experiment with. So *everything* he gets should be made *especially* for him . . . from special baby food all the way to a *special baby laxative!*

5. SUSIE: A special babies' laxative!!!
1ST FRIEND: Sure! It's FLETCHER'S CASTORIA! And it's designed *especially* for a baby's needs. It has no harsh "adult" drugs, so it just can't cramp or gripe. And believe me, it's SAFE!



6. SUSIE: But what about the taste? My little Indian fights any medicine that comes near him.
1ST FRIEND: Don't you worry about Fletcher's Castoria. Even the *taste* is made especially for children . . . Try it. You'll wonder how you ever got along without it!

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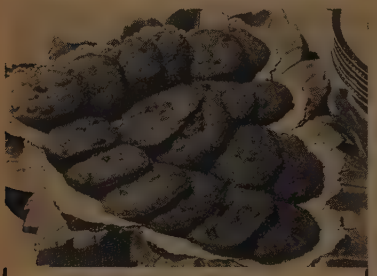

Brer Rabbit's Drop Cookies

Sift ¼ cup flour over 1 cup chopped raisins and 1 cup nut meats. Sift together 2¼ cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon ginger. Cream 1 cup butter; add 1 cup brown sugar; blend until smooth. Add 3 eggs, beaten; then ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Add dry ingredients alternately with ½ cup milk in which ¼ teaspoon soda has been dissolved. Stir in ½ teaspoon vanilla extract, ¼ teaspoon almond extract and a few drops of lemon extract. Add floured raisins and nuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 8 to 10 minutes.

WHEN you serve these Drop Cookies—your guests will beg for the recipe! They're so entirely new in flavor—and sensationally delicious.

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(Continued from page 43)

hour and 15 minutes. Let stand a few minutes before removing. Remove from pans, scoop out soft centers from underside then cool. Serve with ice cream and top with fruit sauce. Yield: 20 portions. Better not mix more than this number at a time.

An alternative in this banquet pattern is to begin with a jellied soup instead of a fruit cup then end by filling these meringue nests with fresh fruits instead of ice cream. For a pink and white blending use fresh red raspberries or strawberries or currants that have stood overnight in a drift of powdered sugar. For a study in green choose green grapes. Cut the grapes in halves, remove the seeds, drain, then wrap in cheesecloth which absorbs the remaining moisture and pack in the coldest part of the refrigerator for several hours. Serve with powdered sugar. Sliced fresh peaches or apricots and diced pineapple are to be remembered for a yellow and white parade.

Another dessert delicate as gossamer and with elusive fresh fruit fragrance is fruit Bavarian. Its color will depend upon the fruit you choose to use. Peaches lend gold, apricots hold yellow, strawberries and raspberries produce the blush pink shades and black raspberries give the Royal purple, that color so popular with Seniors anywhere.

PEACH BAVARIAN CREAM

6 packages lemon or orange-flavored gelatin
1½ quarts hot water
1½ quarts peach juice
3 cups heavy cream
1½ quarts sweetened crushed peaches
½ teaspoon almond extract

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add peach juice. Chill until cold and syrupy. Fold in cream, whipped only until thick and shiny, but not stiff. Fold in peaches and flavoring. Chill until slightly thickened. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with peach slices. Yield: 50 portions.

For the nut bowl don't overlook the green pistachio. Remember cashews and peanuts are brightly yellow, blanched almonds snowy white, a roasted Brazil nut is brown. For more vivid color effects use after dinner mints which can be ordered in any shade. There are candied almonds around a dollar a pound in a brave array of pink, green, yellow and white.

(Continued from page 53)

I know of no cause which conforms more closely to the principles of Jesus as shown by His life than does the missionary cause, nor any group of people who attempt to follow more closely His example of friendliness and helpfulness than do the missionaries.

The missionary has long been represented in cartoons and comment as a frock-coated, long-faced, sour-visaged individual whose only attitude is one of censure. If there was ever any truth in that characterization it has long since been outlived. The true picture of the missionary is that of a student, closely studying the language and customs of the people with whom he is associated; of a hard-muscled man in dirty clothes digging a ditch to drain a swamp; of a trained agriculturalist planting new trees and vegetables and flowers; of a schoolteacher giving hours and hours of extra time to special classes and backward pupils, her only thought their development; of a doctor operating month after month in an open jungle hut; of a preacher explaining, again and again, to little groups of groping seekers after truth, the significance of Jesus' life and teaching.

I know that nothing I can ever do will bring me half the satisfaction I obtained in my unselfish years in missionary service. I had a place. I was the only doctor in an area as big as Maryland. For years I averaged more than 50,000 patients every year in my dispensary and many thousands more on trips into the back country. Their need was great and they had no other place to go. I pulled their teeth and set their bones and dressed their wounds and washed their awful ulcers. I repaired their hernias and removed their tumors. I treated their yaws and leprosy and sleeping sickness and worms and itch and lice. I was as friendly as I knew how to be because they needed friendship so; and I did what I could to help to lift the burden of fear from their witch-bound souls.

I wasn't as effective as I might have been. Another man would probably have done a better job. But it was an endeavor which required no vindication. I had no axe to grind, no wires to pull. There was no money to be made. The only possible reason for my being there was that I had an opportunity to be helpful where help was badly needed. I was a missionary.

It is one of the primary principles of psychology that people like to be depended on—to feel that they are needed; and much of the reward the missionary gets results from that. When it became known that we were leaving the Congo to stay, deputation after deputation from all over the region came to urge us to return.

"Ah! Do not leave us," was what they said; "who will do for us what you have done when you are gone? You are our father and our mother and all our relatives."

I shall remember that.

The essence of the missionary teaching is and always has been the essential unity of all humanity. The missionaries have been the chief proponents of the philosophy of human brotherhood and have pioneered in the development of peace and cooperation and understanding and friendship between nations. In this regard they have been far more effective than diplomats or business men; for the latter have been concerned with politics and commerce while the missionary has sought only to further the application of Christian principles. He has worked ardently for international intercourse in a spirit of amity and good will and has found many ways to bring it about. He has established common interests among distant and divergent types of culture by interpreting their customs one to another.

No other group has ever approached the missionary group in thoroughness of its study of the language and the culture of the people with whom they have contact or in the humility and sympathy of their attitude. Think that over. This is a fact that has had far-reaching results in building up interracial good will and in counteracting the chest thumping, strutting and cock-of-the-walk posturing so

common in the white man's contacts with other races. Nothing has assuaged racial bitterness so effectively as the missionary's disinterestedness and his desire to bring happiness to all men.

The missionary has not infrequently been accused of being a disturbing element in the relations between Western countries and their colonials, but that is because he has always stood out for the principles of fairness and justice and has opposed the selfish and antisocial exploitation of weaker races.

In every country into which he has gone the missionary has upheld the highest of ethical and moral standards. He has attempted to interpret to the world the best of our civilization. Diplomats have been busy in furthering political and trade relations and in widening the spheres of influence of their respective countries; colonial officials and administrators have been chiefly concerned with assets and advantages which might accrue to their own nations; travelers have been curious and interested; traders and commercial interests have gone out for profits and exploitation. Only the missionary has had as his primary object the uplift of the people, spiritually, mentally, and physically. Wherever the white man has gone there have been introduced all the low and sordid and shoddy and unsavory and villainous elements of our much vaunted Western civilization. The critics of missions might do well to remember that the missionary would have been far more effective in his efforts if he had not been obliged to live down the awful stench created by his white brethren.

In the midst of wars and rumors of wars it has become increasingly apparent that it is essential, as at no other time, for the Christian ideal of human brotherhood to be preached and exemplified among all peoples. In spite of the present distress there is evidence to believe that men's hearts are more than ever open to the great truths of the Christian philosophy of life.

In Japan there is a widespread disillusion regarding war and the people of that land, so attractive, so hospitable, so kindly in their natural attitudes and characteristics, are anxious to find a better way to solve their problems.

Even in Europe, underneath the surface of defiant, boasting, stiff-necked nationalisms there is a current of weariness and hopelessness. On both sides, while they fight and gird themselves for further fighting and whip themselves into hatred with frenzied propaganda, they have a profound realization of the utter futility of what they do. Battling with pride and bitterness and passion in their souls is the desperate longing to find peace and safety and decent living conditions.

The failure of laws and tribunals and treaties is a foregone conclusion unless they are based on common interests, understanding and appreciation—unless they are motivated by a spirit of brotherhood founded on the principles of Jesus. We must attain the ideals of the Gospel or we are lost. What else can solve the problems of the world, can lead men to the good life, and heal the hurt of human hearts?

There never has been a time when missions and the spirit of missions are as essential as they are today.

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(Continued from page 37)

floor covering. It is essentially a cement composition, the ingredients of which are by no means new, but have been joined with an asbestos filler and color pigment to permit a new form of application. Its particular advantage is that it can be applied over any type of old wood floor, provided it is solid, and the minimum thickness of the covering can be kept as small as ½ an inch. The advantage of this can be more readily appreciated when one realizes that the minimum thickness of concrete under similar conditions would have to be at least one full inch or even an inch and a half, thus producing a greater dead weight and the use of a greater quantity of material.

Magnesite is produced in various colors. It is resilient, light in weight, is not affected by grease or oils, and is easily maintained. These particular characteristics account for the fact that the material is frequently used for surfacing the floors of church kitchens and lavatories. The cost of magnesite floor is in the same price range as asphalt tile.

Church gymnasiums and large recreational rooms, constructed below grade, frequently require the use of a wood surface rather than a composition covering. Ordinary wood floorings, as previously stated, have not always proved successful and, for this reason, a mastic bonded wood floor is used. This is a floor especially designed for heavy traffic and consists of a series of connected wood blocks laid in mastic upon a concrete subsurface. Although not widely specified in this country until the last few years, this type of floor is far from new. Travelers to Europe have seen this form of treatment in many of the century-old castles of England and the Continent.

There are several different types of mastic bonded wood floors made from oak, beech or maple. One manufacturer utilizes a rift method of cutting which reduces the amount of expansion and movement and retains much of the practical advantages of quarter sawed lumber. When laid, this floor has somewhat the appearance of a parquetry floor and succeeds in combining complete utility with a definite appreciation of beauty. Although more expensive than an ordinary wood floor, its ability to withstand the strain of certain requirements, makes this form of construction comparatively inexpensive.

Carpets, rugs, terrazzo, marble, exposed wood flooring in both normal and plank widths—continue to have their place of importance in our modern church. A red broadloom runner in the center aisle of the white interior of a Colonial Church is still one of the most effective treatments one can suggest, and similar types of covering will always continue to be used. The discussion of these other materials, mentioned in this article, in no way intends to suggest the elimination of such floor treatments that through time have proven their worth, but instead it is hoped that this brief review will broaden our scope and make us realize that the building industry has placed a new variety of products at our disposal. They have provided us with a complete range of floor treatments, each developed to perform a certain function—each with some particular quality to solve some special problem. It now becomes our task to add this knowledge to that which we have previously gleaned.

We are entering upon a new era when again the treatment of the floor becomes an important factor in building design. Beauty and utility can be made to go hand in hand and construction costs still kept within due bounds. We may not approach the majestic splendor of the temples of old, but certainly, with the proper application of our knowledge of materials, the next generation will not say of us, "They could use wood—or wood."

(Continued from page 19)

so far I have not mentioned friendship. Let me say, here and now, that being friends with your husband or wife is very nearly as important as being in love. Friendship is a sharing of ideals and dreams; and it is this sharing that has preserved many a home when the first blush of romance was dying away. Books read together, civic duties performed together, little pleasures taken together—these are the perquisites of friendship.

Jealousy and love can sometimes live in the same house, but jealousy and friendship can not. A woman in love can say astonishingly cruel things and a man in love can answer with equal cruelty. But a pair of friends are usually honest enough with their desires and emotions to lay the cards on the table and talk things out.

Friends! There is not only this matter of being friends with each other to be considered. When a man and a woman are married, there is the vital business of the wife accepting *his* friends—and the husband *her* friends. Every young wife has disliked one or two of her husband's old associates; every young husband has, at one time or another, criticised his bride's "girl friends." It is here that tolerance must enter in.

Whenever a new home is founded, God's altar should be raised. No home can be a real home unless the Father is present in it. The marriage service is God's seal upon the union of two young people—indeed, it ends with the ringing words, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." It seems only right and fitting that God, who has done this joining, should be a welcome guest in the home.

You see, a home does not exist for selfish gratification, alone. A home is a part of the community and the community is a part of the nation. Thus a home has its debt to the community and the nation; and one of the most tangible of these debts may be paid by church attendance. It is easy for young folk to slip into the habit of missing the Sunday service. It should be equally easy to make that service a dear duty.

I think, myself, that a Bible should have the place of honor in every new home. It's the first piece of furniture that should be moved in, and the book that should be most often read, and the possession that should be prized above all others. In olden days the bride's mother used always to contribute a family Bible as part of the bride's dowry or trousseau. It is a custom that should be revived!

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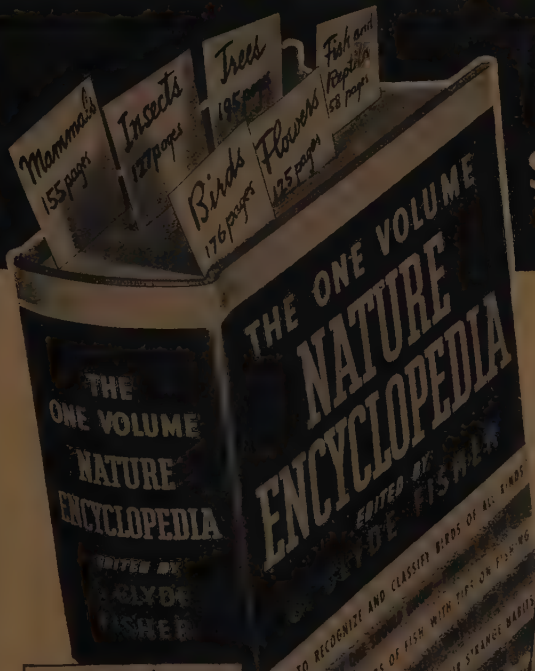
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(Continued from page 26)

S. Waite is the president. They meet every Friday night and it is the duty of each member to find someone who needs spiritual or financial aid and to report on it.

New Jersey has a total of fourteen Good Neighbor Clubs. In Beverly, thirteen members furnish milk to aged and babies; one does laundry each week for a neighbor; they take "oldsters" on automobile trips, furnish medicine for the sick and entertain the blind. In Clifton, one club has ten members, another nineteen—one of the most helpful and co-operative of all our chapters. Cranford has one hundred and seventy-five men of Everyman's Bible Class under the leadership of Fred Lange. Protestants, Catholics and Jews together are strongly organized to help their neighbors and community. They have a Junior Group also, composed of sixty boys from sixteen to twenty-one in training for adult Good Neighbor work.

Nine energetic women in Kearney—a surgical group which works in conjunction with the West Hudson Hospital. Elizabeth, Paterson, Rahway, Milford, Somerville, each has its chapter of Good Neighbors, too, contributing in some special way to ease the load of life when it weighs heaviest. Two clubs in West Orange, one with thirteen members,—the other with only three—but what a three they are! They are especially interested in crippled children.

Florida has its ten Good Neighbor Clubs. Fifteen Junior High School girls in Eustis, twenty-one adults in St. Cloud, headed by a blind woman! Two chapters in Melbourne; Clermont has nineteen workers; fourteen married women in Tampa; thirty belong at West Palm Beach. Then at Winter Park, Florida, where twelve members are led by Rachel Lester, a colored Good Neighbor. Here in a day nursery they care for and entertain little Negro children while their mothers are at work, giving each a glass of milk, a bite of lunch thrown in, all for ten cents a day—if the mother has it. And she most certainly would not have it if she could not have a safe place to leave her little one while she goes out to pick up what winter day-work she can. One of our northern Good Neighbors called to see the little group at work—and reported an immaculate house, well-kept-up grounds and sincere, capable and earnest workers. Ten cents a day per child including lunch! Out in front of the little nursery is a sign on which are printed all the words of "My Task"—the theme song of our Cheer and Comfort broadcasts. "To love someone more dearly everyday." Yes, they have caught the spirit of the Master, too.

New York leads the states in numbers with thirty-one Good Neighbor Clubs. Albany with two clubs, Beacon, Bedford Hills, and Brewster where twenty-one farm women help each other in their seasonal efforts; Brooklyn with three separate chapters; Elmira has one club with fourteen members . . . they help a ninety-year-old neighbor take her bath . . . another with twenty-five. Endicott with thirty-two Junior High School boys and girls helping the poor. Fairfield with twenty-four members; Goshen, nine little girls; Middle Island, eight. Oriskany Falls and Hancock, four; Ridgewood has thirty-three members devoted to cancer hospital; South Hempstead, thirty-two. Twin Clubs in Sullivanville, fifteen and twenty-one members, work with mountain people; five Juniors in Syracuse help with others their own age; four in Utica; Wadhams, thirty very active friends. Woodburne has twelve members and in Valley Stream is our Musical Group,—six high school boys who have an orchestra of two violins, three trumpets and one trombone. Assisted by the mother of one of them, they give concerts in the various Long Island Institutions and Homes.

Then metropolitan New York City has one club of twenty-seven men and women. Ten neighbors of various nationalities and creeds started this chapter. Presbyterian, Methodist, Christian Scientist, Catholics, Jew, who lived in the same apartment house—all ready and willing to help others. "French, German, English, Italian, Scotch, Irish, and last but not least," quotes her letter, "Americans." An elevator boy, a clerk, and a teacher, one housewife, a restaurant worker, a milliner and a student—a melting pot of Good Neighbors and all out to do good.

Then in Harlem—"The Rescue Club"—seven negro women, quiet and capable. After establishing their identity, good faith and affiliation with our national radio clubs, they systematically went about their Good Neighbor work. They gained permission from the city to canvas the local stores—collecting many supplies of all kinds. They knew who were the deserving in their community! And they fed the truly hungry, aided in imperative relief.

And still we have not completed the list. There are nineteen separate clubs in Pennsylvania, nine in Virginia, three in West Virginia and one in Ontario, Canada, with twenty of our Good Neighbors there. . . . The strong and capable Tuberculosis Service Group of Pittsburgh; the club of grown-ups in Irwin, headed by the cashier of the bank; and many others, in North Carolina, in Virginia, in Ohio—all over the land.

In Warren, Rhode Island, is a wonderful group—fifty-two members, who move needy families, take poor children to the movies. They have a fifty-acre farm on a river which they turn over to underprivileged city children for summer vacations—fill them up with milk, butter, eggs and vegetables. . . . The youngsters can swim and fish right on the place. . . .

There is a Correspondence Good Neighbor Club with close to two hundred members doing their scattered work by mail: a Braille Good Neighbor Club with five blind girls as active members—out to make others happy.

All ages, races and creeds have joined in our hopes and plans of helpfulness; the poor, the wealthy, the material, tender-hearted children and hard-headed businessmen: modern young girls and boys, metropolitan residents, town and country folk,—the kind of persons who make the rest of us proud that we, too, are members of the same human race.

Yes, our Good Neighbor Clubs have the very spirit the world needs,—the spirit of The Golden Rule itself.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR APRIL

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

☆

APRIL 7

Amos Pleads for Justice

AMOS 5 AND 7
(Printed lesson, Amos 5:1, 10-15, 21-24)

THE eighth century B.C. was a stirring period. Its opening years saw the material and political prosperity of both the Hebrew kingdoms. Israel, in particular, under Jeroboam II enlarged its borders and influence more than at any time since the division of the kingdom at the close of King Solomon's reign. But the closing years of the century were to witness the deep humiliation of Judah and the complete destruction of Israel. Into the middle of this picture came Amos, a simple, rustic man, but great in his courage and foresight. In a time of peace and prosperity he bravely talked of destruction to come, and put the blame where it belonged, on the sins of the people toward God and toward humanity. Amos is a favorite prophet of those who strive for social justice and a new social order.

What was the task which confronted Amos, and how did he handle it?

"As he observed the injustice, the oppression, the self-indulgent luxury, the indifference and immorality which characterized the northern kingdom, he found little encouragement that his word of denunciation would be heeded. . . . With no attempt at palliation he laid bare all its social and religious corruption and declared that, as sure as Jehovah was a God of justice, He must and would destroy that corrupt northern kingdom." *(The Messages of the Earlier Prophets.)*

The picture which met the eyes of Amos and which inspired his sermons contained the following: The luxury of the rich, the palaces of hewn stone (5:11), some of them paneled with ivory (3:15), summer and winter residences (3:15), with extravagant furnishings (3:12), the elegance of their revelries (6:5,6), their use of the best in food, oils, and music (6:4-6). But worse than the possession of these things was the manner of getting them. "The wealth and luxury of the rich were obtained by violence and robbery, by oppression of the poor and needy, who were driven into actual slavery by their cruel creditors (2:6,7), by dishonest trading, in which every possible advantage was taken of the unsuspecting buyer (8:5), by exacting presents and bribes (5:12). . . . The corruption of the courts of justice was notorious (5:12), justice was bought and sold (5:12)." *(Prophetic Books of the Old Testament.)*

Two grave dangers threatened the northern kingdom while Amos solemnly preached the truth: (1) destruction from within, as the inevitable price which an individual or a nation pays for its corruption; (2) destruction from without, at the hands of Assyria, waiting like a tiger to pounce upon her prey.

As a rescue from the first of these dangers Amos proclaimed the simple gospel which later was personalized in Jesus Christ, the Saviour. "It is not ritual that will save you," he said, "but repentance. Your feasts and your assemblies are a mockery; you should *seek the Lord God.* You must seek good, not evil; you must hate the evil, and love the good, and establish justice everywhere." Amos was right; the only way to escape destruction from within is to throw out the cause of destruction.

From the second of these dangers—the conquest by the Assyrian horde—there was no rescue to be proclaimed.

Some Textual Points

Amos looks upon his words as a *lamentation* (v.1), for "he sees the nation fallen and flung lifeless to the ground, never to rise again."

The expression *in the gate* (vv.10,12) refers to the administration of justice; for in the gateway of the city wall sat the elders to dispense justice to those who came.

Is there any similarity between the opening words of verse 11 and the plight of "share-croppers" in many states of our own country?

The taking of bribes (the surest way to sidetrack justice) and the hampering of good people in their efforts to perform worthy deeds are always despicable acts.

Worship of God must always be based upon spiritual longings, not on ceremony and ritual (vv.21-23). While there is much to be said for beauty of expression and for the fine arts in the modern development of worship, even these may become as ineffective as the feasts and sacrifices of the prophet's time.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why does the message of Amos have application in our day?
2. At what points do you discover the social wrongs of Amos' time to be like those of our time?
3. What judgment comes to individuals who violate the standards of social justice?

APRIL 14

Hosea Tells of God's Forgiving Love

HOSEA 6, 11, AND 14
(Printed lesson, Hosea 6:1-7; 14:4-9)

EVEN if the reader is wholly unfamiliar with the book of Hosea and its con-

(Continued on page 68)

Who Used This Brazen Altar?

- ✓ Where are the ruins of the Tower of Babel?
- ✓ How was Solomon's Empire divided after his death?
- ✓ Where were the five provinces of New Testament Palestine?
- ✓ What is the present-day name of Bethlehem?
- ✓ Where did Jesus meet and heal a deaf stammerer?

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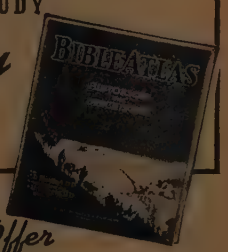

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NEW BOOKS TO READ

By
DANIEL A. POLING

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Combat at Midnight, by Hermann Hagedorn. (The John Day Company, $2.00.) Here is poetry in tune with the infinite, challenging men to live greatly and now. Hermann Hagedorn is both a seer and a man of affairs, a mystic and a doer of deeds, a poet and a prophet of the dawn. For more than twenty years he has been my choice for America's poet laureate.

The Inside Story, edited by Robert Spiers Benjamin. (Prentice-Hall, Inc., $2.75.) Between two covers and in less than three hundred pages are twenty Ripleys and as many mystery stories. The top flight correspondents of their generation release their "Scoops." From the Pancho Villa raid to Japan's peace terms to Chiang Kai-shek, and from Stalin to Mussolini, Editor Benjamin carries us in these trenchant, thrilling chapters.

Common Sense Neutrality, edited by Paul Comly French. (Hastings House, $2.00.) Contributing to this volume are Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, Senator Borah, Major Gen. Butler, Herbert Hoover, Mrs. Roosevelt, Norman Thomas, Rufus Jones and many others. It may or may not be significant that the Roosevelt family, with Eleanor the mother and Elliott the son, is the only house appearing twice. The chapters are from previous public statements or widely circulated articles. The book presents a timely cross section of American thought and conviction. It does not attempt to present a comprehensive or a united program for peace. It emphasizes, I think, the impossibility of an intellectual or spiritual neutrality.

Mr. Smith, Meet Mr. Cohen, by James Waterman Wise and Lee J. Levinger. (Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., $2.00.) Here is a particularly timely book. It is crowded with historical materials and gives an intimate picture of our Jewish neighbors. We shall be wiser, better Americans for having read it.

Since Yesterday, by Frederick Lewis Allen. (Harper & Brothers, illustrated, $3.00.) An encyclopedia of contemporary American history. Easily read, it gives a concise, true picture of the past decade. There is humor and drama, though the central theme is economic and political. I do not now recall that anything is left out!

Days of My Life, by Flo V. Menninger. (Richard R. Smith, illustrated, $2.50.) She heard Lincoln speak at Gettysburg, and perhaps that experience has been a dominant influence throughout her teaching life. Here is a mother who talks as a mother, who has something to say to all other mothers—and to their children.

The Radiant Quest, by Grace Noll Crowell. (Harper & Brothers, $1.50.) Perhaps Grace Noll Crowell is the most widely quoted poet of our time. Hers is an immortal song, and here are many of her most tender and beautiful verses.

The Sacrament of Reunion, by Cyril Charles Richardson. (Charles Scribner's Sons, $1.25.) A scholarly and vital presentation of the very heart of the discussions now going forward between the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. Dr. Richardson is ecumenical, and these pages reveal him as qualified to elucidate such issues as the Ministry, Apostolic Succession, and the Eucharist. He will be read with equal appreciation, I believe, in both and, indeed, all churches.

Head of the House, by Grace Livingston Hill. (J. B. Lippincott Company, $2.00.) Another of those stories that keep the many devoted readers of Grace Livingston Hill waiting expectantly. No writer in America has a more loyal following. "Head of the House" is one of the author's most characteristic novels.

The World's Saturday Night, by William E. Biederwolf, D.D. (Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Michigan, $1.00.) There is a poignancy in the thought that here is the last book of sermons from the trenchant pen and fertile mind of Biederwolf. His dynamic, passionate, evangelical faith sounds a glorious trumpet.

Time Out to Live, by William West Tomlinson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, $1.00.) "Time Out to Live" is really the confession of a successful business man who found greater success in the more thrilling business of living for others. "Time Out to Live" tells of a physical failure that became the prelude to a spiritual triumph. Here is practical aid and an inspiration for all who would face life manfully.

From A Garden Note Book

By Donald H. Kingery

☆ ☆ ☆

ONE of the spring chores that I like to do and find a lot of pleasure therewith, is the dividing up of old clumps of perennials, to make a supply of new plants. In some cases, this is merely a rejuvenation, a restoration of the youth of the plant. In other cases, the purpose is multiplication, to secure a greater supply of some favorite flower.

A perennial plant, as you doubtless know, is one which lives for a number of years. Often it dies to the ground over winter, but reappears with spring. Other perennials have evergreen tops which do not die down. Some perennials, too, are best divided at other seasons of the year. Thus bearded iris is divided shortly after blooming; Oriental poppies are divided in midsummer, after they have become dormant; peonies are divided and reset in early fall.

But the great body of perennial flowers, especially those which die to the ground in winter and those which have fibrous root systems and many crowns from which growth comes, are best divided in spring. If one has only one or a few plants of something that blooms early, waiting until after bloom will save the season's flowers. Otherwise, I like to do it early, though any time from late March to first of July will do.

AFTER an old clump of perennials begins growth in the spring and the new tops are two to three inches long, I dig the clump with a spade. If the tops are too long or roots too long, these I first prune or clip off; and for this purpose I use either tin snips or a light pair of pruning shears.

Then if I can do it readily with my fingers, I pull the clump apart into small pieces or divisions. More often, however these divisions have to be made by cutting with a knife. Sometimes, the first division into halves and quarters of an old, heavy clump, must be done with the edge of a flat spade or even a hatchet. For making the smaller divisions, a stainless steel kitchen knife with blade six to eight inches long will suffice.

In making these divisions, the size will depend upon how many such I want and the purpose. If I am dividing for rejuvenation of old clumps and expect to set the divisions right back in the flower bed, I make large divisions. But if my purpose is to set them in a nursery bed, I make them much smaller. Any division that has a growing crown and a bit of root, will usually take hold and grow.

IF A gardener wants to grow his own perennial plants, a nursery bed or propagation bed is an essential. This is some place apart from the ornamental side of one's home grounds. This I spade up in advance. Manure can be spaded under in the preparation and some plant food worked in. Then I transplant my little divisions into this, in rows.

With most perennials of average to larger size, I set the divisions 12 to 18 inches apart and make the rows about two feet apart. This gives me a chance to use the wheel hoe to cultivate them along with the vegetable patch. If these perennials are of smaller type, I may set the divisions six to ten inches apart in the rows.

SOMETIME during this month is an excellent period to sow seeds of most perennial flowers. I find I have best luck by sowing the seeds in an open frame of simple construction, but with the soil suitably prepared. This involves spading first, and then working in sufficient builders' sand and some suitable compost so that the soil is a mixture in about equal proportions of soil, sand and compost. Old manure rotted down enough to be sifted, black woods soil, sifted compost, or granulated peat moss are suitable materials.

In sowing the seeds, a common fault is to cover them too deeply. Larger seeds can be sown in drills just as garden crop seeds. Smaller seeds can be broadcast and stirred in with the fingers. But tiny seeds should be broadcast only and let lie on the surface.

AFTER the seeds are sown, I press them into the ground with a flat piece of wood and then lay strips of burlap over the surface. Instead of watering after this, it is just as well to wait and let the rain fall on the bed. A shade of plaster lath is then laid over the bed. In due time the seedlings should appear. The burlap is then removed and the bed recovered with the lath shade which remains until the seedlings have made some growth and true leaves are in evidence. When the seedlings are large enough to be handled readily, they are transplanted into the nursery bed.

In my nursery bed, where I have set out the small divisions and the seedlings, I simply grow these little perennials as I would my vegetables. If both can be set out by June, then with a summer's cultivation most of them are large enough by fall for moving into the various flower beds where they are wanted.

SUCCESS with annual flowers consists in growing the strongest, thriftiest plants possible, for without such plants, the choice blooms one likes to have are not at all certain. To do this, the good gardener sows certain of his annuals in a seed frame and then transplants them. This produces a more thrifty plant.

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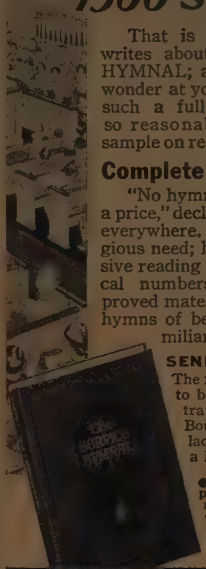

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(Continued from page 15)

gations have built new churches.

Perhaps the outstanding reason these days is fire. Every year hundreds of churches burn. There isn't anything you can do about that, and we're not suggesting anything—although there is a very good story about Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, architect of Princeton University. There was one old building on the campus which so annoyed Dr. Cram that he continuously grumbled about it—he would even shut his eyes when he passed it. One night it burned to the ground and the next day the President of Princeton received this wire from Boston. "I did not do it—Ralph Adams Cram."

Sometimes churches build anew because of bad location. As people move out of a community, the problem of parking cars becomes very difficult; the character of the community changes, so that churches already there can well care for the needs of the immediate community. In such cases a new plot is located which is accessible to the present constituents of the church and will enable the church to minister to a large unreached population.

Sometimes the old building becomes obsolescent, unsuitable for present needs and in such bad condition that remodeling would be uneconomical. Like many churches erected when the financial ability of the congregation required such strict economy, instead of solid brick walls, brick veneer over wood frame was used. Instead of the best materials, a cheaper quality of materials was required. Forty years of use have left such buildings in complete need of replacement.

Another church was built because the existing one was really not a church. It was planned when auditoriums were erected instead of sanctuaries. The wide room with curved pews was badly arranged for worship and preaching because it was too wide and the acoustics were very bad. The minister when preaching would turn first to one side and then to the other in an attempt to face all the people at some time during the sermon. Consequently none of the worshipers could give complete attention to the message.

Also, the Sunday School building was not planned for a school at all but for a big mass assembly. Separate rooms for the different age groups were impossible. There were no separate class rooms with sound proof partitions; no suitable place to erect blackboards and provide other equipment needed in a modern church school.

Again a new church building was erected because it was desired to have a unified program of the activities necessary in character building. Instead of farming out the recreational activities of the Sunday School classes and the boys' and girls' clubs to non-church institutions, it was desired that all such activities should become a vital part of the church work under the leadership of the teachers and other workers who were administering to these groups. It was desired that the whole program of Christian education and recreational activities be based on the spiritual program of the church in which worship is the vitalizing center. This meant that a fellowship hall, with a high ceiling for games and a stage for religious dramatics and pageantry and a dining room for fellowship, be provided.

Another new church was built out of the conviction that a well developed and a graded program of religious education is necessary if we are to have a generation of churchgoers in America. This church is already conducting a vacation church school during the summer, and with an arrangement with the Board of Education in the city it is permitted to have their children in a school of religion one hour a week on public school time and with public school credit throughout the school year. In order to secure this cooperation on the part of the public school authorities, it was necessary for them to have a real church school building with separate class and departmental rooms with blackboards and other necessary equipment.

Still another new church was erected as a result of the new interest in this Protestant church, as in many others, in effective worship. It was desired to have a sanctuary whose effect upon the worshiper would be such that reverence and devotion would be induced. They wanted an effective sanctuary that would be kept open during all the days of the week; and it is noticeable that where such a room is provided, many people will enter the sanctuary during busy week days or when passing by, for a few moments of recreation, devotion and prayer.

Then build the House of God because the people need a sanctuary—a place of repose and recreation of the inner forces. Man needs a place to meet God to restore his best purposes and to strengthen his best decisions, to protect himself at times from the ever-weakening contests with the world.

Men change—their aspirations and their avocations change. The church is the physical realm of our worship; it, too, must keep step with the new requirements.

☆

EDWIN MARKHAM, 1852-1940

Let us not think of our departed dead
As caught and cumbered in these graves of earth;
But think of death as of another birth,
As a new freedom for the wings outspread,
As a new heaven yet higher for the head,
As a new joy of more ethereal mirth,
As a new world with friends of nobler worth,
Where all may taste a more immortal bread.

So, comrades, if you pass my grave sometime,
Pause long enough to breathe this little rhyme:
"Here now the dust of Edwin Markham lies,
But lo, he is not here! He is afar
On life's great errands under mighter skies,
And pressing on toward some melodious star."

—Epitaph written by Mr. Markham in 1928

☆

(Continued from page 39)

lame shadow across the street without trouble and actually got back to Penn to find that virtue had its reward in the taxicab she had halted. Never was spot more welcome than our hotel that night.

The next morning, with our thirty pounds of luggage each, and our gas masks, we were off at 7:45 for the Imperial Airways station. We landed there and found another cue. What's more, all passports, all visas, the French flying permit, the permit to leave England, our tickets from London to Lisbon, and from Lisbon to the United States were examined. A long blank was filled out by each of us—where we were born, where and why we had lived where we did, how much money we had with us; and then we were put on the scales and weighed, with our overcoats and luggage, before we were told to go out and get into the bus which would take us to the flying field. This consumed just about an hour.

When we reached the flying field in the bus another queue was lined up in front of a closed door on which was a sign, "No Cameras, Manuscripts, Magazines, Maps or Photographs of any kind may be taken aboard." Two by two the passengers filed behind the closed door; and after perhaps a half hour, our turn came.

We entered a large, pleasant room with a high desk counter on one side and a low counter on the other where luggage was piled. Again we filled out blanks; again we answered all sorts of questions, all put most courteously; and then we were asked to open our purses. Each of us was carrying, of course, a huge traveling pocketbook, filled with everything. By this time, however, neither of us had the slightest reticence about anything. The very charming official, who began to grope into my bag, apologized, and said, "You know, it is war." And I nodded. "I perfectly understand." He opened my little diary notebook, but could make nothing of my handwriting, grinned a little, and handed it back to me. There was nothing in the bag that escaped his eye. The only thing he confiscated was the envelope which contained a letter from my tourist agent, Mr. Boulton. On the back of this envelope was a full-sized print of Torquay Harbor. He smiled at me and I smiled at him. He said "It has to be." And he tore it up. But as we moved away, he said, "Oh, your gas masks. May I see them, please." We handed them over. "I am sorry," he said, "but I must take those and your ration books. They are the King's property." "But," I said, "we have to be in Paris several hours. Suppose there is an air raid." "I am so sorry," he repeated, "but you will have to equip yourselves in Paris. When you return to England, if you will show the identity card, both the gas masks and ration books will be returned to you."

He then moved me on to the next desk where I had to show again my banker's permit to take ten pounds for myself and ten pounds for Penn out of England, as well as sufficient cash to pay our train fare across Spain and Portugal.

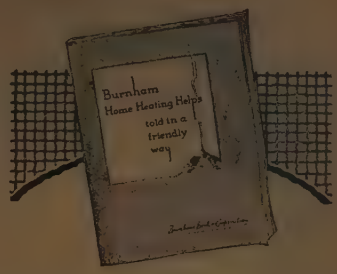
Our two suitcases, by this time, had appeared on the luggage bench, with a nice-looking young man hovering over them. Having passed through the first ordeal successfully, we went hopefully to our bag examination. Someone near us was having a dreadful time, though, sputtering and scolding, so I didn't know what Penn and I might be up against. The young official, again exceedingly courteous and affable, went through my bag very quickly. The only thing that interested him was my will and several income-tax papers which were in the side pockets. I hope he enjoyed looking at my will more than I had enjoyed writing it. Anyway, he quickly finished with me, and then turned to Penn.

Now Penn's luggage is always a matter of extraordinary surprise and interest to custom officials. A week before she is due to go anywhere she begins to pack, and she packs very beautifully. She wraps everything in tissue paper and puts each article in the proper place. But no sooner has she completely packed, then she remembers things that she ought to have put in and decides there are several things that she doesn't need to take with her. So she begins what I call the second phase of her packing. She throws things in; then she pulls things out. She packs and repacks with tissue paper until the tissue paper is destroyed. This continues for several days. So that by the day we are ready to start her bag is truly a riot. On this trip, of course, packing was made infinitely difficult by the fact that she had to bring the bathroom scales into the room and at intervals put her bag on it and weigh the bag.

I waited with interest and a certain smugness of middle-aged superiority to see what she and the young customs' official would make of the thirty pounds. I was the more interested because he was young and so was Penn. He looked at the jewelry; he looked at the box of makeup; he examined the clothing, his eyes twinkling more and more. Finally he lifted up a six-inch thick pile of letters and asked her what these were. Penn blushed. "Well, sir," she said, "I am going to be in America for quite a while and those are some letters I wanted to have with me."

I cleared my throat. I knew the letters were from Penn's very particular young man. The official grinned widely, said "I'm very sorry, but I'll have to see whether or not I'll have to read these letters." I followed him as he went off to the desk on the other side of the room, and said to him quietly, "Those are letters from my daughter's . . ." He interrupted me. "I understand, Madame," he said. He showed the pile to an austere-looking official and said, "Are these to be read, sir? They belong to this young lady. She is leaving on the Yankee Clipper for America." The official looked at Penn, looked at me, suddenly smiled, and said, "It is quite unnnecessary!" Penn sighed with relief.

We locked our bags. A porter seized them and led us out onto a great barren field where, huge and impressive, stood the plane. It was almost indiscernible at a distance for it had been skillfully camouflaged. "Well," I thought, "if the Germans want to take a pot shot at that, I would rather go down in an airplane than be bombed to pieces in an air-raid shelter." Really it was a relief not to have the horrible, great gas masks hanging from our shoulders. We entered the ship. We seated ourselves, and in about fifteen minutes, with a roar, we saw our beloved England begin to drop away from us.



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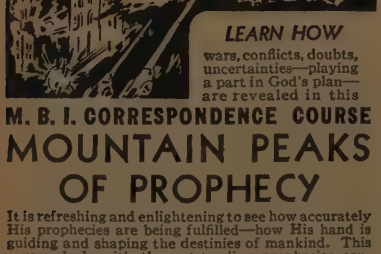

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(Continued from page 46)

peace? By faith in the living Christ. By this the martyrs of Nero won through. By this our valiant missionary heroes, and others prevailed. So can we.

For the might of Thy grace, we praise Thee. Help us steadfastly to do Thy will. So shall we live valorously to Thy glory. Amen.

THURSDAY, APRIL 25

"FOR THY SAKE."
READ JAMES 2:14-24.

WHEN General Wolfe heard that Pitt, the statesman, was pressing the campaign against the French in Canada, he volunteered for service. The plans he submitted for the capture of Quebec were so daring that only he could be trusted to carry them out. The citadel was almost impregnable. Yet crossing the St. Lawrence after dark, Wolfe and his men scaled the precipitous Heights of Abraham. They reached the plateau. In the fierce struggle which followed, victory crowned his intrepid courage. Canada changed hands. What could we not do if only we gave ourselves wholeheartedly to Christ? Dare to be your best.

Knowing that "our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt," help us to be strong. Through Christ, Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26

"A FEELING OF OUR INFIRMITIES."
READ HEBREWS 4:11-16.

THE High Priest of Judaism was a figure revered. As such he was remote from the common heart. But Jesus Christ, though divine, was also human. He knew life. He could feel for men. His experiences as breadwinner at Nazareth, His work as teacher and helper, His contacts with the outcast, sorrowing and suffering, made Him one with them. He knew, He felt! Charles Reade describes a prison chaplain who asked that he might be given solitary confinement, with bread and water, darkness and loneliness. His reason? He could not minister to the convicts unless he knew what their wrongdoing made them suffer. Did you ever think of Christ's life as akin to yours? He knows. He feels. He saves.

"In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief." Amen.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27

"BE ANGRY AND SIN NOT."
READ EPHESIANS 4:25-32.

WE RATHER pride ourselves on getting mad. There is such a sense of superiority, of dominating the scene, of satisfaction in telling someone else where he gets off. But is there? We may lose a friend and make a foe. What is worse, we may forfeit our self-respect and bring reproach on the name of Christ. Righteous indignation, as that which surged in the Quaker soul of Whittier, or William Lloyd Garrison, against the slave trade is quite another thing. If we must be angry, it is only when justice is denied and evil done. But to slip the leash of our tempers, because of some fancied wrong is less than worthy.

Set a guard upon our lips. Give us Thy grace of self-control, O Christ, that we may be like Thee. Amen.

SUNDAY, APRIL 28

"THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY REFUGE."
READ MATTHEW 11:25-30.

THE traveler of ancient times, treading ill-made roads, sometimes felt the need of shelter from the keen winds. In the lee of some great boulder, standing up on the plain, he would pause to recover his breath and renew his strength. Christ is our rock. When He called men to come to Him and rest, He proffered that welcome relief from the storms and stress of life. Its vicissitudes none can escape. Yet there is a place of refuge in which sorrow is robbed of its sting, and the trials which are inseparable from our human lot are rendered powerless to daunt.

Help us quietly to trust in Thy divine providence, to draw our strength hourly from Thee. Amen.

MONDAY, APRIL 29

"STRENGTHENED . . . IN THE INNER MAN."
READ EPHESIANS 3:14-21.

A SHIP seldom sails at her highest speed. With the capacity for steaming at twenty knots an hour, she usually will keep around fifteen. But why? The extra five knots is her reserve. That is meant for any emergency. The cost of sailing twenty knots is almost prohibitive. The difference between steaming fifteen and twenty determines profit or loss. So by prayer and daily study of the Word we may replenish our resources, and have that additional reserve of strength for the hour of testing.

We complain of our weakness; Thou art our strength. We bemoan our poverty of spirit; Thou art our great enricher. May we ever draw on Thee. Amen.

TUESDAY, APRIL 30

"HE ASKED . . . LENGTH OF DAYS."
READ JOHN 9:1-5.

HOW the days are drawing out! We may delight in an evening, before a log fire, with a good book, or a favorite radio program. Yet we joyfully anticipate the longer days which give us a few hours of light when duties are over. And the days are lengthening! But are they? In another sense, they are growing shorter. Time moves on relentlessly. Are we using our chances to witness for Christ, to do His will, to bless other lives? That makes every day like a ship laden with rich freight; that is the way by which life becomes truly glorious.

Give us a due sense of responsibility to Thee. So shall we use life that eternity may be without regrets. Amen.

(Continued from page 27)

and fined for looking over the enumerator's shoulder, and he can suffer the same fate if he lets her.

The census is as secretive as a buried map that points to lost treasure.

Why take a census, you say? Because it is the only way the United States has of officially checking up on its family's health, happiness, jobs and general morale, and deciding what to do to make conditions better. Our census is the biggest job of government housekeeping in the world. Asking 132,000,000 people 8,000,000,000 questions is enough to wobble any quiz-master.

But the taking of the census is not a new thing. You recall the story of a man and woman who rode into Bethlehem at dusk one December day more than 1900 years ago. Wind was blowing across the plains of Judea and it was cold. The donkeys were weary, with much journeying from Nazareth.

Mary and Joseph had come to Nazareth because Caesar Augustus had decreed that the "whole world" should enroll in the Roman census books. Because Joseph belonged to the House of David, he had to go with Mary to Bethlehem, the City of David, to obey.

It was here that Mary "brought forth her first born son, wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger."

Thus, Christ was enrolled on the census books within a few hours after birth.

Throughout the Bible we note the ease with which the people were able to trace the descent of their tribes and leaders. Recall how many times the word "begat" occurs. It is because of census taking. The genealogy of Christ Himself from Abraham to Joseph is given in Matthew. For forty-two generations it runs, a feat which could not have been accomplished with out recourse to birth records.

But to get back to the answers which will be filled on cards in our government's archives. The United States does not want to know who your great-grandfather was, but it does wish to ascertain how it can make life happier for your great-grandson by building a stronger, kinder society for him.

Thus, you will be asked if you have a job, what it is, how long you have had it; why you left your last one, if you are jobless, why you can't get another (no work available, incapacitated, etc.,) if you own or rent your home, if you have a radio set, an automobile, how old you are—

Answer!

And be sure to give the names of your children and their ages. It will help in solving educational problems. There is a community in the East which built a modern school a few years ago. A stage, a swimming pool, gymnasium, cafeteria, classrooms, story rooms, game rooms, all were there. But no one considered the fact that only a certain number of people live in that community, that their children would grow up and be out of school soon, and that there was no room for expansions in the community, no reason for new and younger families to move in.

The beautiful school stands there today, almost deserted, while a few children play hide-and-go-seek in the lonely halls between classes. If the matter had been considered carefully, the building would not have been built but transportation to a centralized school would have been arranged.

Another community having few children, decided not to build a large school. Its citizens were young, the birth rate began to rise, and now it needs a school.

The United States, realizing that it can chart population trends and ages and prepare for every one's best interest, now asks you carefully about your children. Answer honestly. You'll profit.

We are a democracy. This is your census, taken so you can benefit your family on the answers.

If you live in the country, you might as well ask your inquisitive caller to stay for dinner, for he has more than two hundred questions to ask you.

If you are busy he'll stand by while you hoe, sit by while you churn. But he won't go away without his facts. He wants to know about the makeup, equipment and operation of the farm, all of which are new.

The 1940 census asks every one several questions not included in past decades. You'll be asked what you earned in the last twelve months, where you lived five years ago, and how far you went in school or in college. Note this, though; the bland young question-man will not say, "Can you read and write?" This is because we have become such an intelligent nation that illiteracy is found only among the very old.

The problem of the farmer and his crops is one of the most important confronting the government today. There are 10,000,000 less horses on farms today than there were twenty years ago. Horses used to help eat up the farm surplus. We need to find new uses for millions of acres of land that once produced horse feed. Machines eat no meat and men, released from hard physical labor, eat less meat than formerly. How many hogs and cows to raise for market becomes another problem for the farmer.

Women today wear shorter and fewer clothes than at any time since the Mayflower docked, so cotton growers, too, have their worries.

The questionnaire of 1940 includes the first real housing census ever taken. You will be asked if you live in a single house or a double one; if you lease it or own it; if it has a bathtub and a furnace; how many rooms it has; how much debt or rent you pay; and anything else that will help the government. There are 33,000,000 dwelling places which come under the housing census. Incidentally, there are 7,000,000 farms.

The first census taken in the United States occurred in 1790 when the total population of the seventeen states was 3,929,214. Virginia, which was the largest state, led with 747,610 people.

Down in Washington the Census Bureau has established the largest battery of owned equipment in the world. Some machines can digest four hundred cards a minute. But whether their tabulations will make life easier and more pleasant in these United States depends entirely on the honesty with which you and I answer these questions.

(Continued from page 21)

prohibition, seized over 8,000,000 gallons of mash and nearly one-half million gallons of finished spirits and wine. That may be some index as to how much they failed to seize. In 1938, Dr. Wesley A. Sturges, executive director of the Distilled Spirits Institute, told the United Restaurant Dealers Association of Manhattan that every legal distillery in the United States had at least 100 illegal competitors producing liquor.

4. *A fourth promise was that disrespect for law would be halted and that there would be a reduction in crime.* During the prohibition era there was to be found a considerable body of women who shed large, wet, salt tears because prohibition was filling our prisons especially with those who violated liquor laws. In 1932—the last year of prohibition, arrests for drunkenness were 831 per 100,000 population—and then drunkards were much more likely to be arrested; in 1936, there were 1665 arrests for drunkenness per 100,000,—more than twice as many. In addition to these more than two million arrests for drunkenness, and numerous other infractions of state and local liquor laws, federal laws were continually broken.

5. *A fifth promise was that there would be no drinking among young people, since retailers would be required to serve adults only.* Not long ago, a columnist in the New York Sun said, "The old saloon had its faults, but at its worst there never was any chance that you would have to fight your way through school girls to get to the bar." The Northwestern National Life Insurance Co. found that three years after repeal the increase in rejections on account of drinking in persons under thirty years of age amounted to 183% over 1932, and that drinkers among new policy holders under thirty years of age had increased 178%. The $25,000,000 to $50,000,000 spent annually in liquor advertising is mainly directed toward youth of high school and college age. When some of America's keenest minds are using newspapers, movies, and radio to entice youth to drink liquor, one wonders whether this nation is really interested in the welfare, prosperity, or morals of year after next.

6. *Another promise was that liquor regulations should be taken out of politics:* but, of course, liquor is just as potent an influence and as active a partner of politics as it ever was.

Well, they've failed on every count!

I have no apology to make for presenting this subject. I know of no theme more important economically, socially, and morally, and consequently educationally, than this one. We are no longer living in a day when men and women worked on farms from early morning until late at night, earning their living by the sweat of their brows. The only place one can sweat respectably nowadays is on the golf links. Then, the nature of occupations, where constant physical toil, not requiring fine adjustments, was needed, enabled one to escape the effects of alcohol more readily. Now, in a city environment, with sedentary occupations so common, and keener mental ability so much in demand, alcohol drinking is a more serious matter.

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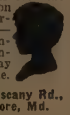

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STAMPS . . .

Stamps And The War

By Winthrop Adams

STAMP collectors are just beginning to realize something they realized quicker in 1914: they are being offered their chance to help pay for the war. While it is true that there are to date only some 150 war stamps from all countries as against literally hundreds released in the first six months of World War I, it still goes that these war issues, coming from the belligerents, are definitely calculated to help pay the due-bill of Mars.

Club members have been writing us, asking whether or not to buy them. The answer is "Go slow." There are too many being issued to provide very many rarities. Check up on the increase and decrease in the values of the 1914-1918 stamps. Certainly, some of these new ones will increase. We think the Polish Occupation Stamps are good to buy, especially in case Germany is defeated.

Save For Fun

We're getting to the place where we hate to discuss values, increases, decreases, and all the rest of it, in connection with this hobby of stamp-collecting. For we feel that the minute a collector gets the idea he must get back one dollar for every fifty cents he spends on stamps, he is robbing the hobby of nine-tenths of its interest. Save for fun! Figuring it out in cold dollars and cents does exactly what betting on your golf game does: it makes what might be a fine recreation a tense, non-recreative piece of hard labor. Don't bet on rise and fall in the stamp market.

Your editor has just started to collect stamps marked with the Red Cross; he had no idea that such beauties of stamps existed until he got into this specialty; neither had he any idea that it was so inexpensive. It gives you the sweep of the field . . . all the countries of Europe, (almost) have Red Cross issues, and so have Japan and Abyssinia. They make a glorious set-up in a loose-leaf album, and I can't imagine a stamp show anywhere that wouldn't be interested in an artistic display of these issues. *(Christian Herald,* by the way, has a list of those Red Cross Issues, just brought up-to-date; 10c in coin.) You don't need the list, but it helps.

Famous Americans

The first-day sales of the first five in the new U. S. Famous American issue exceeded $106,000. Nearly 3,400,000 copies were purchased. We don't wonder. They are beauties, and *that* is saying something for U. S. stamps.

The first five dealt with poets and authors; the next five, to come out during March and April, will bear pictures of great American educators., While we're at it, we might say we're glad that we have begun to honor the real builders of America, as well as the endless soldiers and generals.

We've seen some very attractive arrangements of blocks-of-four, in these stamps. Remember, four stamps in a block are always worth more than four singles.

Census

During the next few months, a census of all collectors of first day, first flight, naval and other covers will be taken. Object is: to find out which covers are most popular and just what the trends are in this specialty.

If you are a cover fan, you are invited to send your name and address to Mr. L. P. Miller, Cover Census Chairman, Box 733, Scranton, Pa. Tell him which variety of cover you prefer. The findings of this census will be prepared for publication, when the census is complete. *Christian Herald* will tell you about it, then.

Tin Can Mail

Few really important collections lack a cover from Niuafoou, the little island on a small volcanic rock in the South Pacific. Since the island has no harbor, ships never call for mail. What letters come out are floated out in tin cans; native swimmers convey them to the ships.

It's profitable, for Tincan Isle. In the past twenty years Walter Quensell, postmaster of the Island familiarly known to philatelists as the "Tincan Island Mailman," has cancelled some 500,000 covers. Why don't you drop him a line?

Question-Box

Q. I sent you some stamps for evaluation two weeks ago, and haven't heard from you yet; where are they? Ans: In the office. Send return postage, please; we warned you before!

Q: Will benzine harm stamps? Must it be used to find watermarks? Ans: Benzine is safe. There is a new watermark detector that works without it, but we find it not always satisfactory. There is a new fluid on the market, called Detexit, which is better than benzine. Scott, Macy's or Gimbel's, all in N. Y., can supply you. Write them care of us.

Q: Do you have a list of musicians on stamps? Ans: Not yet. It's coming. How many want it?

Q: Are you still selling the plain, unruled sheets for loose-leaf albums, issued in connection with your pages for religious stamps? Ans: Sorry, no. Not enough demand.

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MOUNTAY GARDENS, OSAGE, IOWA

(Continued from page 35)

give not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." But if we are risen with Christ we shall learn to forgive. Do you tell me it is hard to do? Surely it is. But it is possible. It is *necessary*, if we are to be Christlike.

If you tell me you cannot do that I shall know exactly how you feel. You still love the beauty of Easter anthems and the fragrance of white lilies, and you can settle back in your pew with right good grace to hear the minister preach about an opened tomb centuries ago. But as for flinging open the windows of your soul to the music of a purged spirit while you roll the stone now from the entombment of Christlike love within yourself, that is something infinitely more searching and demanding. Let your spirit hear again that word that the great apostle thunders for you now: "If ye then be risen with Christ, *seek* those things which are above."[1] Forgiving love is certainly one of these, an evidence of our own resurrection morning, if we have indeed come to that, through faith in the Risen Christ.

There is something else which we must seek, and that is a spirit of hope. The world is hungry for hope today. Men stagger under burdens of body and of spirit. Women must keep their own courage and furnish faith for their households. Many of us are engulfed in a miry slough of despond, and some of us find ourselves enmeshed in a spirit of defeatism which impedes us as we grope with bowed shoulders along ways weary and dreary. The sun in our sky, when it shines at all, breaks only through the rough edges of gray clouds. The winds that buffet our faces have become driving gales, no longer the zephyrs of yesterday. Friends have fallen away and defeats have come, and disillusionment with its hard cynicism has begun to canker in our spirits.

But One walks beside us who once knew all the discouragements and the disillusionments that are ours now. Into His face scorn and denials were flung. His heart was stabbed by the unfeeling ingratitude of those who despised His offered help. His arms were pinioned at last upon a cross greater and deadlier than any upon which we are likely to come in our soft age. His eyes closed in a death that became the dark prelude to the triumph of the resurrection morning. But He kept the effulgence of a deathless faith gleaming before His eyes. Men could crucify His body, but they could not crucify His hope. Nor can they ours if we walk with Him in all the dark hours that come—if we are risen with Him from sin unto righteousness.

"If ye then be *risen—with Christ—seek.*"

And one hears a voice vibrant with the lifting power that changes men's lives: "Seek, and *ye shall find.*"

O God, Thou hast rolled away the stones from our tombs and thrilled us with the glory of the Resurrection. Lead us on to a continuing search after the things that are above. Open our eyes to see high things, not low. Grant us grace to touch other eyes that they too may see the things that alone are worth the seeing of redeemed and risen spirits. In the Name of the Risen Christ. Amen.

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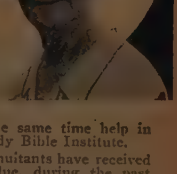

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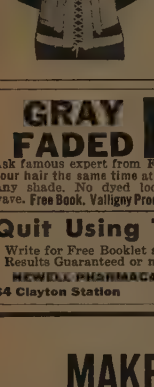

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(Continued from page 59)

tents, a hasty reading, verse by verse, will disclose several definite conclusions: (1) that the kingdom of Israel, sometimes called Ephraim, is in a terrible condition of moral and spiritual backsliding; (2) that certain and dire punishment is soon to come at the hands of the Assyrians; (3) that Jehovah has an everlasting love even for His people who have forsaken Him; (4) that repentance, forgiveness, and future blessing are still possible.

Hosea's time was in the middle of that crucial century—the eighth B.C.—in which Amos figured so largely. It is now commonly accepted by scholars that Hosea's ministry and prophecy fell between 750 B.C. and 735 B.C. The conquest and fall of Samaria and the collapse of the kingdom of Israel occurred in 722 B.C.

Hosea was a citizen of the northern kingdom, and loved it ardently. He knew its geography, its history, its weakness and strength. "The pictures of the religious, moral, social, and political situation, drawn with such vividness, force, and compassion, must come from one who had lived for many years amid scenes of hopelessness and corruption, and whose heart came nigh breaking as he beheld his own countrymen throwing themselves headlong into ruin. (Eiselen, *The Prophetic Books of the Old Testament.)*

There is one oft-repeated allusion in the prophecy which explains the whole situation. Israel is represented as the wife of Jehovah, but has proved faithless to her marriage vows. She has found other lovers and has deserted her own husband. This is the more real as Hosea draws a personal parallel, giving the story of his own unhappy marriage with Gomer who left him for other lovers. Of course, the reference in Israel's case is to following other gods than Jehovah. Jeroboam I, who made golden calves for worship instead of following the revealed form (I Kings 12:25-30), sowed the wind; succeeding generations reaped the whirlwind (Hosea 8:7).

In spite of everything, God is loving. The passages which constitute today's lesson contain many gems of comfort for all who are in distress. God is bound to be just and even severe in the face of sin, but He is likewise bound to be tender and forgiving. These verses are examples: "He hath smitten, and He will bind us up" (6:1). "When Israel was a child, then I loved him" (11:1). "I drew them with the cords of a man, the cords of love" (11:4). "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for mine anger is turned away from him" (14:4).

The following is a paraphrase of 6:1-7:

The people, having discovered that Assyria could not heal them, are saying: "We are sorry, and we should return to Jehovah, so that all may be well with us. He has had a purpose in chastising us; He will help us to recover from our suffering. In only a short time Jehovah will come to our aid, and we shall live under His eye and protection. Let us pursue the knowledge of Jehovah, for just as soon as we seek Him we shall find Him. Jehovah will give us moral and spiritual reviving."

But Jehovah speaks again: "What can I do with my people? Nothing, because they are not to be depended upon; they are as inconstant as the morning dew which the sun soon dispels."

The passage in chapter 14 urges the sinning nation to voice a prayer of repentance, and describes in gracious language the ready response of a loving and forgiving God.

Hosea's message to his day is likewise for our day. Is there any more reason to assume that sin will go unpunished now than there was then?

Questions for Class Discussion

1. What is the principal lesson of the entire prophecy of Hosea?
2. How can that lesson be applied to conditions in our day?
3. What are the paths which God has marked out for all men?
4. How can one who has sinned come back to God?

APRIL 21

Micah's Vision of Peace

BOOK OF MICAH
(Printed lesson, Mic. 4:1-5; 5:2-5a)

MICAH ("Who is like unto Jehovah?") has been likened to Isaiah in the character of his message, but in his ethical teaching he was even stronger than Isaiah.

In this brief prophecy there are at least three high spots which have set their mark upon the world. One is the passage which describes the restoration of Israel to prosperity after the sorrowful times of captivity and exile (4:1-5). A second is the passage which places the birth of the Messiah in Bethlehem (5:2-9). It was this passage which was quoted by the advisers of King Herod when the wise men visited Jerusalem (Matt. 2:4-6). The third is the great description of true religion—the picture drawn of the God-fearing, righteous man in contrast with the wicked men of the day. Many people consider Micah 6:8 as one of the choice verses of the Bible.

Micah belonged to the country. He came from Moresheth-gath, a village to the south and west of Jerusalem. He lived in the crucial period which witnessed the capture of Samaria by Sargon, king of Assyria, and the downfall of the northern kingdom. Judah also was threatened by Sargon and by Sennacherib, his successor, and nobody knew what security was.

Isaiah, one of the ruling class in the city, and Micah, a peasant from his village home among the oppressed, opposed the same vices—avarice, oppression of the poor, and luxury (2:2,9,11). But Micah made bold to place the blame on the religious leaders, which indicates that there was too close a relationship between religion and wealth.

When Micah began his ministry he had plenty of cause for complaint. Social reform was unpopular, and the social vices increased. As in our day, individual weakness and national disaster were close together. Selfishness, misuse of power, injustice to the poor and unfortunate were so common as to claim most of the prophet's ardor. The rich used the night hours to think up mischief for the next day. They claimed what they wished, whether or not it belonged to them. They outraged the peaceful and defenseless.

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They deserved all that was spoken against them.

The Golden Age emphasizes peace. As Micah pictures the glories of Israel's return after the exile he rises to superb heights of expression. Zion and Jehovah will be supreme; the nations will be attracted by the goodness that centers in Jerusalem; the pursuits of peace will take the place of the clamor for war. "Beating swords into plowshares and spears into pruninghooks" is an expression that has realistically worked for peace through the centuries.

When cannons are booming on several continents, and when engines of death darken the skies above thousands of villages and cities, it is difficult for us to picture the time when the nations "shall not learn war any more." But such a golden age is bound to follow the upsets of 1940 as well as it did the violent destruction of the northern and southern kingdoms.

The Messiah is a man of peace. "What is of special importance in this Messianic notice in Micah is the work of the coming Redeemer and Deliverer in restoring the world. Judah will be reduced to a state of desolation and go into exile, but she will be restored to bring forth the Messiah, the great mission of the Hebrew race. . . . Micah emphasizes the fact that Messiah is the hope of the world." (*New Analytical Bible.*)

The rise of the Saviour from insignificant Bethlehem is a superb illustration of God's way of working from small things to great. How strong are the references to the Messiah in verse 4!

Questions for Class Discussion

1. How do you compare Micah's day and surroundings with ours?
2. What assurance is there that "nation shall not lift up sword against nation"?
3. How can world peace ever come to be a reality?
4. When will the golden age of chapter 4 come to pass?

APRIL 28

Isaiah Comforts an Afflicted People

ISAIAH 40
(Printed lesson, Isa. 40:1-11)

IF BIBLE students have difficulty in understanding the messages of the prophets, it is often because they fail to put themselves into the situations which prevailed at the time covered by the original writing.

The fortieth chapter of Isaiah is an example. It has within it many roots of the New Testament. It has positive Messianic references. It looks forward to John the Baptist, "one crying in the wilderness." It provided abundant inspiration to the immortal Handel when he prepared that greatest of musical oratorios, "The Messiah." And yet much of its meaning is obscure until its setting is understood.

Chapters 40 to 48 constitute a section different from what precedes or follows. "The general purport of these chapters is to comfort a body of Jews, whose native

(*Continued on page 71*)

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Paul Maynard

We Drop Into Poetry

East Cleveland, Ohio

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

You get the strangest letters
From folks I think are rude;
They yell, "O drop the joke page,
And tell us less of food."

But if you do the bidding
Of those who kick your shin,
You'll hear loud howls from others
Who want those pages in!

Cordially yours,
Isabel M. Wood

Three cheers for you Miss Wood
Or maybe it is Mrs.,
We're always in the mood,
For poetry like this is.

The howls we can always take,
The kicks and blazing letters
But, people kind, for goodness sake
Don't go away and forget us.

Editor

Such Letters Help Us

Harrington, Maine

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I want to thank you for your article on "Putting Prayer into Business" by Fred Barton in your January issue. We need more stories of the Christian life.

I am looking forward to more of Beatrice Plumb's articles also. I never tire of her. She has a style that reaches to your heart.

Also in regard to the letter from R. M. James in the February issue, criticizing your page of humor; Russell Dicks in his much recommended book "The Art of Ministering to the Sick" has said, "It sometimes seems as if humor and good humor were the American's only window into the world of spiritual values. Laughter lifts us far for the moment above the wounding surface of the road. It is the nearest that some of us come to the praise of God. If we cannot help a man to pray, it is some comfort to help him laugh."

Sincerely yours,
Erma F. Bigelow

Mr. Barton is now doing more stories for us. They will appear in early issues. Incidentally, this letter and the one from reader James (Feb. issue) which seems to have caused a mild revolution among the readers of this page, are exactly the type which are most helpful to an editor. They are specific, in their comments on the contents of the magazine and each adds a bit of the writer's own philosophy in concise but eloquent language.

May we have more.

Editor

Again, Thanks

Again we must thank our readers for the fine helpful letters on the February issue. As always in these contests it is hard to pick the best of so many excellent entries.

In addition to the winners we particularly wish to mention the letters of Helena Scott of University Park, Iowa, James E. Bell of Fort Dodge, Iowa, Mrs. Guy Patterson of Fordyce, Arkansas, A. E. Kiser, Creston, Iowa and J. F. Rodriquez, Puerto Rico.

Just what makes people from Iowa write such good letters we do not know.

More than four hundred entries were received—the greatest number on "Moody Marches On" by Clarence Hall. Second, "Love," a sermon by Louis H. Evans. Third, "Dr. Trudeau" by C. J. V. Murphy.

Editor

The Prize-Winning Letter

Macon, Georgia

Dear Editor:

I think the article entitled "The Enemy Stalin Cannot Defeat" by Alexander Stacey is best in your February issue, because it is timely. All eyes are turned to Gog, "The bear that walks like a man," whose black shadow is sprawling over Europe.

Then there is a pleasing unity and compactness about the story. The author does not wander aimlessly. He plunges in at once and tells the story in such a satisfactory manner that I had no questions to ask at the end.

The story was comprehensible to the general reader. It contained sufficient emotional appeal. The warning for America to avoid Communism was there but at the same time the outlook was cheerful. Mr. Stacey's manner is authoritative; one would know that his source material is ample, for there is no skimpiness. His arrangement is effective, his emphasis is properly placed, and his English is faultless.

In short I liked it! Give us more by the same author, please.

Mary M. Holtzclaw

Honorable Mention

Dear Editor:

I think the article entitled *Dark Days*, from *"Forty Years a Country Preacher,"* is best because it is the most practical and at the same time the most inspiring. Whether we are preachers, teachers, business men or maids, or housewives, we have all faced our "archdeacons," "Lady Bountifuls," and crotchety "old timers." We may have dodged railroad ties. But how few of us can write humorously and impersonally about them, even in tranquillity! These annoyances, often to a greater degree than real hardships, cloud our memories after we are actually "lounging in the seats of the mighty." If we were to write of them, we should indulge in self pity. What inspiration, then, we derive from a writer who treats the most trying period of his life with the detachment of a truly great mind, because in dark days and fair he has "kept in touch with God all the time."

Mrs. Sterling E. Hess
La Plume, Pa.

"Eighty Years Young"

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

"I like every word of my *Christian Herald*. A woman eighty years young is not supposed to be interested in stamps or even cooking, but a family magazine would not be perfect without both."

Mrs. John Blakely.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Blakely did not enclose her address and the envelope was lost so we couldn't write her. But here is our answer:

Once in a while, amid all the lengthy ones, we receive a letter which in a few words reveals the writer's character almost completely. Yours is such a note. We would like to know where you live and if any of your neighbors or friends see this page and recognize you we'd like to hear from them.

From Bucknell

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

Nothing could speak more eloquently for any magazine than the simple statement that Mr. Arnaud C. Marts—the beloved president of Bucknell University—indorses it as offering "strong, attractive leadership" for youth.

The more serious Christian youth also realize that the *Christian Herald* offers much-needed leadership in a chaotic world. It serves as a light breaking through the dark clouds of universal disorganization and cynicism, illuminating a silver future of hope that men may reach cooperatively if they will work their way.

Ted Kandle
Senior, Bucknell Univ.

This is the first letter received from Bucknell in response to our offer in the March issue. The best one, for which we also offered a small prize, will be announced in the May issue.

(Continued from page 69)

city has been destroyed and who for their sins have long been in exile at Babylon, with an assurance that their period of punishment has expired, and that their release from captivity and their return to their own country is at hand. Their deliverance is to be accomplished for them by a foreign prince whose name (Cyrus) is given and who is regarded as marked out, by the successes he has already achieved, to be the destined destroyer of their oppressor and the rebuilder of Jerusalem. The fall of Jerusalem and the deportation of its inhabitants to Babylon took place in 587 B.C., and the restoration of the Jews to Palestine occurred in 537, after the overthrow of Babylon by the Persian prince Cyrus in 538." (Wade, *The Book of the Prophet Isaiah.*)

Under such circumstances there was great despondency among the Jewish exiles. But the eve of their release has come. It is the prelude to the announcement which constitutes the passage we study (40:1-11).

Some Teaching Points

1. There comes an end to every time of servitude. That the Jews deserved their punishment because of their sin cannot be doubted, for God is just; but when punishment has accomplished its purpose it must end, for God is merciful.

2. The word translated *comfortably* means *to the heart of*—that is, directly, gently, soothingly.

3. Scholars are divided over the meaning of *double* in verse 2. It seems forced to suppose a punishment twice as severe as their sin demanded; it is equally unsatisfactory to picture double favor following her previous punishment. The most logical explanation is that the expression is rhetorical hyperbole and that it means *ample penalty.*

4. Verses 3-5 describe a heavenly call in preparation for the journey back to Jerusalem, the Lord at the head of the returning exiles. There is a striking appropriateness in using these verses also as a sort of authorization for the work of John the Baptist, for the mission of Jesus Christ in the world was as the head of multitudes finding salvation from their exile from the kingdom of righteousness.

5. Verses 6-8 proclaim a double truth—that earthly might is temporary, and that the word of God is eternal. Not only is human life transitory, like grass and flowers, but human institutions also.

6. Verses 9-11 announce the triumphal approach of Jehovah to Jerusalem. How this word must have cheered the drooping spirits of the disconsolate Jews! He is always a mighty leader, marked by justice and restitution and reward.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why is it in God's plan that men should suffer for their misdeeds?
2. What practical purposes do the writings of Old Testament prophets serve in our day?
3. How are the lessons of these verses applicable even without Messianic references?
4. What do verses 6-8 teach about world conditions in 1940?

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NEXT MONTH

Speaking As an American
by Pearl S. Buck

The author of *"Good Earth"* and *"Other Gods"* writes from the heart to *Christian Herald* readers.

If I Were a Preacher Again
by Charles M. Sheldon

Dr. Sheldon as usual makes some very startling suggestions.

All China Can Listen
by Frank Mead

The story of a Shanghai broadcasting station and its dynamo—J. K. Lee.

What Is a Skink?
by Raymond Ditmars

Anyone who likes to go to the Zoo will enjoy this interesting story by one of the world's best known Zoo-keepers.

Also all our regular features.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN

Obliging

Visitor: "Is there an encyclopedia in the office?"

Office Boy (politely): "No, sir, but what is it you wish to know?"

—Exchange.

Cruel Female

Spie—What would you say if you saw me lined up before a firing squad like the man we just saw in that movie?

Gal Friend—Fire!

—Exchange.

Dutiful Son

Magician, to small boy he has just called on stage—"Now, young man, you have never seen me before, have you?"

Small boy—"No, Daddy."

—Exchange.

Occasional Lapse

Harriet (coyly): "Darling, do you think of me day and night?"

Alford: "Sweetheart, I cannot tell a lie. Sometimes I do wonder who the Republicans will nominate for President."

—Advance.

The Dear Departed

"I suppose you carry a memento of some sort in that locket?" said one woman to another.

"Yes, a lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is alive."

"Sure; but his hair is gone."

—Exchange.

Is This Heresy?

Sometimes, when we are feeling unusually low, we wonder if even Walter Lippmann, Hugh Johnson, and Dorothy Thompson know everything about everything.

—Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

Theorem—Q. E. D.

Given: I love you.
To prove: That you love me.
Proof:
1. I love you.
2. Therefore, I am a lover.
3. All the world loves a lover.
4. You are all the world to me.
5. Therefore, you love me.

—Purple Parrot.

The Odd Man

"How many students are there in the university?"

"About one in every five."

—Kablegrams.

Homely Truth

"A lie will travel halfway around the world while Truth is pulling on his breeches."

—Secretary Hull.

Worse Than This?

"What model is your car?"

"It isn't a model; it's a horrible example."

—Exchange.

Something In It

Pat, to drug clerk: "I want an empty bottle."

Clerk: "Five cents, unless you want something put in it. In that case it's free."

Pat: "All right, put a cork in it."

—Contributed.

Had Enough

Wife—"Would you like some nice waffles this morning, Dear?"

Husband—"No, thank you, Helen. They look too much like fried crossword puzzles, and I'm fed up on those."

—Pathfinder.

'Tis Obliged I Am

The midday whistle had blown when Murphy shouted, "Has anyone seen me vest?"

"Sure, Murphy," said Pat, "and ye've got it on."

"Right and I have," replied Murphy, gazing solemnly at his bosom, "and it's a good thing ye seen it or I'd have gone home without it."

—Exchange.

Distant Relative

Putwell was proud of his golf, and had brought his mother-in-law along to watch him play.

"I'm particularly anxious to make a perfect drive just now," he told a friend. "That's my mother-in-law over there, and—"

"Don't be a fool," said the friend. "You'll never hit her at 200 yards."

—Kablegrams.

The Faithful Printer

Years ago, when the *New York Herald* and James Gordon Bennett, Jr., were in their prime, the latter issued one of his arbitrary orders that thereafter the name "Herald" should never appear unless in italics.

So the printer had the churches announce in their Christmas programs, "Hark the *Herald* angels sing."

—Exchange.